Saturday Review

October 19, 1968 35¢

RRR

ARE CHILDREN BORN UNEQUAL?
By William H. Boyer and Paul Walsh

POLITICS AND MORALITY IN ACADEME
By Elayne Antler Rapping and Leonard A. Rapping

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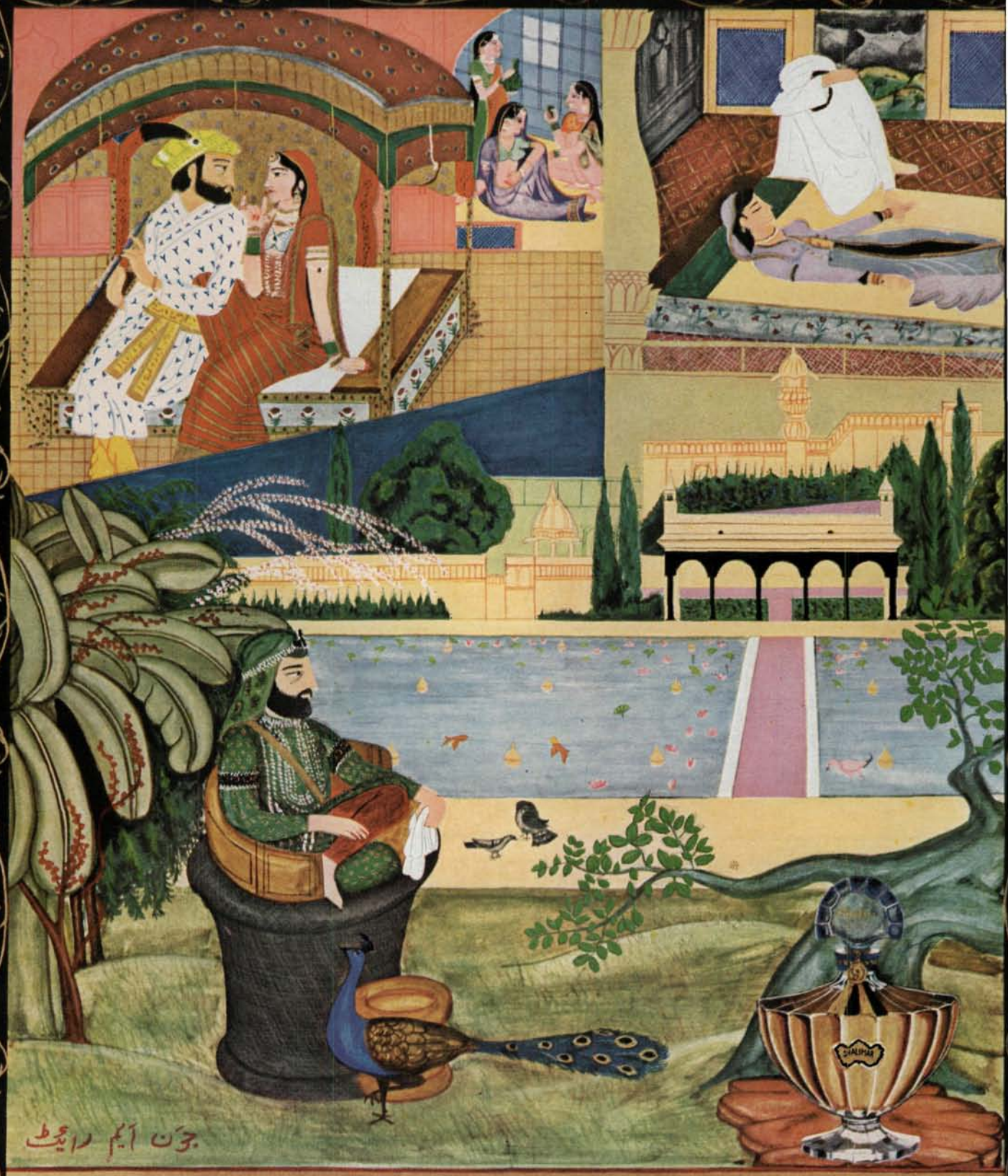

Blessed they were, with a supremacy of love
That could not dwell with others
in mortal courtyards;
And so Shah Jahan built for his Mumtaz Mahal,
His obsession, his Heavenly bride,
the most perfect of all places.
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There he dwelt with her, united in devotion,
Each merging in the heart of the other, until,
though she parted with life itself,
She left him not; thus he built again for her,
This time the last most perfect place;
to shelter the source of his well-being
Her monument, The Taj Mahal.

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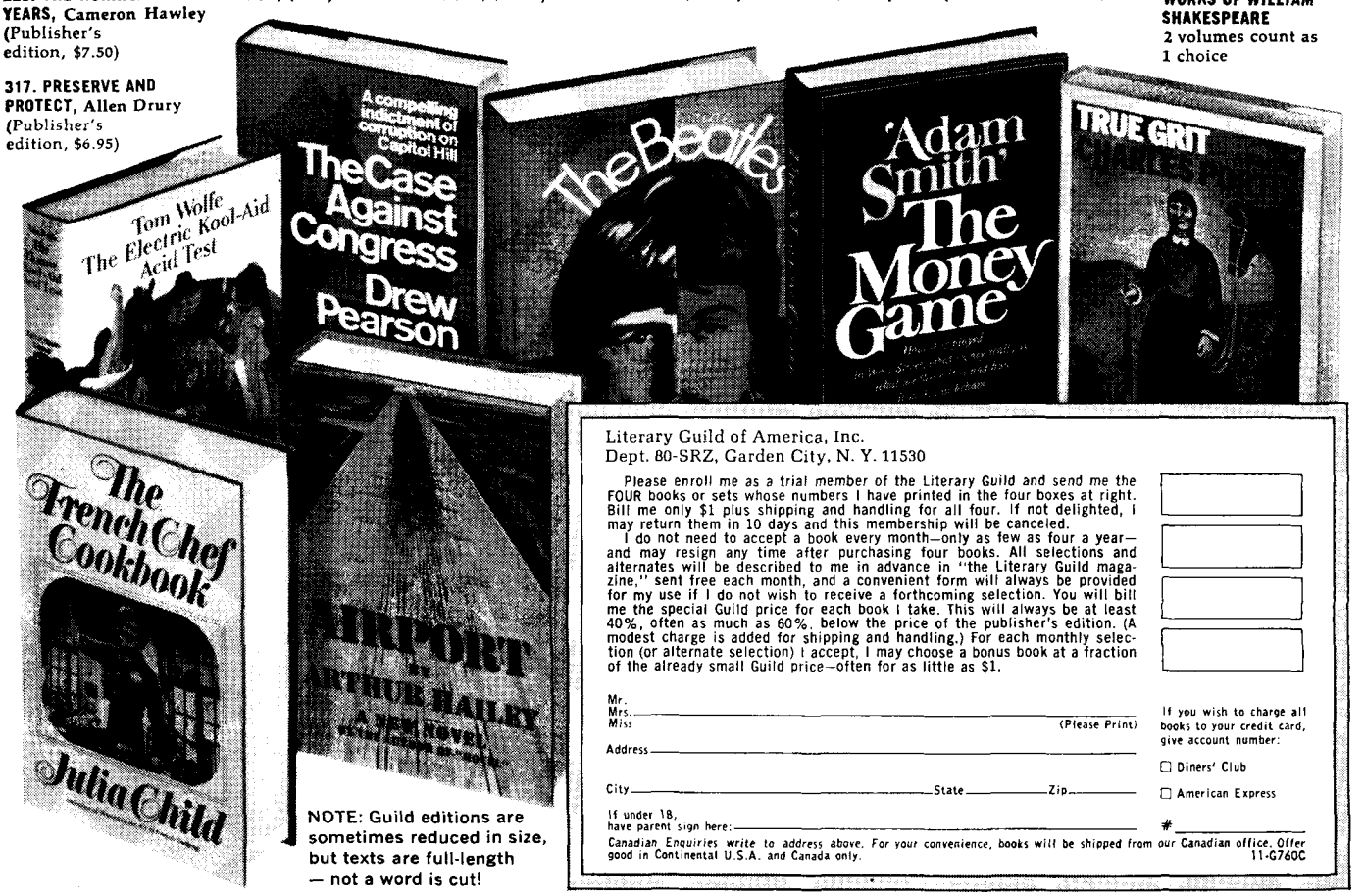

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There was a time, not so very long ago, when movies were announcing that they were "better than ever." And you didn't have to be much of an advertising man to know that this was a message of desperation.

That slogan has disappeared today. But, curiously enough, movies *are* better than ever; and not just the professional movies, but also the amateur films which are being made in colleges, high schools and even junior highs all over the land. Furthermore, movie criticism is better than ever, too.

One evidence of this is to be found in a new series of books, "Cinema World," sponsored by *Sight and Sound*, magazine of the influential British Film Institute. Three volumes were published last winter, all on directors: JEAN-LUC GODARD, by Richard Roud; LOSEY ON LOSEY, edited by Tom Milne; and LUCHINO VISCONTI, by Geoffrey Nowell-Smith.

Four new titles have just been released. One is on the great American director, HOWARD HAWKS. Another deals with ALAIN RESNAIS, who made *Last Year at Marienbad* and *Hiroshima Mon Amour*. A third contains a series of essays on the French NEW WAVE, which launched a revolution in film-making ten years ago. The fourth is HOW IT HAPPENED HERE, a fascinating case history of a film, eight years in the making, written by the man who made the picture.

Together or singly, the volumes of "Cinema World" are recommended to amateur film makers and critics, to those who would like to know the secrets of the great directors, or even to those who still think of movies as primarily something to look at while passing popcorn or holding hands in the last row.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

All volumes in the "Cinema World" series are generously illustrated with photographs, are published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., simultaneously in hardcover ($4.95) and paperback ($2.95), and may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 218 North Park Center, Dallas, Texas 75225.

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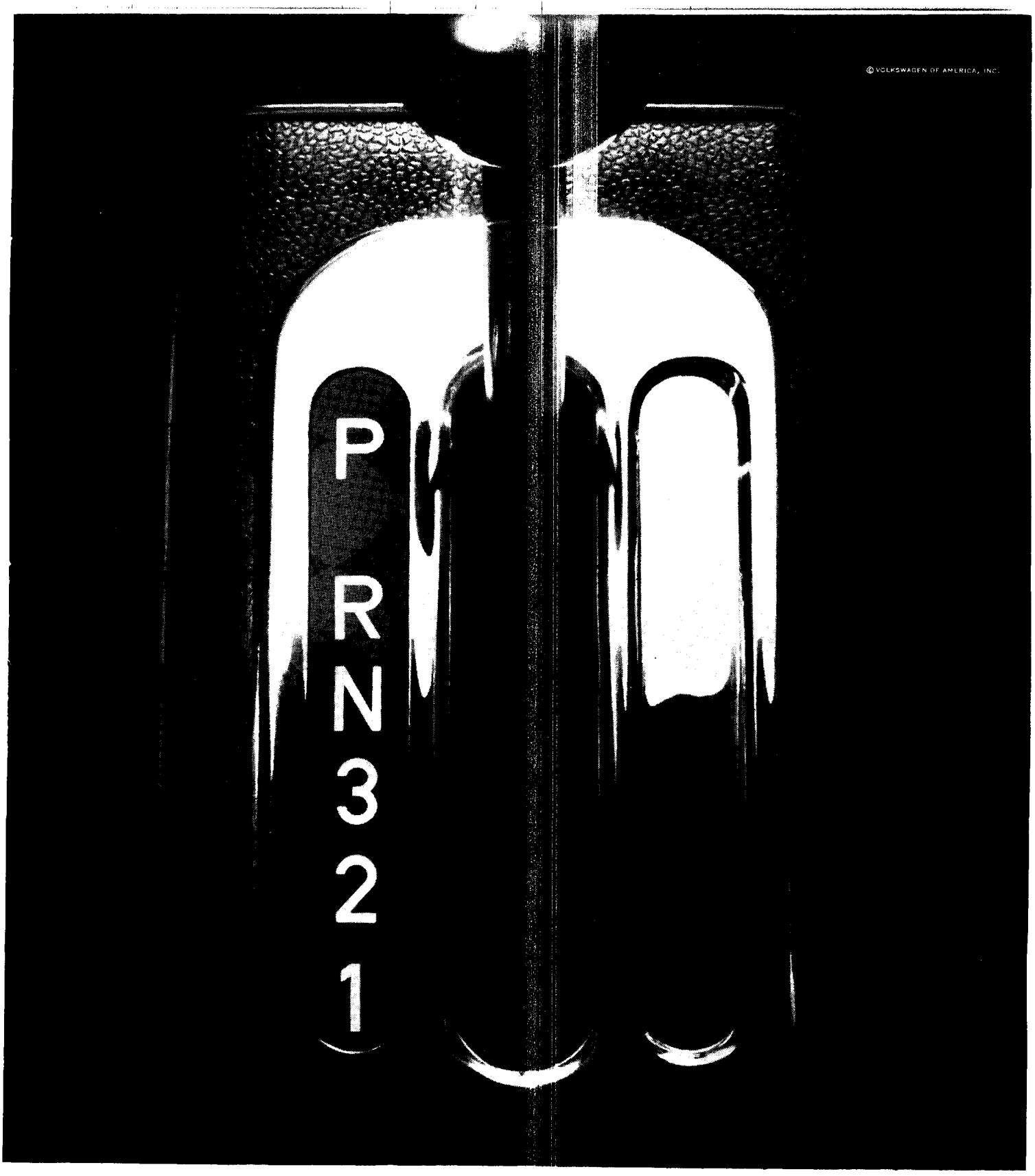

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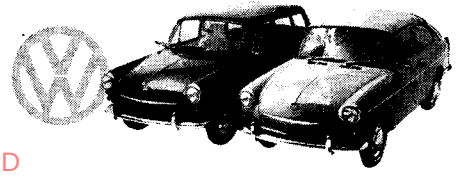

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

October

THIS, the tenth good old month is still called Oct, the eighth, for a funny reason. It was known for short periods as Germanicus, as Antoninus, Tacitus, Herculeus, and Faustinus. What's funny is that any of these sounds better than October, but the people didn't buy.

The Slavs call this the yellow month, from the fading of the leaves. They fade a lot better in New England because the temperature, humidity, and general climatic conditions there are unique on earth. In New England, the people believe that Jack Frost comes around with a paint brush, but they are otherwise fairly sound.

St. Jude is, among other things, the patron of actors and his feast day is the 28th. It would seem to be a good night to open a play. Brief research shows that it is and it isn't.

Winterfylleth is what the Anglo-Saxons called it. The fylleth part referred to the full moon, and they thought that that particular full moon was the start of winter. Well, they called their language "Englisc," so what can you expect?

As for that brown October ale. It is made from the recent barley crop and hasn't had time to age. Beer that sits (lager) was thought up in the Mutterland after a couple of hundred years (the Saxons were Germans) but by then the Englisc had discovered tea. And October. —HENRY MORGAN.

The Gap

THE GENERATION GAP has never loomed so large for me.

For a long time I had heard that nobody "over thirty" was to be trusted, and I believed it. Last April 9, I marked what I thought to be my sixth year of perfidy by destroying six Joan Baez records and writing a fan letter to the Institute for Defense Analysis. My wife joined the celebration by trimming another quarter of an inch from my sideburns, and together we walked around my birthday cake chanting, "Ho, Ho, Ho, Watch Us Grow." Until a few weeks ago, I was the very model of a well adjusted old fink, spending my working hours selling out and my leisure time Up Against The Wall, practicing squirting Mace from the hip.

But then a single sentence in an article in *The New York Times Magazine* ruined it all. The article was about the demonstrators in Chicago at the time of the Democratic convention. The sentence, by Tom Buckley, who also wrote the rest of the article, was: "Most people, at least those over thirty-five, would have found the language of their speeches grossly offensive."

Thirty-five!

"Land sakes," I said to my wife, putting aside the *Times* magazine with trembling hands, "for six years, I've been saying 'heck' and 'pshaw' and earning the opprobrium of our young people, when I could have spent five of those years reading *The Realist*. Six years ago, I began averting my imagined traitorous gaze whenever a lad wearing a pornographic necklace or a girl wearing a four-letter word on her forehead came down the street, when, for five of those years, I could have greeted them with a fraternal imprecation. Six years ago, I stopped going to the movies and started watching Lawrence Welk, stopped confronting and started conciliating, stopped writing on walls and started writing checks, when . . . egad! Five truthful, beautiful years, five years of virtuous obscenity lost, lost forever. Drat it!"

"Cease this unseemly atrabilious display," my wife said. "Why don't you go and play with your Mark Rudd dartboard?"

The exercise did help calm me down, even though, as usual, I kept missing Rudd's snoot, impaling mostly his photographic forehead and neck. I was noticing with pleasure how these areas had taken on a pockmarked, gnarled quality, when the real enormity of Tom Buckley's sentence hit me for the first time.

"He's getting old!" I shrieked.

"Who's getting old?" my wife asked.

"I don't know—Mario Savio, Tom Hayden, Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul, or Mary—whoever said it first. Listen carefully, my pretty. How long ago did you first hear that nobody over thirty was to be trusted?"

"About five years ago?"

"Precisely. And how old was I at the time?"

"For heaven's sake, I thought we'd been through all that."

"I was thirty-one. Just one year beyond the pale. You remember how upset I was at the time that my parents hadn't waited a little longer?"

"But you got over it."

"Because I deluded myself that thirty was going to divide good from evil for all time. Naturally, the more over thirty I got, the greater my adjustment to my own malignity. But thirty is *not* going

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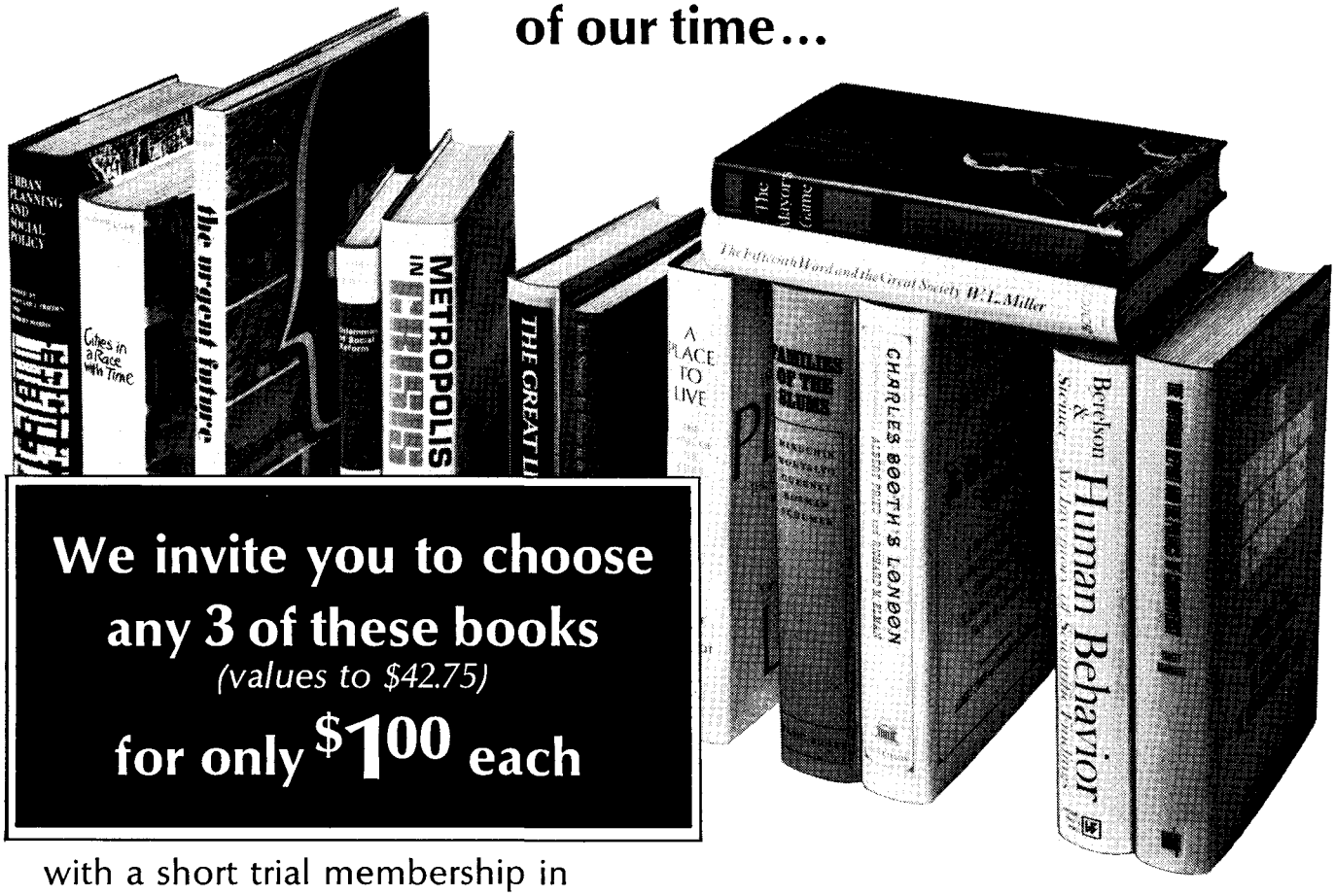
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to be the permanent divide; my *year* is."

I disengaged my wife's hand from my forehead and hollered, "Five years from now, when Tom Buckley writes about anti-war demonstrations, he's going to say that anybody over *forty* would have been offended. Fifteen years from now it will be anybody over *fifty*. Fifty years from now it will be anybody over *eighty-five*!"

"You really think the war will last that long, dear?"

"You don't understand. I'm talking about the generation gap. I'll always be one year on the wrong side of it because the guy who thought it up is one year my junior. When the gap's at eighty-five, I'll be eighty-*six*!"

"You should live so long."

That's another thing. Husbands over thirty-five can't expect sympathy.

—Lou D'Angelo.

Will Me No Whippoorwills

"When whippoorwills call, and evening is nigh," goes the old song, evoking memories of white picket fences and cozy nests by the side of the road. More nonsense has been written about whippoorwills than anything else in nature.

The whippoorwill does not "call," he shrieks. An ugly, whiplash, insolent, noisy piece of profanity. He doesn't do it when evening is nigh. He waits until it is pitch dark before he makes his move, preferably just before bed time for humans and most other creatures.

Then he starts rending the sky with that blasphemous shout of his, repeating it, time after time after time, without drawing a breath, until the sun peeks over the horizon, whereupon he goes to sleep, lulled there by the sweet songs of the day birds, who have the common sense and decency to wait until daybreak before commencing.

Moreover, the whippoorwill does not remain stationary. If he stayed in one place, then you could shift your sleeping quarters to the opposite side of the house and get a little rest. No, he goes from one spot to another, testing the acoustics and the patience of his captive audience. Having a whippoorwill light just outside your window and let loose is like having a police siren go off under your pillow.

If you have had the misfortune to fall asleep, the effect is devastating. You find yourself shot from bed as though from a cannon, groping for any weapon—the night lamp, an ash tray, a book—and rushing around the house in search for intruders or fire. Even if the whippoorwill stops at that point, sleep is impossible. Pounding heart and spring-taut muscles and nerves rule it out.

Will me no whippoorwills. I will give up my cozy nest and even Mollie for a soundproof hotel room.

—Donald L. Stofle.

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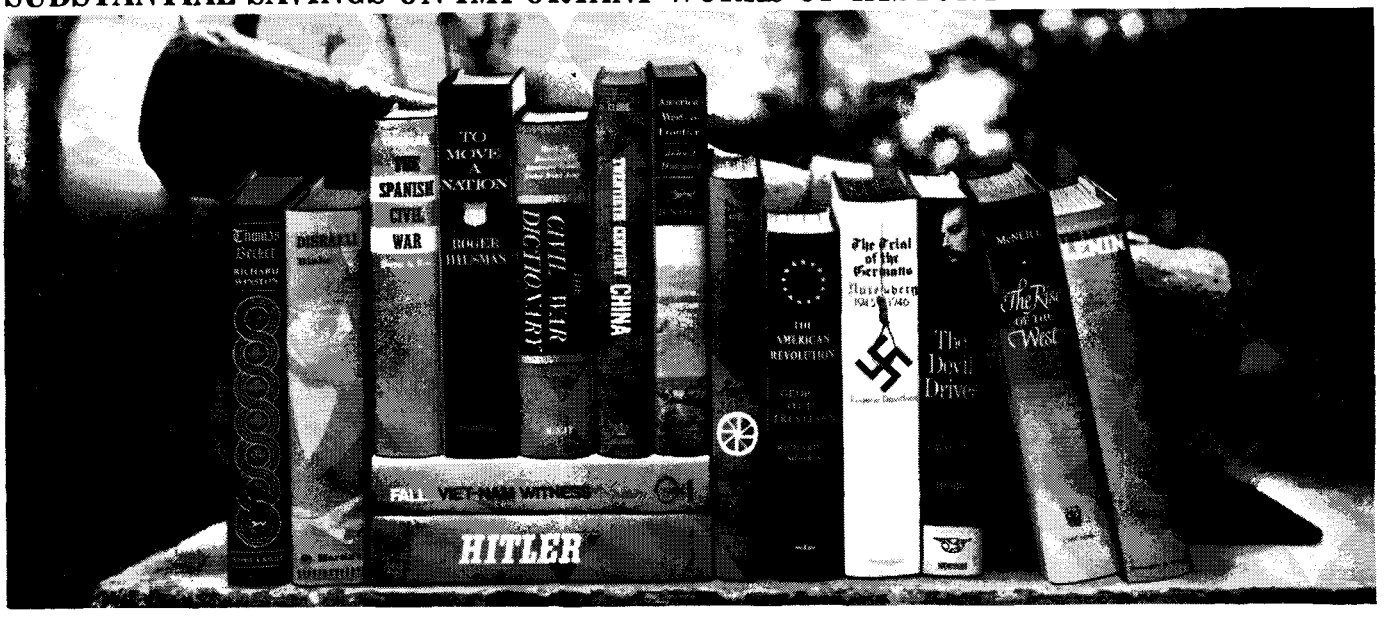

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

On the Other Hand

THE TV RECORD will show that in the season of 1968-69 the new fun springboard for situation comedies was the widow. The program-planners having decided that it's more fun to be a widow than a blond, four ladies showed up in prime time bereft of husbands, but complete with offspring.

Doris Day with two small sons and one large dog; Diahann Carroll with one little boy and no dog; Hope Lange with a little son and daughter and one small dog; and Lucille Ball with an almost-marriageable son and daughter. Lucy doesn't abide tykes or hounds stealing any scenes from her.

The best of these was Miss Carroll's show, because of its pertinent dialogue and the charm of Miss Carroll with Marc Copage as her son. Miss Ball remains the best of our comediennes no matter what her format; Miss Lange had the good fortune to have Edward Mulhare as her private ghost. As for Doris Day, her TV show, compared to her many slick movies, is as different as night is from morning.

All four shows seem strategically placed in the schedules to forecast good ratings. And if the ratings are up, the widows should be with us for several seasons.

On the other hand, if widows are the in-thing now, can unwed mothers be far behind? TV spin-offs are made of lesser stuff than that. For a woman to become a widow, a man has to depart this mortal coil. On the other hand, for a woman to become an unwed mother, the man's sacrifice is not all that supreme. Of course, the difficulty will be to find actresses to play unwed mothers who can memorize lines such as "No," "Absolutely not," and "Never."

Widows, however, are not new to the mass media. If you care to come back with me in time to the golden days of radio—and I know I'm going to hate myself in the mourning for the good old days—you will recognize that this new TV trend is the *Young Widder Brown* story all over again, a soap opera that enjoyed a long, long run. I can't recall that program too well. I know it was on radio. Which I think I invented. I'm a little hazy about that, too. But apparently somebody at the networks remembered that "widder," thus the widows are with us this TV season.

There is one new variety program, *The Beautiful Phyllis Diller Show*. It deserves mention because nothing about it was either new or right. All the clichés of all the old variety shows were reincarnated, and not even Miss Diller's built-in laugh track could save it. Miss Diller won her first acclaim on those late-hour, desk-set shows. Since then, she has certainly come a short way.

On the other hand, there was the return of a variety program which, to this viewer, is the slickest and easiest TV hour to sit through. It's the *Dean Martin Show*, and thanks to its befuddled star it seems almost, and happily, improvised. An added feature was the ever-growing fad of political satire. Here it is handled neatly and with bright dispatch in vignettes, introduced with no malice, by a group of attractive girls singing "It's a Sign of the Times." The first show also had the advantage of including on its guest list the ravishingly beautiful Miss Lena Horne.

A week before the opening of the season, NBC thought it best to show us the movie version of *The Outsider*, from which the network executives had created an hour's TV version. What the original movie lacked in intelligent dialogue, it more than made up for in mayhem, assault, and shootings.

On the other hand, when *The Outsider* appeared in its weekly hour format, the violence had been entirely removed. Well, almost entirely. There was only one knockdown. That occurred when one of the characters in the story pointed a gun at the star, Darren McGavin. To save his life, Mr. McGavin had to deliver a knockdown punch. I'm happy to report the woman he knocked down was subdued.

This cleaning up of violence in TV is not new either. There was the violence recorded by the news cameras in Chicago. Mayor Richard Daley made his own spin-off, insisting on equal time to show his version of who was violent to whom. Which was only fair.

The networks did not offer the Mayor equal time. On the other hand, some non-network stations suggested that the Mayor syndicate his version. They kindly afforded him equal time to demonstrate his side of the story.

Fair being fair, the Mayor hastily ordered his private staff to assemble a not-too-instant replay of the fracas. The staff wrote, edited, and directed the program, and finally Mayor Daley was presented in a TV special, titled *Who Will Buy My Violence*?

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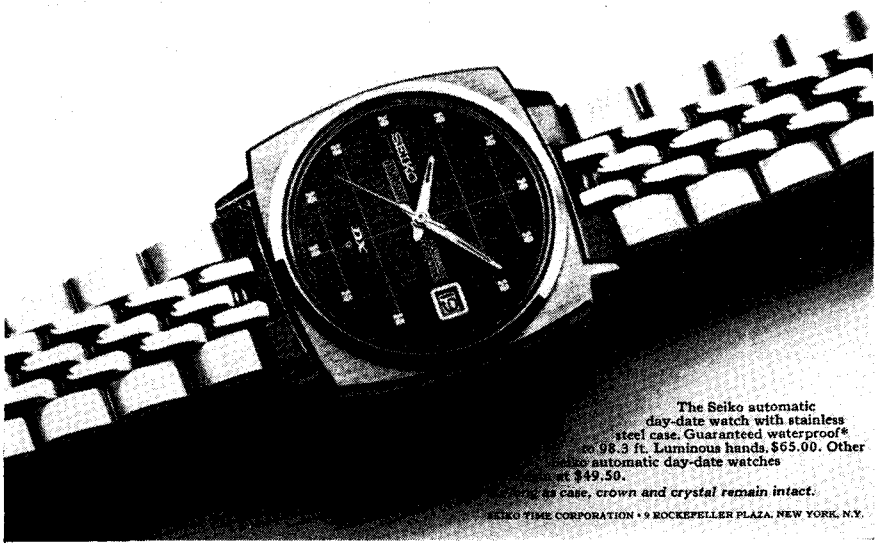

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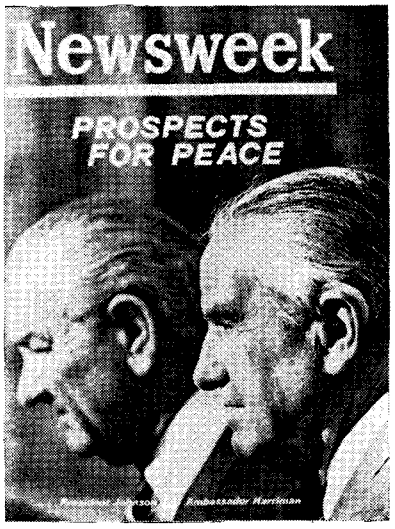
Sure, you've heard of Newsweek-but have you read it lately?



"During this strange and mystifying election year, the United States has discovered one very important thing about itself," wrote Newsweek Signed Opinion columnist Stewart Alsop. "This is that the United States is not designed by nature for the role of world leadership thrust upon it in the aftermath of the second world war. The politicians put it a little differently. 'This country is not the world's policeman,' is Hubert Humphrey's favorite cliché. The other candidates echo the cliché in one form or another, always in the context of the war in Vietnam. For the polls and the primaries have made it clear that the American electorate has lost its stomach for the war in Vietnam."

"When the enemy proved impossible to dig out," reported Newsweek's Francois Sully from Saigon, "American Cobra helicopters swarmed overhead, blasting the empty houses with rockets and machine guns. Barely 30 yards from where I stood, a middle-aged Vietnamese driving his three-wheeled passenger bus on the highway was hit in the leg. He fell on the shoulder of the road and, as blood geysered from a severed artery, he died without a word. A South Vietnamese soldier ambled over to me and said matter-of-factly: 'His fate was to die. Take a picture.'"

"The young Negro student sat listening intently as his teacher at Proviso East High School in suburban Chicago told the class some facts about democracy, U.S.A. 'To begin with,' the teacher said, 'the Declaration of Independence spells out the fundamental belief that all men are created equal.' The boy shot back: 'That's a lie. The black man isn't equal.'"

"One option is to leave the church, and some jittery Catholics undoubtedly will. But a full-scale schism is improbable, since no one is anxious to organize yet another church. Indeed, it is because they care deeply for the church—and the papacy—that many of Paul's critics now look upon the crisis he has created as a God-given opportunity to examine the real theological and philosophical issues that the encyclical has forced to the surface."

"As the state of the transplant art progresses, the moral and theological questions are certain to become more complex. Brain transplants in dogs have already been tried by Dr. Robert J. White of Western Reserve University. Yet in the case of a human brain, scientists are almost certain the recipient would acquire the donor's memory, intelligence, emotions—in short, his personality. Then, who would he be? Himself or the donor?"

"Facials, hair-dos, make-ups; body massages, hose treatments, manicures, pedicures; paraffin baths and steam baths and exercise and seaweed baths and mud baths and skin peeling and silicone injections and face lifts and oxygen sniffing and injections of unborn animal organs and who only knows what else—all of this is the serious, funny, sad and somehow charming pursuit of beauty. Beauty is also $7 billion, the estimated total spent in 1967, divided equally between beauty parlors, and the makers of toiletries and cosmetics. A nice business, growing at 10 per cent or more each year; a business, even, that's immune to recession, because a woman with worries needs more reassurance."

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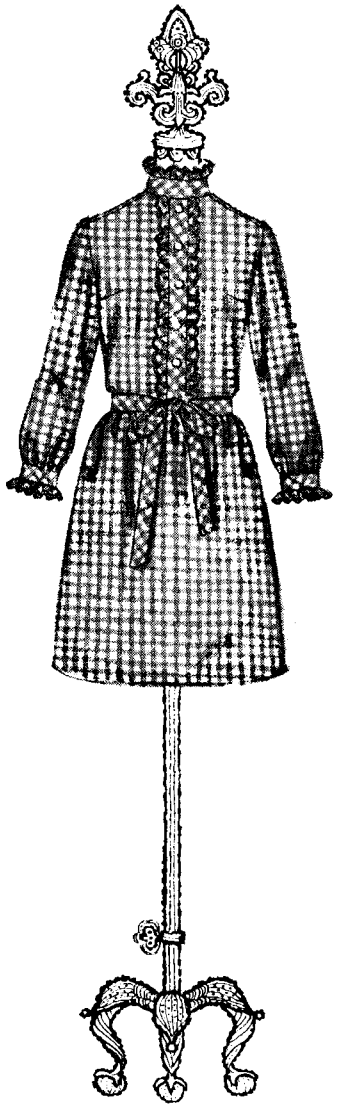

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Trade Winds

Herbert R. Mayes

The beginning of wisdom, says an old Chinese proverb, is to call things by their right names. And nowhere, John Mason Brown once said, are prejudices more mistaken for truth, passion for reason, and invective for documentation than in politics.

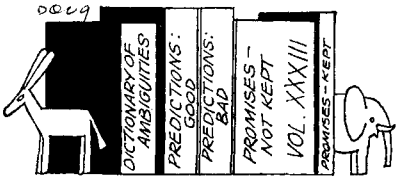
It was futile, I suppose, to hope that the Presidential campaign would be conducted with dignity. Not one ever has been before. Why should one have expected it now?

Already the daily press reports the nasty remarks made by each candidate and his associates about all the others. Even George Ball, for whom I have the highest regard, got into the act when he resigned his post at the United Nations and denounced both U Thant and Richard Nixon, thereby, I think, demeaning himself. Much of the time statements are made that the makers do not really mean. Some of the time I think the makers do not *know* what they mean.

My records show that Samuel Johnson once made a bet with Boswell that he could go into a fish market and put a Billingsgate woman in a frenzy without saying a word she could understand. Johnson began by indicating with his nose that her fish had passed the stage in which a man's olfactories could endure their flavor. The Billingsgate woman made a verbal assault, common enough in vulgar parlance, that impugned the classification in natural history of Johnson's mother. The doctor responded with, "You're an article, ma'am." "No more an article than yourself, you bloody misbegotten villain." "You are a noun, woman." "You . . . you," stammered the woman, choking with rage at a list of articles she could not understand. "You are a pronoun," said Dr. Johnson. The woman shook her fist in speechless rage. "You are a verb . . . an adverb . . . an adjective . . . a conjunction . . . a preposition . . . an interjection!" the doctor continued, applying the harmless epithets at proper intervals. The nine parts of speech completely staggered the old woman, and she dumped herself down on the floor, crying with anguish at being thus blackguarded in a set of terms unknown to her and which, not understanding, she could not answer.

I have another record, of a request once sent to Patrick Henry by somebody named William Giles. "I understand," the note said, "that you have called me a bob-tail politician. I wish to know if it be true; and if true, your meaning." To which Patrick Henry replied: "I do not recollect having called you a bob-tail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I cannot say what I did mean; but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not."

Before a candidate refers to another as subversive or reactionary, evasive or tricky, two-faced or characterless, ruthless or spineless, definitions might be appended parenthetically, so that the public, at least, would have an opportunity to judge the degree of truth and falseness. As a matter of fact, someone could go back to all the Presidential campaigns from the beginning, sort out



the words and phrases that had ambiguous implications, and compile a dictionary for the edification of voters. There might be included, also, a list of all the campaign promises made, but never kept, of all the predictions ventured, good and bad, that never came to pass.

Someone told me the other day that Negroes had been admitted to Girard College in Philadelphia, thus breaking at last a provision of the will of Stephen Girard, who intended the college to be exclusively for "poor white male orphans." Curiosity has prompted me to write for a copy of the will, which has not yet arrived. In addition to his determination that none but white youngsters should be his beneficiaries, Girard had other foibles. The single paragraph of the will in my possession reads as follows:

> I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatsoever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purpose of the said college.

Now we will have to wait to see what George Wallace has specified in *his* will.

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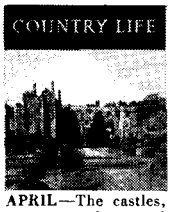

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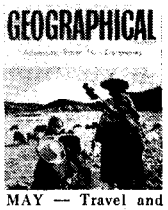

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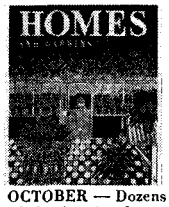

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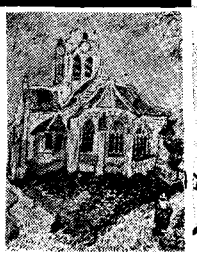

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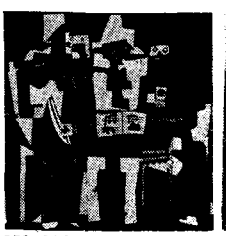

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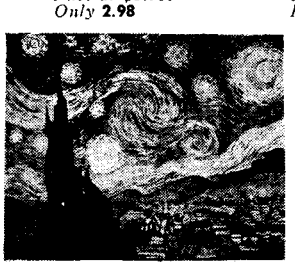

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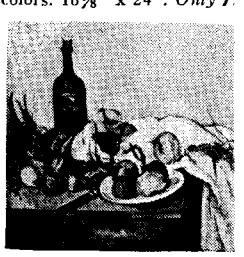

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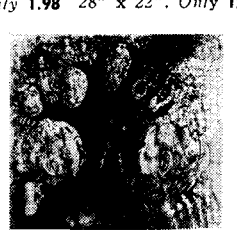

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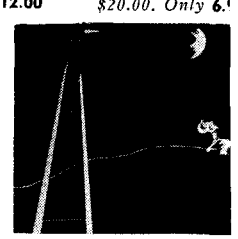

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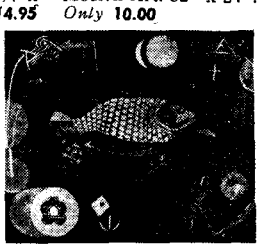

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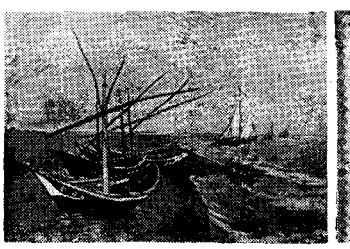

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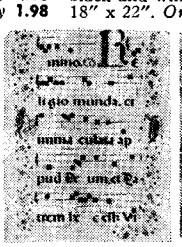

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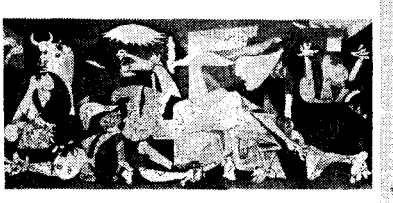

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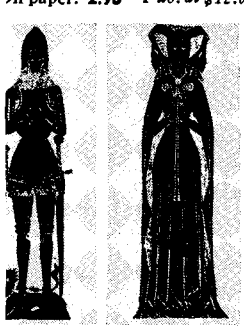

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of Beirut. From that, too, since I am a fanatical keeper of records, I can quote:

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Here is one more item along similar lines: In 1848, a young Negro applied for admission to Harvard. As a result, the student body raised a great fuss. As a result of *that*, Edward Everett, then president of Harvard (the same man who preceded Lincoln with a speech at Gettysburg), proclaimed the following: "If this boy passes the examinations, he will be admitted; and if the white students choose to withdraw, all the income of the college will be devoted to his education."

Did the boy pass the examinations? I don't know, but have written to Harvard to find out.

George Wallace is right when he emphasizes that this country has grave problems, and I gather he would not be averse to a dictatorship. For those who are impressed with him, I would mention the observation by Don Marquis's archy the cockroach:

> there is bound to be a certain amount of trouble running any country
> if you are the president the trouble happens to you
> but if you are a tyrant the trouble happens to other people.

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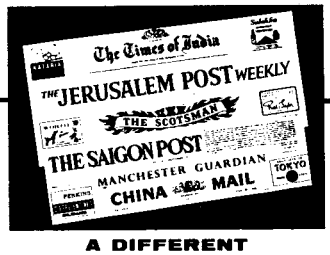

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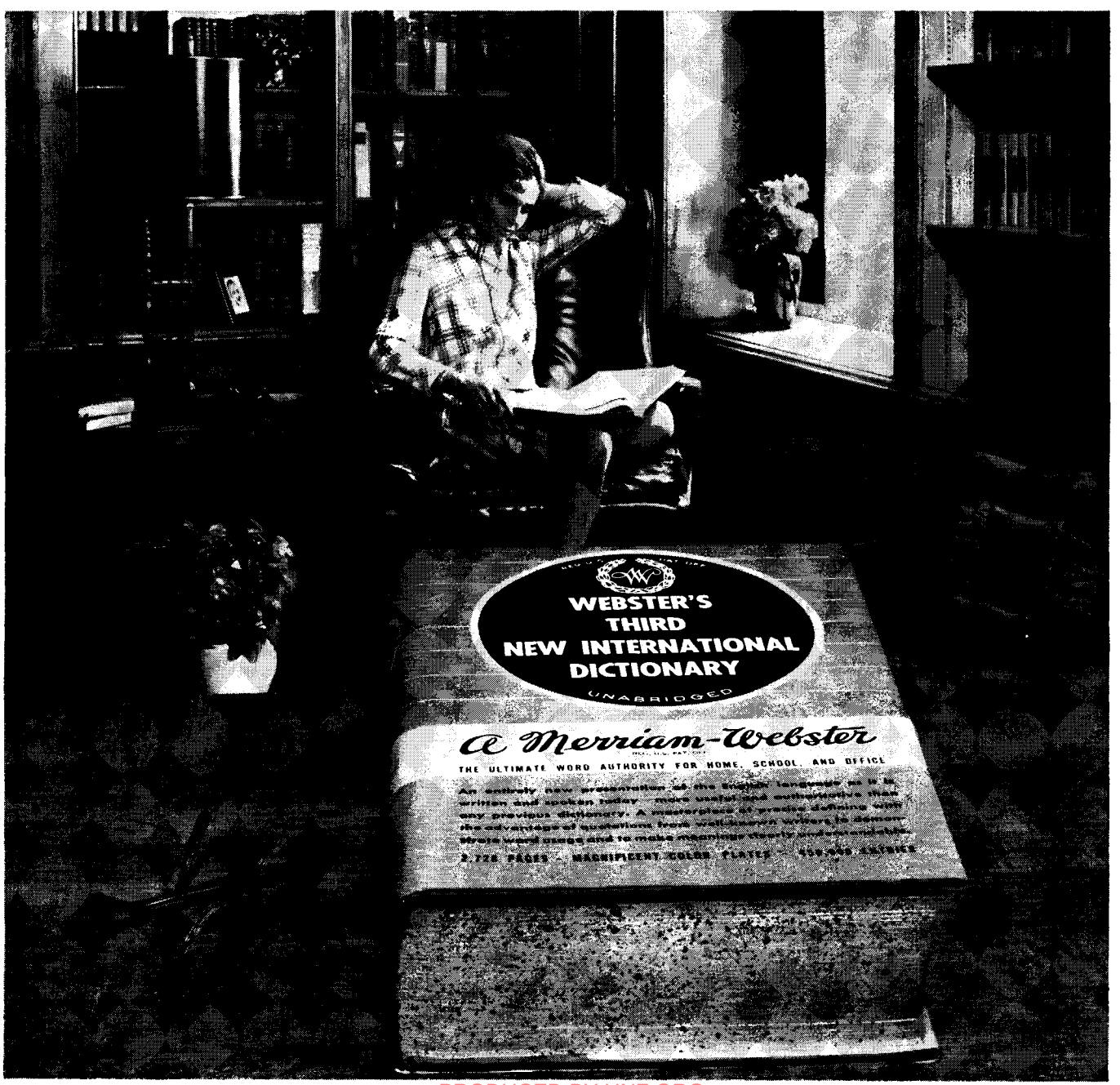

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

The Wallace Effect

JUDGING BY the campaign strategy Vice President Humphrey and Richard M. Nixon have adopted, one cannot be certain whether they are fighting each other or whether they consider George Wallace to be their toughest adversary. I have the feeling that they are not quite sure themselves.

After the Republican convention in Miami, everything indicated that Mr. Nixon would pursue what is generally referred to as the "Southern strategy." His choice of Governor Spiro T. Agnew as his running mate seemed to confirm this. Underlying the "Southern strategy" was evidence of a growing Republican trend in Southern and border states. Significant new gains were beckoning in these areas. Since then, however, two factors have assumed a growing importance. First, there are indications that it may not be easy to pry as many votes away from Mr. Wallace as had been assumed, for instead of losing momentum he seems to be gaining it. The extent to which Nixon can rely on the South's electoral votes is now less certain. Secondly, Nixon seems to feel uncomfortable engaging in the kind of "gloves off" campaign necessary to outbid Wallace. Nixon is very conscious of his "gut-fighter" past and he wants it to be forgotten. He therefore doesn't want to engage Wallace in the kind of speechmaking that would lead people to say that the "old" Nixon has returned to the hustings.

There is no easy compromise between taking a statesmanlike stance and going down into the gutter to compete with Wallace. Nixon therefore seems to want to remain above the battle. He is in such an advantageous position that he may have enough elbow room to shift to an alternate strategy if necessary. He already is competing directly with Vice President Humphrey for the white middle-class vote in the suburbs of the big Northern states. They are the people who would have voted readily for Governor Nelson Rockefeller or Senator Eugene McCarthy.

Vice President Humphrey has opted for the "Northern strategy." He did not have much of a choice, accepting the fact that there is no use trying to compete for the Wallace vote in the South. But his problem is not simply choosing a strategy. First of all, he must concentrate on uniting the badly rent Democratic party, which, after all, is the majority party. This not only means winning the support of leaders of various interest groups, but also exciting the enthusiasms of the party workers; Democrats, especially, need to feel inspired and aroused to give their best. Yet so far, the Vice President is making slow progress in making people feel enthusiastic about himself. Some politicians are more impressive in private, others in public; Humphrey belongs to the former category. In narrowing down his "Northern strategy," he has concluded, not unlike Senator Eugene McCarthy, that he must direct his main appeal to the suburbanites who include most of the independent voters and on whom the margin of victory depends. They want to get rid of the war in Vietnam, and they are also deeply worried about the decline of law and order; but they may prefer to rely on Humphrey rather than Nixon.

The Negroes, Humphrey's strategy assumes, have nowhere to go but to the Democrats, and, anyway, they must know that Mr. Humphrey is their man. He has been, after all, one of the earliest civil rights advocates. The rallying of the industrial workers will in a large measure be left to the political organizers of the trade unions. But there are some serious risks in taking the Negro and the blue collar worker votes for granted, especially as Mr. Wallace has been able to make considerable headway among the latter.

Humphrey's third line of attack is "giving Nixon hell." While Nixon is trying to bury the old Nixon, Humphrey is trying to keep him alive and in the public mind. If nothing else, he hopes the old Nixon bogey will serve to unite the Democrats. Nixon's retort is to link Humphrey to the policies of the unpopular Johnson Administration, and so far Mr. Humphrey has not been very successful in adopting a different, more independent line of policy.

Nixon starts as the favorite. He has a strong base in the Midwest and the West. He can rely on winning Alaska, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. Leaning to Nixon are California, Ohio, and Washington, which he captured eight years ago, and Texas, Illinois, and New Mexico, where he lost by less than 1 per cent of the vote.

The Vice President has readily accepted the role of the underdog. He is certain to win Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and the District of Columbia, and he has a good chance of capturing Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. This would give him 148 electoral votes against Nixon's 230. If we assume that the remaining states are either in Wallace's pocket (Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi), or are a toss-up between Nixon or Humphrey, it becomes quite obvious that Nixon is starting with a thumping advantage.

Of the two key issues, the war in Vietnam and law and order, Humphrey at best can turn the first to his advantage only if some visible progress develops at the conference table in Paris, and can only neutralize the negative effect of the second. President Johnson could help his Vice President by halting the bombing of North Vietnam altogether, but he seems inclined, at least for now, to believe that Nixon's relatively hawkish stand on Vietnam helps to neutralize this issue too. Yet nothing would unite the Democrats more and give the entire party a new fillip than if the Paris negotiations were to move off dead center and if people became more persuaded that the Democrats want to find an end to the war.

With the two main issues more or less neutralized, with both candidates stymied by Wallace's strength in the South and by the inroads he has made among the lower-middle-class whites in the North, this has become a campaign full of frustrations and pitfalls for both Nixon and Humphrey. The difficulty the two have in competing for the Wallace vote, the threat that Wallace represents to the whole politicial system, is one of the most disturbing aspects of this campaign, not only for the candidates but for the country as a whole.

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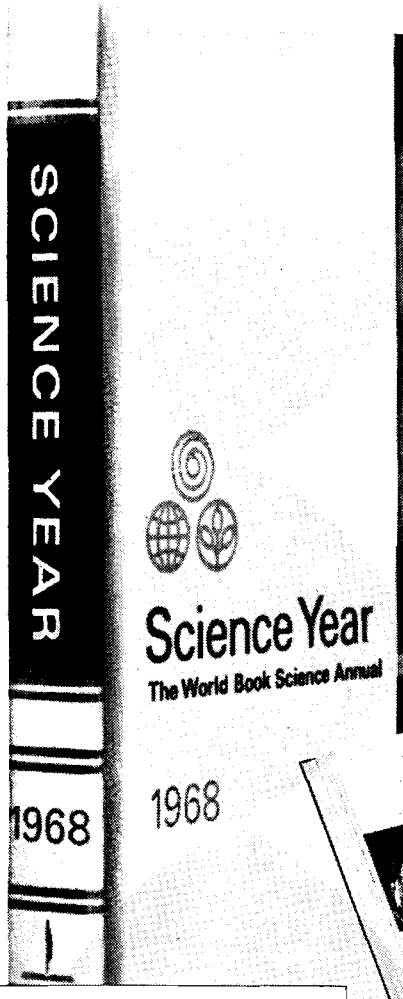

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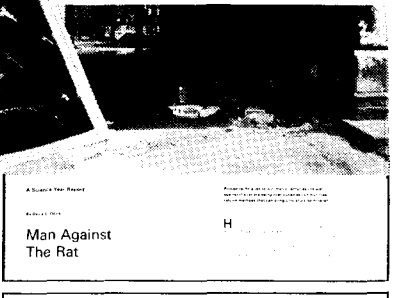

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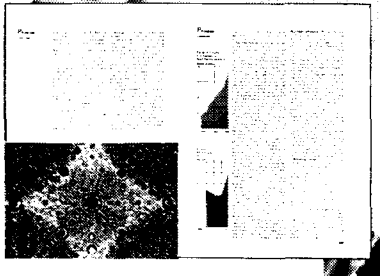

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THE DARK HEART OF AMERICAN HISTORY

"We like to think of ourselves as a peaceful, tolerant, benign people," but, writes a historian, the other strain in our tradition is a propensity for violence, both individual and collective.

Illustrations from Bettmann Archive

"The Bostonians Paying the Excise-Man," 1774—tarring and feathering in protest against British taxes.

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

THE murders within five years of John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert F. Kennedy raise—or ought to raise—somber questions about the character of contemporary America. One such murder might be explained away as an isolated horror, unrelated to the inner life of our society. But the successive shootings, in a short time, of three men who greatly embodied the idealism of American life suggest not so much a fortuitous set of aberrations as an emerging pattern of response and action—a spreading and ominous belief in the efficacy of violence and the politics of the deed.

Yet, while each of these murders produced a genuine season of national mourning, none has produced a sustained season of national questioning. In every case, remorse has seemed to end, not as an incitement to self-examination, but as an escape from it. An orgy of sorrow and shame becomes an easy way of purging a bad conscience and returning as quickly as possible to business as usual.

"It would be . . . self-deceptive," President Johnson said after the shooting of Robert Kennedy, "to conclude from this act that our country is sick, that it has lost its balance, that it has lost its sense of direction, even its common decency. Two hundred million Americans did not strike down Robert Kennedy last night any more than they struck down John F. Kennedy in 1963 or Dr. Martin Luther King in April of this year."

I do not quarrel with these words. Of course two hundred million Americans did not strike down these men. Nor, in my judgment, is this a question of a "sick society" or of "collective guilt." I do not know what such phrases mean, but I am certain that they do not represent useful ways of thinking about our problem. Obviously most Americans are decent and God-fearing people. Obviously most Americans were deeply and honestly appalled by these atrocities. Obviously most Americans rightly resent being told that they were "guilty" of crimes they neither willed nor wished.

Still, it is not enough to dismiss the ideas of a sick society and of collective guilt and suppose that such dismissal closes the question. For a problem remains—the problem of a contagion of political murder in the United States

"Extra-legal group action, for better or worse, has been part of the process of American democracy"—Left to right: An anti-Catholic group, the "Native Americans," attacks state militia in Philadelphia, 1844; draft riots in New York City, 1863; labor riot in Haymarket Square, Chicago, 1886.

From *Violence: America in the Sixties* by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Copyright © 1968 by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., by arrangement with the New American Library, Inc., New York.

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in the 1960s unparalleled in our own history and unequaled today anywhere in the world. If we minimize this problem, if we complacently say it is all the work of lunatics and foreigners, that nothing is wrong and that our society is beyond criticism, if we cry like Macbeth: "Thou canst not say I did it; never shake/Thy gory locks at me," then we lose all hope of recovering control of the destructive impulse within. Then we will only continue the downward spiral of social decomposition and moral degradation.

Self-knowledge is the indispensable prelude to self-control; and self-knowledge, for a nation as well as for an individual, begins with history. We like to think of ourselves as a peaceful, tolerant, benign people who have always lived under a government of laws and not of men. And, indeed, respect for persons and for law has been one characteristic strain in the American tradition. Most Americans probably pay this respect most of their lives. Yet this is by no means the only strain in our tradition. For we also have been a violent people. When we refuse to acknowledge the existence of this other strain, we refuse to see our nation as it is.

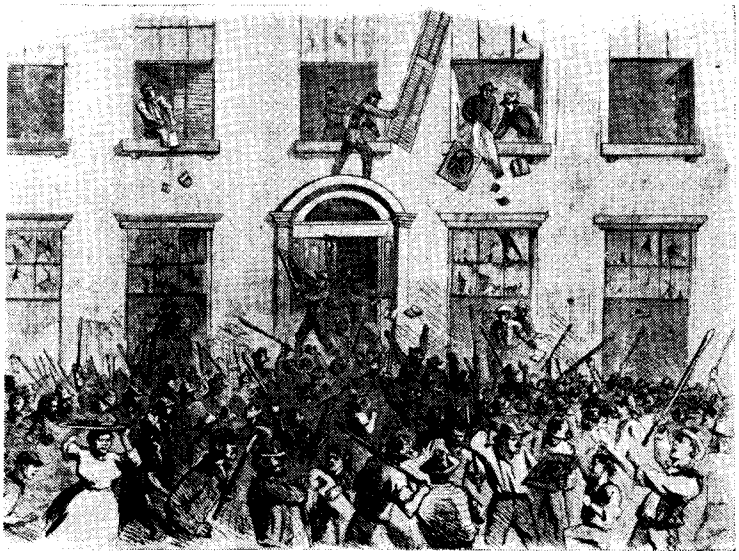
We began, after all, as a people who killed red men and enslaved black men. No doubt we often did this with a Bible and a prayer book. But no nation, however righteous its professions, could act as we did without burying deep in itself—in its customs, its institutions, and its psyche—a propensity toward violence. However much we pretended that Indians and Negroes were subhuman, we really knew that they were God's children too.

Nor did we confine our violence to red men and black men. We gained our freedom, after all, through revolution. The first century after independence were years of incessant violence—wars, slave insurrections, Indian fighting, urban riots, murders, duels, beatings. Members of Congress went armed to the Senate and House. In his first notable speech, in January 1838, before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois, Abraham Lincoln named internal violence as the supreme threat to American political institutions. He spoke of "the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country; the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions, in lieu of the sober judgment of Courts; and the worse than savage mobs, for the executive ministers of justice." The danger to the American republic, he said, was not from foreign invasion:

> At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer, if it ever reach us, it must spring up amongst us. It cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen, we must live through all time, or die by suicide.

So the young Lincoln named the American peril—a peril he did not fear to locate within the American breast. Indeed, the sadness of America has been that our worst qualities have so often been the other face of our best. Our commitment to morality, our faith in experiment: these have been sources of America's greatness, but they have also led Americans into our error. For our moralists have sometimes condoned murder if the cause is deemed good; so Emerson and Thoreau applauded John Brown of Osawatomie. And our pragmatists have sometimes ignored the means if the result is what they want. Moralism and pragmatism have not provided infallible restraints on the destructive instinct.

America, Martin Luther King correctly said, has been "a schizophrenic personality, tragically divided against herself." The impulses of violence and civility continued after Lincoln to war within the American breast. The insensate bloodshed of the Civil War exhausted the national capacity for violence and left the nation emotionally and psychologically spent. For nearly a century after Appomattox, we appeared on the surface the tranquil and friendly people we still like to imagine ourselves to be. The amiability of that society no doubt exerted a restraining influence. There were still crazy individuals, filled with grievance, bitterness, and a potential for violence. But most



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of these people expended their sickness in fantasy; the Guiteaus and the Czolgoszs were the exception. These years of stability, a stability fitfully recaptured after the First World War, created the older generation's image of a "normal" America.

Yet even in the kindly years we did not wholly eradicate the propensity toward violence which history had hidden in the national unconscious. In certain moods, indeed, we prided ourselves on our violence; we almost considered it evidence of our virility. "Above all," cried Theodore Roosevelt, "let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified." That fatal susceptibility always lurked *under the surface, breaking out in* Indian wars and vigilantism in the West, in lynchings in the South, in labor riots and race riots and gang wars in the cities.

IT is important to distinguish collective from individual violence—the work of mobs from the work of murderers; for the motive and the effect can be very different. There can, of course, be murder by a mob. But not all mobs aim at murder. Collective violence—rioting against what were considered illegal British taxes in Boston in 1773, or dangerous Papist influence sixty years later, or inequitable draft laws in New York in 1863, or unfair labor practices in Chicago in 1937—is more characteristically directed at conditions than at individuals. In many cases (though by no means all), the aim has been to protest rather than protect the status quo; and the historian is obliged to concede that collective violence, including the recent riots in black ghettos, has often quickened the disposition of those in power to redress just grievances. Extralegal group action, for better or worse, has been part of the process of American democracy. Violence, for better or worse, *does* settle some questions, and for the better. Violence secured American independence, freed the slaves, and stopped Hitler.

But this has ordinarily been the violence of a society. The individual who plans violence is less likely to be concerned with reforming conditions than with punishing persons. On occasion the purpose is to protect the status quo by destroying men who symbolize or threaten social change (a tactic which the anarchists soon began to employ in reverse). A difference exists in psychic color and content between spontaneous mass convulsions and the premeditated killing of individuals. The first signifies an unstable society, the second, a murderous society. America has exhibited both forms of violence.

Now in the third quarter of the twentieth century, violence has broken out with new ferocity in our country. What has given our old propensity new life? Why does the fabric of American civility no longer exert restraint? What now incites crazy individuals to act out their murderous dreams? What is it about the climate of this decade that suddenly encourages—that for some evidently legitimatizes—the relish for hate and the resort to violence? Why, according to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, have assaults with a gun increased 77 per cent in the four years from 1964 through 1967?

We talk about the legacy of the frontier. No doubt, the frontier has bequeathed us a set of romantic obsessions about six-shooters and gun fighters. But why should this legacy suddenly reassert itself in the 1960s?

We talk about the tensions of industrial society. No doubt the ever-quickening pace of social change depletes and destroys the institutions which make for social stability. But this does not explain why Americans shoot and kill so many more Americans than Englishmen kill Englishmen or Japanese kill Japanese. England, Japan, and West Germany are, next to the United States, the most heavily industrialized countries in the world. Together they have a population of 214 million people. Among these 214 million, there are 135 gun murders a year. Among the 200 million people of the United States there are 6,500 gun murders a year—about *forty-eight times* as many.

We talk about the fears and antagonisms generated by racial conflict. Unquestionably this has contributed to the recent increase in violence. The murders of Dr. King and Senator Kennedy seem directly traceable to ethnic hatreds. Whites and blacks alike are laying in arms, both sides invoking the needs of self-defense. Yet this explanation still does not tell us why in America today we are tending to convert political problems into military problems—problems of adjustment into problems of force.

The New Left tells us that we are a violent society because we are a capitalist society—that capitalism is itself institutionalized violence; and that life under capitalism inevitably deforms relations among men. This view would be more impressive if the greatest violence of man against man in this century had not taken place in noncapitalist societies—in Nazi Germany, in Stalinist Russia, in precapitalist Indonesia. The fact is that every form of society is in some sense institutionalized violence; man in society always gives up a measure of "liberty" and accepts a measure of authority.

We cannot escape that easily. It is not just that we were a frontier society or have become an industrial society or are a racist or a capitalist society; it is something more specific than that. Nor can we blame the situation on our gun laws, or the lack of them; though here possibly we are getting closer. There is no question, of course, that we need adequate federal gun laws. Statistics make it evident that gun controls have some effect. Sixty per cent of all murders in the

—*Wide World.*

Steel strikers clash with police in Chicago, 1937—"Collective violence . . . has often quickened the disposition of those in power to redress just grievances."

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—Wide World.

Outside Ford plant near Detroit, 1941—"In certain moods . . . we prided ourselves on our violence; we almost considered it evidence of our virility."

United States are by firearms; and states with adequate laws—New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island—have much lower rates of gun murder than states with no laws or weak ones—Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Nevada.

Still, however useful in making it harder for potential murderers to get guns, federal gun legislation deals with the symptoms and not with the causes of our trouble. We must go further to account for the resurgence in recent years of our historical propensity toward violence.

One reason surely for the enormous tolerance of violence in contemporary America is the fact that our country has now been more or less continuously at war for a generation. The experience of war over a long period devalues human life and habituates people to killing. And the war in which we are presently engaged is far more brutalizing than was the Second World War or the Korean War. It is more brutalizing because the destruction we have wrought in Vietnam is so wildly out of proportion to any demonstrated involvement of our national security or any rational assessment of our national interest. In the other wars we killed for need. In this war we are killing beyond need, and, as we do so, we corrupt our national life. When violence is legally sanctioned for a cause in which people see no moral purpose, this is an obvious stimulus to individuals to use violence for what they may maniacally consider moral purposes of their own.

A second reason for the climate of violence in the United States is surely the zest with which the mass media, and especially television and films, dwell on violence. One must be clear about this. The mass media do *not* create violence. But they *reinforce* aggressive and destructive impulses, and they may well *teach* the morality as well as the methods of violence.

IN recent years the movies and television have developed a pornography of violence far more demoralizing than the pornography of sex, which still seizes the primary attention of the guardians of civic virtue. Popular films of our day like *Rosemary's Baby* and *Bonnie and Clyde* imply a whole culture of human violation, psychological in one case, physical in the other. *Bonnie and Clyde,* indeed, was greatly admired for its blithe acceptance of the world of violence—an acceptance which almost became a celebration. Thus a student in a film course in San Francisco noted:

> There is a certain spirit that belongs to us. We the American people. It is pragmatic, rebellious, violent, joyous. It can create or kill. Everything about *Bonnie and Clyde* captures this spirit.
>
> John Brown was motivated by this spirit and it has scared the hell out of historians ever since. The Black Panthers have it. Cab drivers, musicians, used car salesmen and bus drivers understand it, but doctors, dentists and real estate salesmen don't.

Television is the most pervasive influence of all. The children of the electronic age sit hypnotized by the parade of killings, beatings, gunfights, knifings, maimings, brawls which flash incessantly across the tiny screen, and now in "living" color.

For a time, the television industry comforted itself with the theory that children listened to children's programs and that, if by any chance they saw programs for adults, violence would serve as a safety valve, offering a harmless outlet for pent-up aggressions: the more violence on the screen, the less in life. Alas, this turns out not to be necessarily so. As Dr. Wilbur Schramm, director of the Institute of Communication Research at Stanford has reported, children, even in the early elementary school years, view more programs designed for adults than for themselves; "above all, they prefer the more violent type of adult program including the Western, the adventure program, and the crime drama." Experiments show that such programs, far from serving as safety valves for aggression, attract children with high levels of aggression and stimulate them to seek overt means of acting out their aggressions. Evidence suggests that these programs work the same incitement on adults. And televiolence does more than condition emotion and behavior. It also may attenuate people's sense of reality. Men murdered on the television screen ordinarily spring to life after the episode is over: all death is therefore diminished. A child asked a man last June where he was headed in his car. "To Washington," he said. "Why?" he asked. "To attend the funeral of Senator Kennedy." The child said, "Oh yeah—they shot him again." And such shooting may well condition the manner in which people approach the perplexities of existence. On television the hero too glibly resolves his problems by shooting somebody. The *Gunsmoke* ethos, however, is not necessarily the best way to deal with human or social complexity. It is hardly compatible with any kind of humane or libertarian democracy.

THE problem of electronic violence raises difficult questions of prescription as well as of analysis. It would be fatal to restrain artistic exploration and portrayal, even of the most extreme and bitter aspects of human experience. No rational person wants to re-establish a reign of censorship or mobilize new Legions of Decency. Nor is there great gain in making the electronic media scapegoats for propensities which they reflect rather than create—propensities which spring from our history and our hearts.

Yet society retains a certain right of self-defense. Is it inconceivable that the television industry might work out forms of self-restraint? Beyond this, it should

(*Continued on page* 81)

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The Clearer World of Fiction

Only works of the imagination can draw us "from the cage of self into caring, knowledgeable concern for the life that is not our own."

By BENJAMIN DeMOTT

BAD moment for bringing out a new novel. Especially bad for a plain little book with familiar pattern—love, renunciation. The critical trend is unfavorable. "Who needs fiction?" says Professor Alfred Kazin in the *Atlantic* magazine. "Who needs fiction in order to learn what is constantly reported by . . . the magazines, newspapers, college textbooks, and television set?" It's New Journalism that's the rage. The New Journalism is *involved*. And just at the moment, the involvement wave carries an enormous variety of material on its crest, for it is a trend that has been headed this way for years. Long before the new rage, there was George Plimpton with the Lions, and before that the Truman Capote fuss, the nonfiction novel, etc.

The conventions of objective journalism are obvious—neutral observation, no invented talk or imaginative speculation. Yet self-absorption appears in the writer's nagging awareness of his neutrality as a *feat. See my iron will, my achieved stoniness*, the detached reporter seems at every moment to be saying. *Insidious agents try to entice me into sympathy, concern, loss-of-cool, but I'm ice, I don't give in, I'm perfectly balanced on the high wire.* This sense of a seemingly inhumane concentration by the reporter on his own posture and appearance, his own success in fending off personal involvement and "Interaction," explains many of the striking critical outbursts against Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*—Kenneth Tynan's, for example.

In the case of the involved reporter, the formulas and conventions are less obvious but equally restrictive. The themes of involved journalism usually reflect the going psychosocial wisdom about contemporary life—for example, that modern man's inner world is conflict-ridden, that his fantasies rouse contradictory responses—joy, shame—within himself; that, responding to the pressure of The Culture, people separate their parts and arrange them in artificial hierarchies, in order to create viable (i.e., hypocritical) professional selves. But the prime function of such writing—despite occasional gestures at something beyond the Involved Reporter—is not, it seems to me, to bring a world into general view. On the contrary, the function is to explore a literary mode of self-suspicion. The explorations are often witty, sometimes intense. But too often the impression, no matter what the precise tonal register, is that form has preceded substance.

Selection of details both from outward events and inward response lights up discontinuity, opportunism, insincerity; personal rumination curves repeatedly, deterministically, toward the occasion when the reporter "finds himself out." Conscious from the start of an obligation to ever inch his way toward a more solidly cynical idea of a person, the writer speaks always with a self-deprecatory tic.

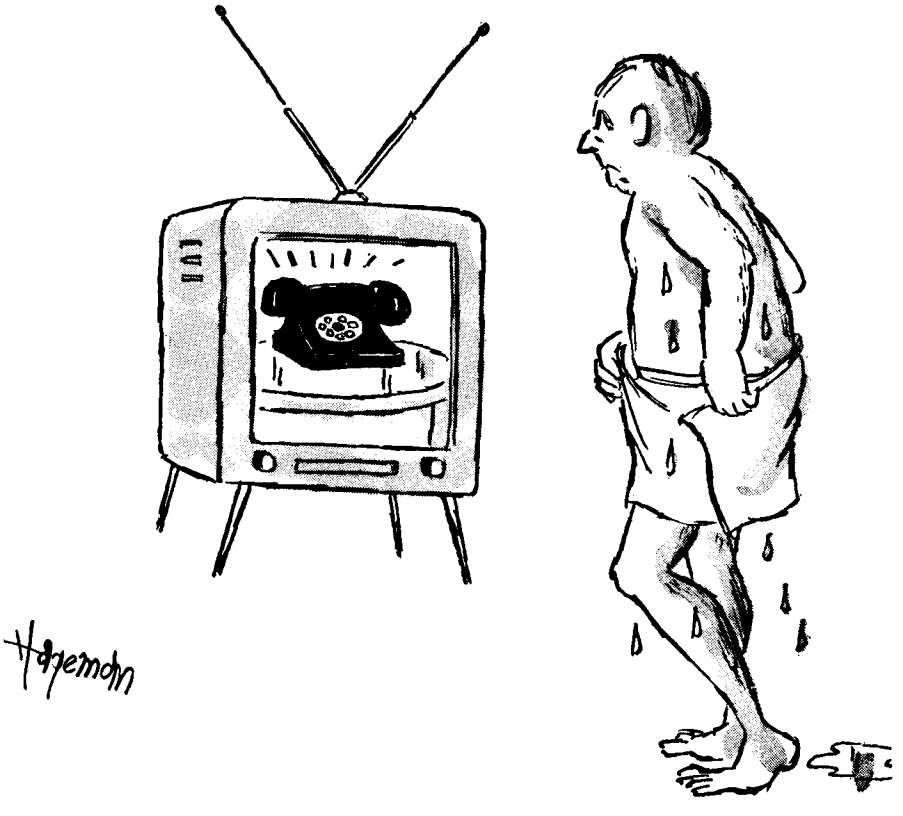
The tic has a history, naturally, and a sociology as well. Reductive versions of humankind have been standard items in Western thought for longer than a century. And the appetite for cynical views of the person is now fed everywhere in the media. Think of the endless series of Feiffer cartoons (Instant John Osborne, Instant Underground Man) showing sad-faced middle-class types abusing their moral character, and then being congratulated by their audience.

> Your Honor [says a Feiffer character in panel one] . . . Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury (panel 2) . . . I have great potential but no follow through 3) . . . I have contempt for the values of success but I secretly hunger to be successful 4) . . . I don't know what love is, which is why I avoid all serious relationships 5) . . . I make a great show of interest in other people but I'm *really* only interested in myself 6) . . . I've never deliberately hurt anyone in my life but I always feel guilty 7) . . . I throw myself on the mercy of the court 8) . . .

In the next to last panel the jury speaks:

> The jury finds the defendant a fine, insightful person who is not afraid to be brutally honest with himself.

And in the last panel, the man departs—slick, buoyant, smug with brief-



Benjamin DeMott, critic and novelist, is author of "A Married Man," published in September.

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case and cigarette holder. "Justice triumphs," is his conclusion. The message is: self-love is a disease beyond remedy. You cannot confess without strengthening your sense of invulnerability. "He who despises himself esteems himself as a self-despiser." The evil in me is beyond my capacity to name and know. From the trap of guilt there's no possibility of escape.

Or think of the insistence with which the same ground-theme sounds in the work of the literary masters of Involvedese—witness the central passages of Norman Mailer's *Armies of the Night*, wherein the writer details his guilt at not spending another night in jail:

> ...a failure of nerve always presented the same kind of moral nausea. Probably he [Mailer] was feeling now like people who had gone to the Pentagon, but had chosen not to get arrested, just as such people, at their moment of decision, must have felt as sickened as all people who should have marched from Lincoln Memorial to the Pentagon, but didn't. The same set of emotions could be anticipated for all people who had been afraid to leave New York. One ejected oneself from guilt by climbing the ladder—the first step back, no matter where, offered nothing but immersion into nausea. No wonder people hated to disturb their balance of guilt. To become less guilty, then weaken long enough to return to guilt was worse than to remain cemented in your guilt.

"That passage," says Nat Hentoff, not only "draws you in," it "brings you the news about the rest of your life." And again the news is that "for the rest of our life" we must wear another man's dirty shirts.

NEWS of this kind resembles dogma more than things as they are, and some who are in close touch with their own full human complication are likely to resist it. Sustaining an uncomplacent, non-beamish resistance is impossible, however, without protection from cynicism about the person—and what protection can be found? I can mumble commonplaces and truisms at guilt-mongers. I can talk to myself about the connectedness of human parts, about the interdependency of self-love and self-criticism, about the intimate relation between human fantasy and human hope. I can remind myself that the common (and absurd) daydream of escape from conditioned existence into Absolute Integrity or Beauty or Guiltlessness is at the same time a force charging me to invent new models of life, and reinvigorating old standards of assessment. I can lay it down that men's dignifying severities of self-scrutiny have roots in indulgence, that responsibilities begin in irresponsibility, and that the compulsion to believe the worst of ourselves—the style of conscientious embitterment, dutiful self-hatred—is in fact a vanity, a fleece-lined hairshirt, bearing no relation to genuine humility or genuine pride, and invariably deflecting both understanding and the will to modify or recreate the conditions.

"The way you've always stressed diversification, you should be pleased having a son who is Republican, one in the New Left, and one a Hippie."

But, expressed thus, these truths are the merest chat, worthless until the meaning is known from the inside. And the case—coming at last to the point—is that there are few surer ways into that meaning than through imaginative writing. To say this, to say that fiction alone draws us out from the cage of self into caring, knowledgeable concern for the life that is not our own, isn't to claim that novelists and storytellers are untouched by high-fashion self-hatred. Neither is it to say that journalism by literary men never draws a person out in the fashion described. (There are hints of conscience-nagging in George Plimpton's *Paper Lion*; the writer once or twice damns himself as an interloper. But because his subject permits lightheartedness, and because he himself has virtually a lover's feeling for the charm of his own fantasy, he can bear to let his reader see beyond him.)

It is to say, though, that creating a story, whether as writer or reader, is an act capable of liberating people from the boring predictability of self-regard. That creation is a means of living in the interdependency of "best self" and "worst self," and of pushing beyond artificial borders, beyond official moral simplifications of human motivation, beyond this year's lit-establishment tone and style of self-assessment, into a clearer, denser, fresher world.

Reading or writing, I indulge my desire or need to be someone else, to be a different person in a better world—and am reminded that this desire is at once an indulgence and a moral distinction—and am lifted (briefly, that is true, very briefly) by this "literary" experience to a kind of behavior both as judge and as fantasist that possesses unfaked dignity. I oscillate between permissible identifications with other human beings and an attainable detachment. I sense the contrarieties pressing inside the next man. I'm elevated by the act of judging deeds that aren't mine, but that are yet known to me from within.

And it *is* the judgment—the act of judging—that is most exhilarating. Reading and writing fiction is far from a murky love-in or flower kiddies ball. It is an act requiring sympathy, since "understanding" is the goal – but not an extravagant sympathy of the kind that chokes the sense of justice. Reading *Anna Karenina* I'm not simply bewil-

(*Continued on page* 81)

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Saturday Review

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Christmas in a Happy Place

LIFE in an orphanage is seldom joyous. But life in a South Vietnamese orphanage in wartime is at best harrowing and at worst unimaginable—at least, unimaginable to an American girl of comfortable background.

When Betty Moul first visited Saigon's An Lac orphanage, during a vacation tour of Asia in 1961, she found the place at once appalling and inspiring. She was appalled, particularly, by the fearful emotional and physical attrition evident among the babies at the 400-child institution.

"Where a two-month-old American baby would have been alert and smiling," Miss Moul says, "the underfed An Lac foundlings just lay there. They didn't smile, hold up their hands, or kick off the covers. And, of course, a high percentage of them died. Ironically, I was told by one of the youngsters that the name An Lac means 'Happy Place'."

What Betty Moul found inspiring was the high morale among An Lac's severely underfed but vivacious older children—a morale evidenced in the way the bigger ones looked after the toddlers and pitched in to keep the orphanage buildings bright and clean.

Almost without willing it, Miss Moul found herself being drawn into the daily routine of the sparsely equipped institution: up at 4:30 a.m., down on her knees with the children scrubbing floors, doling out skimpy rations of watery rice-gruel, and bucketing back and forth perilously, in an ancient jeep, between the old orphanage buildings in Saigon and the equally woebegone orphanage annex in NLF-infiltrated farm country, 20 miles out of Saigon.

Betty Moul never did complete her leisurely tour of Asia. She stayed on at An Lac as long as she could, then went back to her job as an executive secretary in Manhattan, determined to spend all her spare time raising money and finding clothing and medical supplies for An Lac.

For six years now, she has given slide-lectures on An Lac to church and civic groups, and has spent all her vacations (two of them at Christmastime) working at the orphanage. "There," she says with a twinkle, "the children call me Co My ('Miss America') and Co Ngoan ('Miss Sweet')."

THE thousands of dollars she has raised over the years have played a major role in keeping the orphanage going. Meanwhile, American military doctors and other personnel have helped significantly by giving their off-duty hours to An Lac. One result is that infant deaths have been cut down sharply—in part, because the American doctors found that several of the orphanage's casual employees were disease carriers, and had for some time been innocently, but systematically, infecting the infants.

The founder and moving spirit of An Lac orphanage is, Miss Moul explains, Madame Vu Thi Ngai, a beautiful, brilliant North Vietnamese aristocrat who fled south when Vietnam was partitioned. The late, legendary Dr. Tom Dooley, who worked closely with her in setting up an earlier orphanage, wrote: "Madame Ngai was a proud Tonkinese woman who had been wealthy. She was lovely, with fine-textured skin, jet-black hair . . . and an olive coloring that was exquisite. . . . With women like this in a nation, faith and hope in it will persist, whatever the temporary chaos."

When Madame Ngai arrived in the South, she sold what remained of her jewelry and other valuables, set up An Lac, and began gathering up homeless children from Saigon's streets and countryside. There was no dearth of such children, then or now. Nor has there been any abundance of funds to care for them: The government gives An Lac (irregularly) an allowance of 26 cents per child per month. The rest of its $2,000-a-month running expenses must be made up from private sources—e.g., Miss Moul's contributions and service help from the New York chapter of the Tom Dooley Foundation.

Now in her sixties and in ill health, Madame Ngai refuses to close down the orphanage and surrender "her" 400 children to the mercies of street life in Saigon. Amid dirt and danger, Madame Ngai insists that the orphanage be kept clean, and that her children study hard and observe the highest standards of decorum. Many have won scholarships to local colleges.

Not all the children fare so well. During her last visit to An Lac, Betty Moul asked about one of her favorites, a pretty eleven-year-old girl named Le. The child had been, Madame Ngai grimly explained, suddenly reclaimed by her mother, then "sold" to a well-to-do Saigon businessman.

BUT is An Lac really all that important? After all, there are underfed children in orphanages all across the world. Why is An Lac so special? "Well," Miss Moul says, "because I think it's important that these otherwise homeless kids live under Madame Ngai's compassionate guidance. Unlike many people in similar work, she's highly educated and cultivated, encourages the children to adhere to the highest educational and personal standards imaginable, and is, in general, preparing them to be outstanding citizens of a stable future Vietnam."

In a month or so, Miss Moul will be leaving her Park Avenue office to go spend Christmas at An Lac. There she will present to Madame Ngai the contributions sent to her at The An Lac Orphanage, Inc., 185 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. There will be gifts for all the children from U.S. Army personnel. Though Santa Claus won't come floating down in a helicopter, as he did several Christmases ago at the now-abandoned farm annex, chances are that the spirit of Christmas will be very much in evidence this year at "The Happy Place." —Hallowell Bowser.

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Letters to the Editor

Interview With the Mayor

MOST OF Robert Lewis Shayon's comments in his column, "Chicago: Kudos and Conflict" [TV-RADIO, Sept. 21], were to the point and legitimately raised matters with which we must all be concerned.

Whether Mayor Daley and I shook hands or he called me by my first name seems rather unimportant to me, even as evidence, which I assume was intended, of some sort of conspiracy of friendship between us. But what is important is that there not be left unchallenged the "suspicion" Mr. Shayon reports that "someone had ordered" what he considers my obsequious treatment of Mayor Daley.

Even in retrospect, I do not acknowledge that there was anything fundamentally wrong with my interview with the Mayor or the manner in which I handled him. It seemed to me then as it does now that good, decent journalistic practice dictated that he should have an opportunity to answer the charges being leveled against him. It did not seem necessary, at that juncture, to debate his points. It seemed, as a matter of fact, that the refutation of most of his allegations were clear in what already had been presented at considerable length in the preceding four days.

But if there *was* any mistake in this presentation, it was *my* mistake. I invited Mayor Daley to appear with me to present his side (not to debate), and it was my decision that he be handled in that manner. No one in a management role at CBS News suggested the interview, its content, or its style. There was no suggestion that we needed to "appease" the Mayor, nor did that thought ever cross my mind.

Mr. Shayon concludes with the statement that "broadcast journalism must not become the instrument for anybody's unchallenged view of the truth." Amen! But it also must never turn its back on a primary journalistic responsibility of impartially presenting all sides of any issue or dispute.

WALTER CRONKITE,
CBS News,
New York, N.Y.

Humanae Vitae

THE FIRST HALF of John Ciardi's article, "Birth Control: Theology vs. Humanism" [MANNER OF SPEAKING, Sept. 21], was both interesting and balanced. Unfortunately, the second half showed an alarming ignorance of the subject matter. Mr. Ciardi has his conceptions confused. The Immaculate Conception refers to Mary's conception, not Christ's. The doctrine is that Mary was never tainted with original sin; it is not concerned with the manner of her conception.

MRS. JAMES A. MURPHY,
Painted Post, N.Y.

JOHN CIARDI errs when he claims that the Pope spoke for the "theological priesthood" in his encyclical and counter to the "humanistic priesthood."

Last I heard, there were 640 signers to the Washington-based petition of dissent to the Pope's encyclical. The *majority* of these signers are bona fide Catholic theologians and/or theology professors (priests), including the newly elected president of the American Theological Society, Father Charles Curran.

The Pope bolsters his argument by referring to natural law, but theologians today question that natural law—which affirms that the nature of an object may be discerned by its use—is a realistic theological system. The encyclical also was faulted theologically because of lack of biblical references. Its arguments were based on "revelation," not biblical scholarship in any sense.

HARRIETT GRANEY,
Kansas City, Mo.

JOHN CIARDI'S STATEMENT: "What merit could there be in celibacy unless it is seen as the rejection of the wickedness of sex?" is false. The vow binding one to celibacy is a positive act, not a negative one.

Frequently, while preparing to take the vow the aspirant to religious life comes to appreciate fully—for the first time—the beauty and sacredness of marriage and parenthood. It is the holiness of marriage and sex which gives celibacy its meaning—otherwise it would be meaningless.

BARBARA JARDINE,
Rutland, Vt.

SOLID THEOLOGICAL arguments can be advanced *against*, as well as for, the Pope's statement on birth control. Therefore, it is unfortunate that John Ciardi and other writers used the adjective "theological" only with reference to the conservative position.

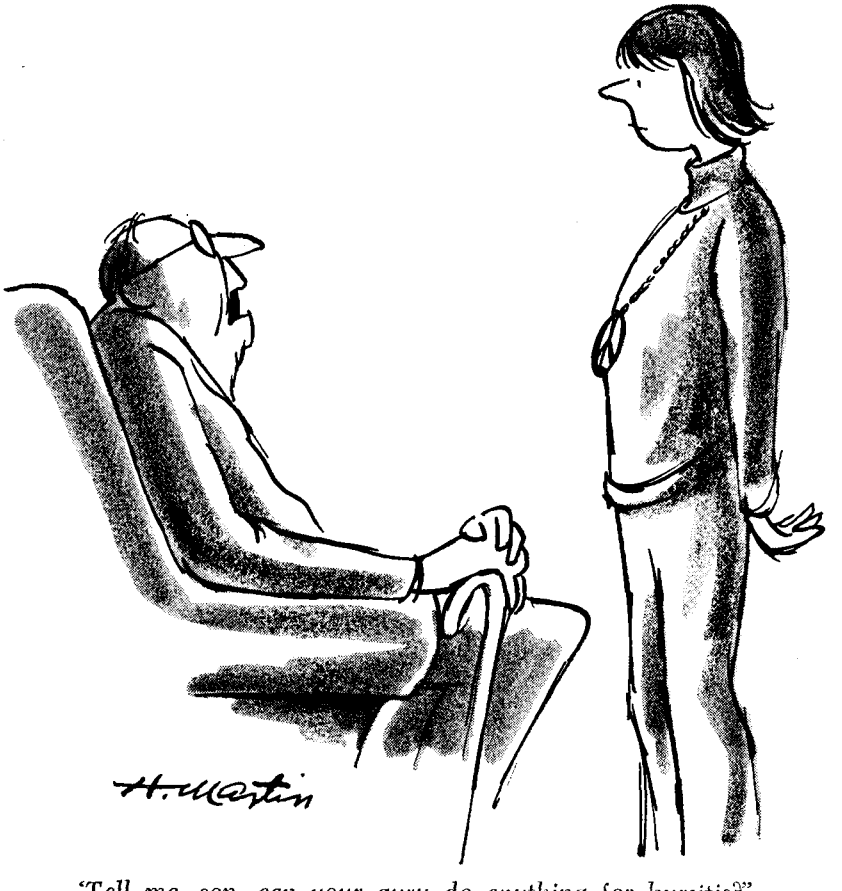
It is entirely possible that the recent birth control encyclical represents a theological error, not just a tactical one. If such is at least possible, from the standpoint of a neutral observer, then the issue should not be stated as "Theology vs. Humanism." It is rather "conservative theology" vs. various opposing views, some of which are equally entitled to the label "theological."

ROBERT F. BROWN,
New York, N.Y.

JOHN CIARDI was his usual effective self in depicting the gap between armchair theorizing about the nature of human sexuality and the experiences of married human beings.

He was mistaken, however, in claiming that there is "a fundamental anti-sexual bias in all Christianity." There have been both liberal and conservative trends in Roman Catholic thought on this subject. To give one liberal example, St. Bonaventure declared that the primary purpose of marriage was the perfecting of the spouses, that the sex act was connected with the essence of marriage. The Church's ban on contraception is not based primarily on an anti-sexual bias.

MRS. PETER J. COHEN,
Swarthmore, Pa.



'Tell me, son, can your guru do anything for bursitis?"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Great Black Hopelessness

LAST DECEMBER, when Washington D.C.'s Arena Stage produced Howard Sackler's enormous and over-long drama, *The Great White Hope*, it appeared to be performing an important service by bringing alive, in a first-class professional production, an ambitious work that Broadway would find too formidable and costly to attempt. Now the play, with forty-five minutes trimmed off, has opened successfully on Broadway, and it would seem that Arena Stage has made a considerably more significant contribution to the American theater.

The Great White Hope is an epic drama in that it offers us a wide spectrum of racial attitudes which, although only destroying two people, actually infects us all. It is passionate rather than didactic, and Arena Stage director Edwin Sherin has choreographed the proceedings so fully that we are swept into the action whether we wish it or not.

Oddly enough, the virtually all-white audience finds itself extremely eager to be on the side of the blacks whenever their spokesmen vituperate us for the injustices we have allowed to be visited on them. And whereas black playwright LeRoi Jones's poetically scathing *The Slave* alienated its audience, white playwright Sackler's more measured presentation somehow draws universal sympathy for what is essentially the same underlying statement.

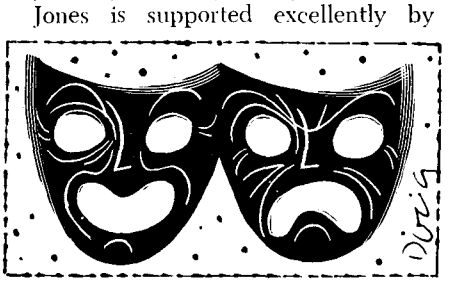
The drama commences in 1910 with a few patently ignorant men bemoaning the fact that for the first time in history a Negro—in the play he is called Jack Jefferson—has become heavyweight champion of the world. While this small group sets the plot in motion, we are here and there reminded that they are really only the agents of the white majority. On the other hand, the black minority is split between those who humbly accept the indignities of second-class citizenship in return for a living wage, and the more militant ones who find in Jefferson's success a source of very much-needed racial pride. And in between is Jefferson's Jewish manager, Goldie, who accepts the realities of the situation and urges making the best of a rotten state of affairs.

But Jack Jefferson and Eleanor Bachman, the white girl who is his mistress, want to live their own lives. Jefferson doesn't want to be a racial symbol, but just to work at his profession and get the maximum amount of joy out of life. Neither the whites or the blacks will permit it. Thus this good-natured, fun-loving man and the intelligent girl who loves him are gradually destroyed over the course of the play. There is perhaps the suggestion here that friendships cannot withstand the hostility of society.

To enjoy the play, one must accept both the playwright's inclusion of some colorful but seemingly inessential and inconclusive scenes, and his presumably deliberate ambiguity about a number of vital details. It is, for instance, not explained why Jack never married Eleanor, which would have saved him the trouble that led to his downfall. Nor do we understand the necessity—beyond its constituting the desired allegorical result—of Jefferson's brutal rejection of Eleanor in the third act. And finally, after we have seen Jefferson agree to throw the big fight, we are told first that he seems not to be throwing it, and then ultimately that he has lost. Did he take a dive, or was he beaten by age and the long layoff? Since the play roughly follows the life of Jack Johnson, and since it has never been proved that Johnson threw the fight to Willard, the ambiguity may be historically accurate. But theatrically it is annoying.

Whatever dissatisfactions we may feel about the play tend to be overwhelmed by the size and sweep of the production and the performances. Director Sherin and his technical cohorts, Robin Wagner, John Gleason, and David Toser, have with the greatest economy created the full, emotionally rich panorama of the play's events. And as Jefferson, James Earl Jones gives a titanic portrayal. The genius of his performance is that he never seems to pity himself for his misfortunes. Rather, he knows what he is doing every step of the way, playing out his hand on the chance that he might be freed from entanglement with a situation he has come to loathe. Even in his most moving moment of anguish, when he does blame society for having destroyed the woman he loved, he is in control and comprehending his tragedy objectively and subjectively at one time.

Jones is supported excellently by largely the same cast that appeared with him at Arena Stage. Jane Alexander is superb at capturing the different moods of Eleanor and is so emotionally naked in her distraught final scene that we find it hard to believe that she would, even under this extreme provocation, voice a remnant of racial prejudice. Antonio Fargas is memorable as a black power prophet before his time. Lou Gilbert is forlornly comic as Goldie, and though he is not given a chance to voice his tragedy, he manages to emanate it silently.



All things considered, *The Great White Hope* is certainly a theatrical achievement of impressive scope. If the audiences regard it simply as a blazing portrait of early twentieth-century Americana, they will be entertained. And there are enough loose threads that lead to our present racial troubles—including society's treatment of the Cassius Clay case—to jog one into personal meditation on his own relationship to this most catastrophic issue.

Theatergoers will have to work considerably harder to be entertained by Edward Albee's latest, *Box* and *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, previously reviewed [THE THEATER, March 23] in its premiere at Buffalo's Studio Arena Theatre. This play—as it works out, one playlet metastasizes into the other—seems to be a predominantly verbal exercise in retrospection. While we look at the frame of a box, the box we and Western civilization may both be destined for, we hear actress Ruth White's voice lamenting the lost beauty of Western art. The point at which that art and that order cease to be worth dying for is when they no longer relate to our sense of life around us.

At the end of this ten-minute monologue, the scene shifts to the deck of a ship, where an elderly American lady is relating the story of her life to a sleepy and not very interested Anglican priest. As played by Nancy Kelly, this wealthy, vulgar woman epitomizes the decline of the West, and indeed Albee has her tell about her possibly suicidal jump off a ship. Her monologue is interspersed with dogmatic Communistic parables recited by Mao Tse-tung. Thus, side by side, we have the West's great leap overboard and the East's great leap forward.

A third ingredient is provided by "grandma" Sudie Bond, who spouts stanzas from Will Carleton's *Over the Hill to the Poorhouse* to illustrate in a humorous way the failure of American family life. And here and there the invisible voice repeats lamentations from *Box*.

Fortunately, this strange new work will be played in repertory with two other bills, and therefore may survive despite its lack of dramatic conflict.

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Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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Literary Horizons

Sadism and Light Hearts

By GRANVILLE HICKS

JERZY KOSINSKI's *The Painted Bird*, published in 1965, is one of the most terrifying books to come out of World War II and one of the most horrendous indictments ever written of man's inhumanity to man. Now the author, who was born in Poland in 1933 and has lived in this country since 1957, has published a second novel, *Steps* (Random House, $4.95). Although it does not hammer on the reader's sensibilities quite as ruthlessly as the first book did, it is rather more frightening, for what it suggests is the complete collapse of human values.

The Painted Bird is the story, told in the first person, of a boy of six who is separated from his parents at the outbreak of war in 1939 and for the next four or five years wanders from one village to another of what one presumes is Poland. He is entirely on his own. Sometimes befriended by peasants, he is more often beaten and driven away, and if he is given a little rough food and the corner of a barn to sleep in, he is expected to pay for his keep by long hours of labor. The horrors the book portrays are not the horrors of war, for most of the time the boy is in areas far from the fighting; they are the horrors of a brutish way of life. In the end, for me, the book lost some of its impact because I ceased to believe that any human being, let alone a boy of seven or eight or even twelve, could survive the experiences described, but the experiences themselves continued to seem appallingly real.

The anonymous narrator of *Steps* is not necessarily to be identified with the hero of *The Painted Bird*, but he might be, for he is a person whose character has been warped in some spectacular way. When I read the earlier novel, I sometimes wondered what would happen to a boy who did survive all the outrageous cruelty depicted in the book. *Steps* is Kosinski's answer to that question. Made up of thirty-five or forty short episodes, the book exhibits the deformation of the narrator's character. Many episodes concern his sexual activities, which are often either directly or indirectly sadistic. For example, he and a girl are set upon by hoodlums in a park, and the girl is savagely raped by the gang; his strongest emotion is curiosity as to how this experience will affect the girl's relations with him.

Not only what he does but also what he sees calls attention to the infliction of pain as an element in sexual satisfaction. He tells of an exhibition in which a young whore couples with "a large animal" while the watching peasants gamble on her survival. Visiting a home for the aged, described with a relish for painful details, the narrator is attracted to a gentle and cheerful nurse, only to find her in the embrace of a monstrous idiot.

One lesson the hero of *The Painted Bird* learns is the sweetness of revenge, and the narrator of *Steps* also savors this. While still a boy he kills the children of peasants who have mistreated him by concealing crushed glass in their food. He describes a number of wanton murders, including one that he commits. In another country he serves a murderous blackmailer. The last episode, the only one in the third person, concerns the suicide of a woman who has been deserted by her lover, presumably the narrator.

The epigraph is from the Bhagavad Gita: "For the uncontrolled there is no wisdom, nor for the uncontrolled is there the power of concentration; and for him without concentration there is no peace. And for the unpeaceful, how can there be happiness?" The world Kosinski describes is one in which anything is permitted and nothing is much fun.

THE only possible justification for my discussing Jerzy Kosinski's *Steps* and George Lanning's *Green Corn Moon* (Viking, $5.95) in the same review is the fact that life is full of bizarre contrasts. To take a mild example, Robie Macauley, who was editor of *Kenyon Review*, is now fiction editor of *Playboy*. (This comes to my mind, of course, because Lanning is Macauley's successor on *Kenyon*.)

I read Lanning's first novel, *This Happy Rural Seat*, fifteen years ago, and, although it seemed to me too self-consciously Jamesian, I thought it rather good in a quiet way. *Green Corn Moon*, a comic novel often close to farce, has more action in it, but it deals with what is essentially a gentle way of life. Life in Clayton's Mills is almost infinitely different from that portrayed in *Steps*: no murder, no rape, no explicit depiction of sexual acts, normal or abnormal, not even a fist fight.

The action takes place in a small town in an unspecified part of the United States. The romantic theme, such as it is, is furnished by an engaged couple in their mid-thirties, Alice and Henry. Alice is publicity director for the Episcopal diocese, her office being located in a city a hundred miles from Clayton's Mills. In preparation for their marriage, soon to take place, they have bought a house in Clayton's Mills, where he has an unusual job as one half of a ghost engaged in continuing

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posthumously the long series of popular romances written by the late Miss Artie Martin.

Lanning has closely observed small-town life, and he writes about it with insight as well as humor. He makes something, but not too much, of the always comic difficulties—comic to other people—of remodeling an old house, and he gets more humor than might have been expected out of the problems of a literary ghost. For good measure, he has a feud between the rector of the Episcopal Church of Clayton's Mills and Bishop Elsom, Alice's hero as well as her boss. This comes to a head at the dedication of a parish house made possible by a lavish bequest from the most distinguished native of Clayton's Mills, Miss Artie Martin.

Although I can testify that small-town life is not always free from the more spectacular forms of violence, I do not blame Lanning for writing a light-hearted comedy. Why shouldn't he? No law says that novels have to be depressing. I am as quick to welcome distraction as the next one, and my principal objection to *Green Corn Moon* is that it didn't distract me long enough. At first I was moderately enthusiastic about the book, and there are some nice touches all the way through, but before he gets to the end Lanning is working awfully hard at being funny. That is the fault I find with most of the work of such experienced humorists as Peter DeVries and Nathaniel Benchley: the original idea isn't buoyant enough to float a whole book. Well, Mark Twain had that trouble too.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1315

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1315 will be found in the next issue.

JFOHIYZMCXE EYFFO ZX QSZX

IFRE–ETDF FWFX ZX EFOCJCQF

JTTDE. QBCQ ZE SBL QBFJF CJF

DTJF RFDTMJCQE.

—SZYY EQCXQTX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1314
. . . Ideas are events. It is more difficult to make them interesting . . . but if you fail the style is at fault.
—Gustave Flaubert.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Old Rendering

In his review of Hermann Hesse's *Beneath the Wheel* [*SR*, Sept. 28], Edward M. Potoker speaks of "recent perceptive new translations" of *The Journey to the East* and other works. The recently published translation of *The Journey to the East* is certainly not new, for it has long been available as a Noonday Press paperback. Having had occasion to compare it closely with the original, I would say that it is anything but perceptive and must have misled several generations of college students and other unwary readers as to Hesse's meaning and his style. Why Farrar, Straus & Giroux should have chosen to reprint this substandard version escapes my knowledge. It seems to me, however, that if reviewers praise poor translations, publishers will never be goaded into providing better ones.

Harry Zohn.
Waltham, Mass.

111 Pages Ignored

How unjust of Robert Pack! Three out of the four paragraphs that Pack devoted to reviewing *Bending the Bow*, by Robert Duncan [*SR*, Aug. 24], dealt with Duncan's stand on war. What happened to the first 111 pages of the book, where war is not the subject matter? Does Pack ignore them because he has a chest to thump, a stump to pound? He bypasses a poem like "My Mother Would Be a Falconress," which is destined to become a modern classic.

Pack's only quote from the book is from the opening of Passage 25. The opening of a line for Duncan and for most poets is only the board from which he springs. That is the smell, not the flavor, of the wine Pack would have us drink.

Paul Mariah.
San Francisco, Calif.

Honorary Degree

It isn't clear from Glendy Culligan's review of Letitia Baldridge's *Of Diamonds and Diplomats* [*SR*, Sept. 21] which of the two writers conferred a Vassar degree on Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy. Vassar didn't.

Samuel Duker.
New York, N.Y.

Editor's note: *Mrs. Kennedy, who was a student at Vassar from 1947-48, received her B.A. from George Washington University in 1951.*

Naïve About Publishing

David Dempsey's comment in The Publishing Scene on the Stockholm Protocol to the Berne Convention on International Copyright [*SR*, Sept. 14] displayed a surprising naïveté about the problems of book publishing in developing countries of the world. Reading Mr. Dempsey's report, one would assume that once a developing nation had gained free access under the Protocol to the copyrighted works of developed nations, its problems of providing books for its education-starved population would be overcome. This is far from the truth.

Actually, the cost to developing countries of translation rights in U.S. books is low. More to the point, this cost is a relatively small part of the total cost of publishing translated editions. Far more important is the fact that small editions for limited markets make the per-copy cost of books relatively high in all developing countries. Further, the cost of working capital (commercial bank loans at high interest rates) usually is the publisher's major economic problem.

All this is to say that the expropriation of developed-country copyrights will not go far in helping a developing country to solve its economic problems of book production. To the contrary, it is more likely to hurt than help. Having suffered expropriation of their copyrights, developed countries are not likely to provide other kinds of aid that are much more badly needed—for example, low-cost working capital and technical assistance for the improvement of local editorial and distribution competence.

A dangerous aspect of the Stockholm Protocol overlooked in Mr. Dempsey's report is the provision that the *government* of a developing nation would have ownership and absolute control over copyrights expropriated under the Protocol. In certain developing countries this government control would have serious implications—of censorship; of dictation of the kind and content of foreign books made available at preferred prices; of favoritism or patronage in publishing arrangements; and even of hurtful competition by an ambitious government ministry with an emerging and struggling indigenous publishing industry.

Anyone who has observed around the world the frequency of abuse of bureaucratic power and the frequency of conflict between such power and private-enterprise publishers will know what serious trouble this particular provision would cause in a good number of developing countries. It is, in my view, the worst of the several bad worms in a very troublesome can.

Curtis Benjamin.
Chairman, Management Board,
McGraw-Hill Book Co.
New York, N.Y.

Editor Identified

The humble and anonymous editor of those 322 vigorous letters between H. L. Mencken and Upton Sinclair mentioned in *SR's* Sept. 28 Book Forum was—

David A. Remley.
Albuquerque, N.M.

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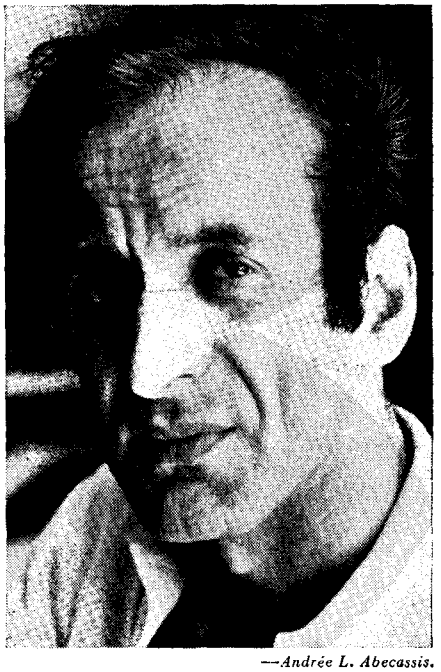
Probing Pain for Definition of Man

Legends of Our Time, *by Elie Wiesel, (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 256 pp. $5.95), comprises a number of short pieces, both fictional and autobiographical, that seek a moral perspective from which to view the Nazi Holocaust. Robert Alter is the author of the recent "Fielding and the Nature of the Novel" and "After the Tradition," a collection of essays on modern Jewish writing to be published in January.*

By ROBERT ALTER

"LEGENDS" is an appropriately ambiguous description for this collection of short pieces by Elie Wiesel. The volume includes short stories written in anecdotal form, autobiographical fragments perhaps thinly fictionalized, introspective reportage, and two reflective essays—all in some way related to the destruction of European Jewry. What one is continually aware of, however, in reading these pieces is the blurring of conventional distinctions between fact and fiction, observation and invention, and this gives the book a peculiar strength though it is also a source of weakness in some individual sections.

There is a spiritual urgency in all of Elie Wiesel's work that makes most other contemporary writers look frivolous by comparison. The unspeakable furnaces of the Nazi death-machine consumed a whole world of human and divine values for him; his entire literary effort has been a desperate search for humanly possible meanings in and after the historical nightmare that annihilated meaning. He is impelled, then, to look for revelations in everything: a chance encounter between strangers, a voice on the telephone, a face on a crowded bus, his feelings about his own vanished childhood, the pronouncements of prophetic madmen both remembered and imagined.



—*Andrée L. Abecassis.*

Elie Wiesel—"ruthlessly honest self-examination."

When his method is fully successful, reality becomes convincingly "legendary"—the particular experience narrated serves as a kind of magic lantern for the projection of large images of man in relation to life and death, good and evil, time and eternity. At some moments, however, the lack of definition between fiction and recollection can be detrimental; we may begin to feel that the symbolic implication of remembered details is insisted on unwarrantedly, or, conversely, that invented details have been schematically arranged to show forth symbolic meaning.

The title used for the original French collection in which most of these pieces first appeared was *Le Chant des Morts* (The Chant of the Dead), a phrase that would seem to allude to the *kaddish*, the traditional Jewish mourners' prayer. In "The Death of My Father," the initial chapter in both versions, Wiesel explains why he cannot bring himself to recite the *kaddish*, which is, after all, not a prayer for the dead but a praising and hallowing of God's name, a believer's plea for the coming of His kingdom on earth. The book as a whole, however, is in fact Wiesel's *kaddish*—which is to say, not merely a verbal memorializing of the dead but an *act* in the realm of the spirit, expressing a living connection with the dead, a refusal to betray their faith, an effort to imagine, in the face of extinction, some possible world that would not violate their human dignity. "Some writings," Wiesel contends in an exchange with a Hasidic teacher reported as a kind of epigraph, "could sometimes, in moments of grace, attain the quality of deeds," and there are clearly such moments of grace in *Legends of Our Time.*

THE most substantial "deed" achieved by Wiesel's book is the location of a moral perspective from which to view the Nazi Holocaust. Much has been said on the subject in recent years that is accusatory, polemical, sensational, self-justifying, haughtily analytical. Wiesel, by contrast, reminds us of the awful mystery at the heart of this ultimate revelation of evil; he teaches us that it is absolutely necessary to ask questions about it and morally unthinkable to be satisfied with any answers. The discussions here of individual and collective guilt, of the last terror of isolation to which mankind's inaction committed the victims, are a perfect expression of such questioning: they are written with quiet care and humility, out of a ruthlessly honest self-examination, with an unwavering vision of the complicated facts—in sum with precisely the spiritual tact that more fashionable writers on the Holocaust have lacked.

For Wiesel, moreover, the Holocaust is never a matter of mere private pleading nor a special case of Jewish history, but rather an event that bears the largest possible implications about human nature, civilization, and moral value. "Man defines himself," says a mysterious spiritual guide in one of the stories, "by what disturbs him and not by what reassures him."

This book, like all of Wiesel's work, is finally disturbing in just this sense—it probes the wound of the past not to renew old pain but because it is only through the exploration of pain, certainly at this point in history, that we can work toward a definition of man.

Last First Stories

The Third Bank of the River and Other Stories, *by João Guimarães Rosa, translated from the Portuguese by Barbara Shelby (Knopf. 238 pp. $5.95), the author's last work, contains tales set in the Brazilian backlands that depict criminals, charlatans, mystics, saints, and miracle-workers. Donald A. Yates, professor of Spanish-American literature at Michigan State University, is completing a study of Jorge Luis Borges.*

By DONALD A. YATES

WHEN IN 1966 CRITIC Luis Harss published *Into the Mainstream,* a collection of essays dealing with ten of the foremost living prose writers of Latin America, the great nation of Brazil was represented by a single author—João Guimarães Rosa. It was a choice justified not only by Harss's observation that, in a sense, the author "culminated a whole literature," but also by the high regard in which his work is held in his native land. Guimarães Rosa is, sadly, the first of Harss's ten contemporary masters to disappear from the scene. His death in late 1967 deprived Latin American letters of one of their most original and accomplished figures, and invites, on the occasion of the publication in this country of the third of his four principal works, an appraisal of his place among

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non-English writers of the New World.

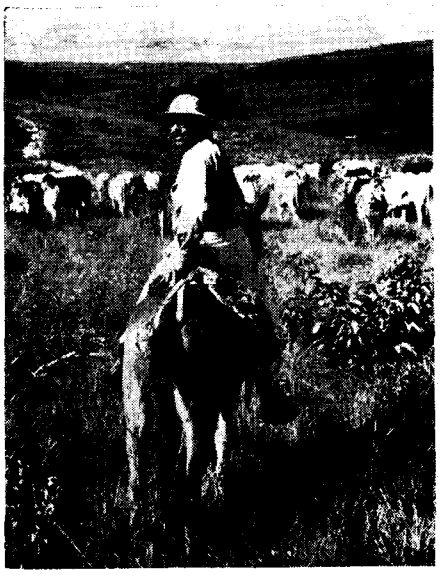
The Third Bank of the River and Other Stories is the title of this new volume of Guimarães Rosa's tales, which, in the Portugese original, he curiously designated as *Primeiras Estórias* (First Stories). They were by no means his first. In 1936, at the age of twenty-eight, the author had embarked on his literary career with a group of poems that won a contest sponsored by the Brazilian Academy of Letters. Although highly praised, only a portion of them received book publication, and the author shortly afterward abandoned poetry in favor of prose. By 1938 he had completed a book of his true first stories, *Sagarana,* which did not reach print until 1946. Their publication brought wide acclaim to the astonishingly literate and almost compulsively original author, who had been, in succession, a backwoods doctor in the state of Minas Gerais, a military doctor, and a diplomat. Another decade of silence followed, and then in 1956 he produced his second volume of stories, *Corpo de Baile,* and his celebrated novel, *Grande Sertão: Veredas,* brought out in the U.S. in 1963 as *The Devil to Pay in the Backlands.* It was six years later, in 1962, that Guimarães Rosa published his last work, the volume of "first stories" that has now been rechristened with the title of one of the volume's most memorable narratives.

It is likely that the book's deceptive Portuguese title was intended to suggest that the author has evolved a new manner of composing stories; it is clear, at least, that he had encountered a new emphasis. There is, it should be noted, no abrupt change in either the characters or the setting of these tales. The physical backdrop here is, as it has always been in Guimarães Rosa's writings, the *sertão,* the rocky, windy, treacherous, oddly sinister Brazilian backlands which extend out over a sprawling plateau situated south and east of the Amazon basin. The characters are, as before, the *sertanejos,* the inhabitants of this vast and seemingly limitless region. Frequent among them are criminals, charlatans, mystics, saints, and miracle-workers.

These were the elements of *Sagarana,* which so impressed Brazilian critics when it appeared in 1946. But it was not the intensely regionalistic nature of the book that drew attention. (Regional writers had, in fact, been dominating the Brazilian literary scene for several decades.) It was rather the work's rich and dazzling language, in which there shone the brilliance of a learned polyglot who was also a master of regional dialect and a formidable coiner of words. In these stories the proportion of narrative content to style was weighted heavily in favor of the latter. Similar in nature was *The Devil to Pay in the Backlands.* The 600-page novel has its obvious antecedents in Brazilian letters, most notably in Euclides da Cunha's massive masterpiece *Os Sertões* (Rebellion in the Backlands), published in 1902, which probably served as a model for Guimarães Rosa's painstaking documentation of the physical reality of the *sertão.* At the same time it was evident that the work was the creation of this singular writer, an artist prodigiously sensitized to the emotive impact of words.

IN searching further for the significance of the original Portuguese title of Guimarães Rosa's last book, we find some help in a comparison between the *Primeiras Estórias* and the collection of prose tales that immediately preceded it —*Corpo de Baile.* The latter is composed of seven very long narratives which may properly be termed novelettes. The stories of this final volume, however, are short. *The Third Bank of the River* contains twenty-two stories that average around ten pages in length. Reversing the Latin American inclination toward prolixity, toward using many words to say relatively simple things, Guimarães Rosa had abruptly altered his style and undertaken to accomplish the opposite. For while the stories of *The Third Bank of the River* are on the surface modest, unplotted sketches, they are infused with a tone of mysticism which suggests insights and meanings that project far beyond their immediate scope. In this fashion the author now proposed to communicate a great deal within a simple and concise form.

This may well be the key to interpreting the last stage in Guimarães Rosa's development. These stories were composed, the author tells us, following a serious illness suffered in 1958. Apparently he nearly died. The change in his style is somehow related to this crisis. On this subject he has said, "What exactly happened, I can't say myself. It was just something I felt. A new way of feeling."



João Guimarães Rosa—"almost compulsively original."

Synthesis is at the heart of the author's style in these "first stories." He now relied for effect on a kind of spiritual shorthand requiring the reader to furnish out of his own experience more than a usual amount of involvement and participation. The stories make an appeal that varies from the provocation of an insinuated metaphysical reflection to the directness of the closing lines of "A Woman of Good Works," which sketches the lonely suffering of a wretched old woman he calls Marmalade Mule:

> What I am telling you is true. So never forget, commit to memory, tell your children and your children's children, what you saw with these voraciously fearful eyes of yours and could neither prevent, nor understand, nor forgive. Tell how, just as she left the village, she found, at the end of the street, the carcass of a dead dog, abandoned and already beginning to rot, and slinging it across her bent back, carried it off. Did she do it to free the village of the danger of pestilence? Out of pity, and in order to give the animal burial in the earth? Or so that she might have something to hold in her arms in the hour of her great solitary death? Think about her, meditate on her, meanwhile.

We must guess (at times with very little to go on) at the meanings of some of these narratives. For example, in "No Man, No Woman," which describes a child's world rapidly becoming illuminated with flashes of wisdom that open a chasm of incommunication between him and his parents, there is an oneiric quality that causes the reader to suspect the underlying significance is perhaps too personal to be fully perceived.

In other stories, such as "Sorôco, His Mother, His Daughter" and the title story, the emotional impact is immediate and powerful. The first of these recounts the moment when Sorôco takes his mother and his daughter, both of whom have become insane, to the train that will carry them away to an asylum. They are the only family he has. As the train leaves, his overwhelming loss suddenly becomes the loss of all the villagers who have gathered at the station and who join him in singing spontaneously the nonsense ditty chanted by the departed women.

With "The Third Bank of the River" Guimarães Rosa's gifts for the condensed narrative form are crystallized. The story is told by a boy whose father one day, for unexplained reasons, deserts his family (and the very earth itself) and sets off to live for years as a hermit in a canoe he has fashioned with his own hands, paddling around a stretch of the wide river and its backwaters near

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his home. No one is ever able to overtake him and he exists in absolute solitude, surviving in part on the food the son leaves for him on the river bank. In time the son comes to sense that the isolation of the father is in some way a burden of his own and he decides he must help to bear it. One day he calls out to his father that he will replace him in the canoe. "As I said it," the son relates, "my heart beat to the rhythm of what was truest and best in me." The father signals understanding and slowly heads for shore. The son, terrified, turns and runs away. Later, the magnitude of his failure assails him and he hopes that, when life is finally finished with his body, it may be placed in a canoe and pushed out into the river.

Guimarães Rosa deeply loved his backlands, in all their breadth and minute detail, in the transcendental fashion of Whitman. He cast that land and its people in words in a manner which brings Faulkner to mind. And, as translator Barbara Shelby points out in her introduction to this volume, he had at his command the linguistic virtuosity of a Joyce. His four books fully justify these comparisons.

Miss Shelby has labored bravely with what she rightly terms the author's "exuberantly and elaborately experimental" Portuguese. Puns, neologisms, and the rhythms of prose inevitably experience impoverishment in translation. Yet the English rendering has been accomplished with a degree of devotion and care that will surely make evident to a new audience the stature of this genius of Brazilian literature.

WIT TWISTER #82

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _ _ _ _ _ _ a fat folio fills

With tales _ _ _ _ _ _ and lewd quotations.

These _ _ _ _ _ _ of salacious thrills

Are nude, alas, of illustrations.

(*Answer on page* 52)

UDI—Past, Present and Future

Hold My Hand. I'm Dying, *by John Gordon Davis (McGraw-Hill. 433 pp. $6.96);* ***African Nationalism,*** *by Ndabaningi Sithole (Oxford. 196 pp. $5. Second edition), and* ***Rhodesia: Crisis of Color,*** *by Theodore Bull (Quadrangle. 184 pp. $4.50), a novel and two historical surveys, take up the cudgel for and against Rhodesia's Unilateral Declaration of Independence. Charles Miller, a free-lance writer and critic, has long been a student of the African scene.*

By CHARLES MILLER

GIVE OR TAKE A FEW WEEKS, it is now just three years since, on November 11, 1965, the self-governing British colony of Rhodesia defied the mother country—and the world—with its UDI (Unilateral Declaration of Independence) to assure continued domination of 4.2 million Africans by 220,000 whites. It is also three years since UDI inspired the prophecy from most self-acknowledged oracles on African affairs (this one included) that the renegade government would survive for perhaps three months or so. The accuracy of our forecast is borne out by a glance at Rhodesia today, where, led by Prime Minister Ian Smith and his white-on-white Rhodesian Front party, the breakaway bwanas and memsabs continue to hack their way through racial-political wilderness with unflagging confidence. True, some supplies have run short and a few trekkers may be longing for a ten-minute break, but the main body of the grotesque safari shows little if any sign of collapsing. So much for us experts. As to the moral right or wrong of UDI, three recent books by Rhodesians take up the cudgel—two for the prosecution, one for the defense—with authority and vigor.

Let's hear from the defendant first. John Gordon Davis submits his plea in a stimulating if windy and unkempt novel, *Hold My Hand, I'm Dying.* Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the case is stated whenever Rhodesian protagonist Joseph Mahoney can take time out from an endless and irrelevant program of erotic adventures. Further, and this is what makes the book worth reading, Mahoney (or Davis) offers not so much an apologia for Rhodesia's master-racism as for that unique and tragic figure who can be described, for want of a better expression, as the "white African."

To oversimplify the portrait, this individual is a product of Africa's post-pioneer era of the 1920s and 1930s. He was born in Africa, usually on a farm, and brought up with Africans. Sometimes he spoke a tribal dialect before he learned English; in a rough and ready way he knows local African customs as well as any anthropologist. Occasionally he served African interests as a government official, more often as a private farmer, helping neighboring blacks improve their crops and livestock. He counts Africans among his close friends and can feel more at home in their company than with many Europeans. In colonial times, less tolerant whites regarded him with suspicion as "pro-native"; later, youthful African nationalists came to detest him, understandably, for his paternalism. He himself is the first to admit to both charges, for while he seldom holds any cockeyed notions about white supremacy, he is saddled by his tradition with the unfortunate but honest conviction that most Africans have some catching up to do in the mental department. Hence instant excommunication: one can't expect the doctrinaire mentality to understand how a man capable of using words like "kaffir," "wog," and "munt" might also, paradoxically, hold at least as much unmixed respect and regard for a black man as a lifetime subscriber to *Ramparts.* In other words, we have here not just an anachronism but a leper.

ROUGHLY, this was farmer-hunter-lawyer-government-officer Mahoney's background and Achilles's heel. Although proud of his heritage, he has few illusions about its standard-bearers ("big fishes all of us, the pigmentocracy"), and views with pugnacious despair white Rhodesia's lemming-like plunge into racial dementia. No champion of immediate African rule, he's hardly less outspoken in his indictment of the white Establishment: "Sure, we passed the laws that enabled educated wogs to vote, and so that in the dim and distant future they would all be entitled to vote, but did we *treat* the wog any different? Did we hell! We just sailed straight on being bwana."

Mahoney also puts his money where his mouth is. Among other things, he launches a one-man livestock development scheme for Africans, and even courts ostracism by his own community when he takes the side of two blacks during an obscenely nasty incident in a white cocktail lounge, only to be spurned icily by the men he defended. ("'I apologize for the bad behavior of my own race—' . . . 'It is too late,' the African said.") Eventually, though, he is dragged into the whirlpool of violence on the white side, and if his decision is firm it is no less agonizing, for he believes the end has come for moderation, sanity, and human decency in Rhodesia.

Which, of course, remains to be seen; one likes to hope against hope. In any event, while it's hardly a literary sap-

(*Continued on page* 53)

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Her Life Was Regency Soap Opera

My Dearest Augusta: A Biography of Augusta Leigh, Lord Byron's Half-Sister, *by Peter Gunn (Atheneum. 272 pp. $6.50), pictures the muddle-headed but well-meaning and pathetic woman who is widely thought to have been incestuously involved with her brother the poet. Robert Halsband is the author of a biography of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose letters he has edited.*

By ROBERT HALSBAND

EVEN IN HIS OWN LIFETIME Lord Byron enjoyed—the ambiguity is intentional—the fame of being a shocking legend. His immorality ran a gamut wide enough for the fiction of the 1960s—incest, adultery, sodomy (in the Lady Chatterley sense), and homosexuality. And since he obsessively revealed these tastes and activities in his poetry (as he did in his confidences to friends, foes, and lovers) it is impossible to divorce his life from his works. What has been called the "biographical fallacy" is in his case a critical imperative. In other words, his life and sins can be scrutinized from the loftiest literary motives since they so directly relate to his poetry.

"My Dearest Augusta" was his half-sister, and apparently his paramour before his marriage to the heiress Annabella Milbanke though after her marriage to her cousin George Leigh. She is the main subject of Peter Gunn's fluent book. Like her, the other principal characters —Byron and Annabella—were incessant letter-writers, and so much of the book is made up of excerpts from their correspondence neatly sewn together with judicious commentary. This is far from the first time that Augusta has been given prominence. Leslie Marchand's magisterial biography of Byron (in three volumes), Doris Langley Moore's fascinating *The Late Lord Byron,* and Malcolm Elwin's documentary *Lord Byron's Wife*—to name a few—expose the pathetic history of Augusta Leigh née Byron.

She may have been "My dearest Augusta" to Byron; to us she is more properly "poor Augusta," and we forgive her for being so muddle-headed because she was so well-meaning and generous. She suffered from poverty (comparative), from bearing too many children, from being tied to a feckless, reckless husband, from the cruelty and hypocrisy of Annabella, and finally from the incredible ruthlessness of her immoral daughter Medora, who blackmailed her by threatening to divulge publicly what was gossiped about privately—that her father was Byron.

Augusta's life is Regency soap-opera; and, given the wide latitude of afternoon serials today, the dowdy Augusta, assisted by Seventh Avenue and Elizabeth Arden, could easily be the Technicolored heroine of a series called "Secret Tempest" or "The Edge of Sunset." Not that Mr. Gunn's book suffers from any exaggeration or lapse of taste. On the contrary. He is highly literate, perceptive, and sensible (in both the English and French senses).

What, actually, does the book contribute to the endless Byron saga? Mr. Gunn has no new source materials, for he depends—as his brief bibliography indicates—on well-known published accounts; and he neatly snips his way through a great mass of printed letters, documents, and other evidence. It is as though he has studied the complicated and elaborate tapestry of Byron's life and its aftermath, drawn from it three main threads, and isolated them in order to understand them more clearly. This has the advantage of highlighting the trio with simplicity and clarity, but does it give us a true and proportioned picture? Each of these three figures lived in complex webs woven of strands of various kinds unrelated to the other two, and so the simplicity is deceptive. But this is an inescapable disadvantage in Mr. Gunn's biography, so admirable in so many other ways.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

—*From the book.*

"Poor Augusta" [top] suffered "from the cruelty of Annabella" [bottom].

Sir Harold and the New Man

Diaries and Letters, Vol. III: The Later Years, 1945-62, *by Harold Nicolson, edited by Nigel Nicolson (Atheneum. 448 pp. $8.50), records the British politician's self-reproaches for "failure . . . owing to lack of courage." Glendy Culligan is former book review editor of The Washington Post.*

By GLENDY CULLIGAN

"TO BE A GOOD DIARIST, one must have a little snouty sneaky mind," Harold Nicolson, scholar and gentleman, confided to his own diary in 1947. That was seventeen years after he began to record the daily notes, finally totaling three million words, from which the three published volumes of his *Diaries and Letters* have been extracted. His comment, appearing early in this final section, followed his reading of Bryant's life of Pepys, the latter still a yardstick for English diarists. Yet, to Nicolson, "Pepys was a mean little man. Salacious in a grubby way; even in his peculations there was no magnificence."

By his choice of adjectives Nicolson reveals himself as well as he does Pepys. Assuredly neither salacious, grubby, nor mean, the younger son of Lord Carnock admired magnificence both material and spiritual, and despite a standard of living that many would envy it was his chronic regret that he never achieved the level he desired. As a result, during the nearly two decades spanned by this volume he was prone to bouts of self-reproach in which he varied the lines written by his old friend Tom Eliot. "I . . . am an attendant lord, one that will do/ To swell a progress, start a scene or two,/ Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool . . . " Or, as Nicolson set down his own Prufrockian misgivings on New Year's Eve, 1948: "It is now evident that I have not been a successful man but a failure; and this owing to lack of courage."

Courage was not his only deficiency. Events responsible for his lament had occurred earlier that year, in a period of adjustment characterized by his son and editor as "the attempt of a highly civilized man to come to terms with new men and movements wholly alien to him." Nicolson's "new men" were not C. P. Snow's scientists but the middle-class leaders of the Labour Party, who in 1945 had ousted Nicolson's friend Winston Churchill from the leadership and Nicolson from a seat in the House of Commons.

As the younger son of a peer, Nicolson had long faced the peculiar British necessity of sustaining hereditary habits

(*Continued on page* 54)

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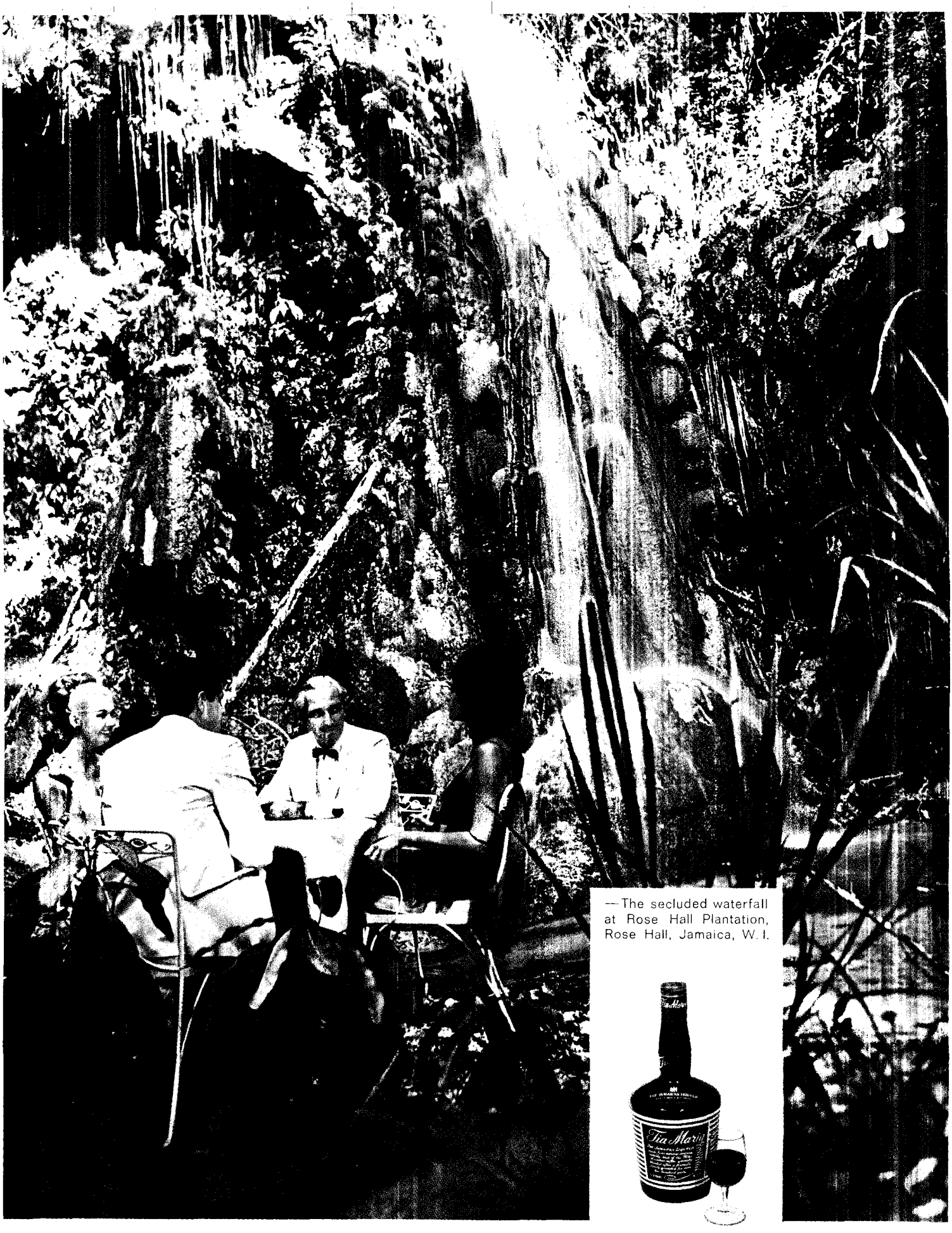

—The secluded waterfall at Rose Hall Plantation, Rose Hall, Jamaica, W. I.

Tia Maria.

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. 63 PROOF.

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Passage de Danube par Napoleon avant la bataille de Wagram. Detail from the painting by Jacques-François Josef Swebach (1769-1823). On the night of July 4-5, 1809, French forces crossed the Danube to attack the Austrian army in Wagram. On July 6, 30,000 infantry crushed the fierce resistance of the Austrians, gaining Napoleon a costly victory.

The Brandy of Napoleon

COURVOISIER

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To See Louisa Plain

By IOLA HAVERSTICK

ONE HUNDRED years ago this month the Boston firm of Roberts Brothers published the first thirty-three chapters, or Part I, of Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*. Although Louisa had already achieved some reputation, both the author and her publishers were skeptical about the venture, as the last page of this volume clearly indicated.

". . . the curtain falls upon Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. Whether it ever rises again depends upon the reception given to the first act of the domestic drama called *Little Women*."

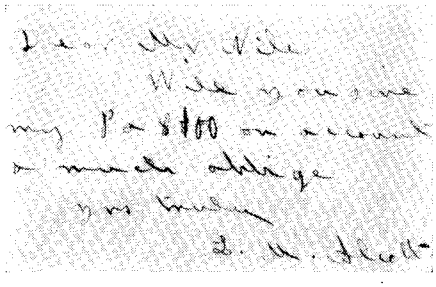
The reception, as everyone who has heard of *Little Women* knows, was spectacular, and her publishers demanded a sequel for the following spring.

"I don't like sequels," Louisa confessed to a relative, "& don't think No. 2 will be as popular as No. 1, but publishers are very perverse & won't let authors have their way so my little women must grow up & be married off in a very stupid style."

Unlike those of her biographers who have romanticized her authorship of *Little Women* out of all proportion, Louisa May Alcott never overestimated her own talent. Writing to one of her earliest publishers, James Redpath, towards the end of her career, she warned: "People mustn't talk about [my] 'genius' —for I drove that idea away years ago and don't want it back again. The inspiration of necessity is all I've had and it is a safer help than any other."

The necessity that inspired Louisa—namely, her fierce desire to make herself and her family financially independent—also caused her to become one of the most versatile American writers of the nineteenth century. Between 1851, when, at the age of nineteen, she first appeared in print under the pseudonym of "Flora Fairfield" with a poem called "Sunlight," and her death in 1888 at the age of fifty-five, she managed to produce a body of work (some forty books) in a variety of genres which, in addition to poetry and the famous juveniles, included fairy tales, travel sketches, reminiscences, satires, novels, and thrillers for what she called "the penny dreadful" (magazines that paid two or three dollars a column for adventure stories). What is notable about the Louisa May Alcott canon, however, is not merely its diversity, but also the fact that, with surprisingly few exceptions, her productions succeeded. Her first long work of fiction, a romantic novel called *Moods* (1865), which expounded the then radical theme that a true marriage should be based on love and not convenience, drew praise, for example, from critic and future novelist Henry James. Summing up Louisa's achievement in the *North American Review* a few months after the initial publication of *Moods*, James wrote: "With the exception of two or three celebrated names, we know not, indeed, to whom, in this country, unless to Miss Alcott, we are to look for a novel about the average."

Scarcely had *Moods*, which Louisa later called "the book into which I put most time, love, and hope," been delivered to the printers than she began grinding out installments of "V.V.: or Plots and Counterplots," a long and involved horror tale which has as its central character a "danseuse" named Virginie Varens. According to Madeleine Stern, whose biography *Louisa May Alcott* (1950) gives the details of the story,



Louisa May Alcott "could not . . . enjoy herself as long as there remained members of her family to support." (In the note below to her publisher, Thomas Niles, asking that her father be given money, someone has altered the original sum of $50 to read $100.)

tattooed on Virginie's flesh are a lover's knot and the initials V.V., ominously described as "the two dark letters." In addition to the four violent deaths that make up the "Plots and Counterplots," the story contains such bizarre effects as a viscount disguised as a deaf and dumb Indian servant, garments dyed with blood, and drugged coffee. Originally published anonymously in a weekly magazine called *The Flag of Our Union* in February of 1865, "V.V.: or Plots and Counterplots" was popular enough to be reprinted the same year as a ten-cent novelette by one "A.M. Barnard," the pen name under which Louisa's thrillers frequently appeared.

While the transition from a serious novel like *Moods* to a lurid piece of hack work like "V.V.: or Plots and Counterplots" was clearly inspired by the necessity of making money, Louisa nonetheless seems to have enjoyed writing sensational stories. Long after she had become successful, she returned to her melodramatic style in *A Modern Mephistopheles* (1877), a version of the Faust legend in which the satanic figure, Jasper Helweyse, ends up, in his own words, "an ignominious failure." Far more skillfully executed and planned than her early tales, *A Modern Mephistopheles*, which was published anonymously—in order not to disillusion the reading public who had lapped up *Little Women*—shows Louisa's growth as a writer and suggests as well her desire to cut loose from the world of the Marches that had so completely engulfed her. For, while she was, of course, pleased by the commercial returns of the latter, part of her seems always to have resented it. "I don't enjoy this sort of thing," she wrote in her diary in May 1868 as she began her famous juvenile; "never liked girls or knew many except my sisters, but our queer plays and experiences may prove interesting though I doubt it."

Fortunately for Louisa, Thomas Niles, her editor at Roberts Brothers, who originally suggested that she write the story for girls that turned into *Little Women*, advised her to keep the copyright of the book."An honest publisher," she commented about this advice years later, "and a lucky author, for the copyright made her fortune, and the 'dull book' was the first golden egg of the ugly duckling." But though Louisa's fortune was made by *Little Women* and she no longer had to labor under the inspiration of necessity, she remained obsessed by it. The most logical explanation harks back to the poverty of her early years and the indignities suffered by her family, most notably during the period after the failure of "Fruitlands," the cooperative community at Harvard, Massachusetts, which her father, Transcen-

(*Continued on page* 52)

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A Matter of Fact

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

IS IT all right to put in a kind word for informational books? In article after passionate article I have seen scathing references to the dull pap with which publishers flood the market, comments that often culminate in remarks about such invented titles as *The True Book About Oatmeal* or *A First Visit to a Sewage Plant*, rev. ed. Nonsense, I say. True enough, there is an abundance of mediocre material. It is quite possible that some editors sit brooding about next year's lists, wondering, like doctoral candidates choosing a dissertation topic, what tiny segment of knowledge hasn't yet been explored and can be exploited. That doesn't mean they necessarily come up with a bad book, nor do all editors operate that way—or all doctoral candidates. It is true that the written-to-formula books in series may be pedestrian, even dreadful, but titles within a series may vary, and certainly the series themselves do.

Some of the publishers' series have included fine authors and scholars whose writing is usually for adults and whose only books for children are in the series format. A number of the photographically illustrated series books have the authenticity and vitality of good documentary films. Paul Hazard, writing in *Books, Children & Men* (Horn Book, $5), says, "They offered [the child] books that oozed boredom, that were likely to make him detest wisdom forever; silly books and empty books, pedantic books and heavy books; books that paralyzed the spontaneous forces of his soul; absurd books by tens and by hundreds, falling like hail on the springtime."

Revered Monsieur Hazard, that is no longer true. Today distinguished authors are writing for the young: Gerald Johnson, Milton Meltzer, Daniel Boorstin, Olivia Coolidge, Robert Goldston, and others. When a book-saturated reviewer can open a package and gloat, "Oh boy, a new Edwin Tunis!" it is more than possible that children react the same way.

More good books are available on more subjects for a wider audience than ever before. A welcome improvement is the simply written factual book for the beginning independent reader: biographies without adulation (even about George Washington with no cherry tree incident), biology books without Mother Nature, and geography and travel books without coy side remarks to the reader. Ann McGovern makes history readable and enjoyable, Millicent Selsam makes biology exciting; Paul Showers and Franklyn Branley are lucid and competent writers on scientific subjects for the very young. Books like A. H. Stone's *Chemistry of a Lemon* (Prentice-Hall, $3.50), which has a new approach to home experiments, are as challenging as they are instructive.

There are some how-to-do-it books that tell you a lot about *it*, but not really how to do it; there are others, like R. Lopshire's *A Beginner's Guide to Building and Flying Model Airplanes* (Harper & Row, $4.95), that have been received by small buffs, and a few older brothers, with as much joy as the most absorbing fiction, and that tell you exactly and explicitly how to do it.

If no audience existed for books on oceanography seven new books wouldn't have been issued on that topic during the past year—and good ones. If, out of the spate of books on Afro-American history, some have obviously been hastily written while the author was rushing to hop on the bandwagon, even more are thoughtful, accurate, and interesting. Not every book about careers is a model of stimulating vocational guidance, but a few really are, and most of them are specific, factual, and reasonably comprehensive.

This defense of good nonfiction doesn't depreciate the importance of folklore, drama, poetry, or adventure; young people need them all—just as their elders do.

Numbers: A First Counting Book. *By Robert Allen. Color photographs by Mottke Weissman. Platt & Munk.* 60 *pp.* $2.50. For a small child this attractive book has exactly the right sort of pictures—gay with color and very simple in layout. The usual numbers one to ten are shown: included also are beautifully lucid examples of addition, as well as a discussion of the fact that pattern and size do not affect numbers—an exceedingly important concept to the youngster, to whom a large object may seem to have more counting value than a small one. Ages 4-6.

The One-legged Ghost. *By Betty Jean Lifton. Illustrated by Fuku Akino. Atheneum.* 38 *pp.* $4.50. What was the strange creature that came flying over the mountain, Yoshi wondered, if it was not a bird? A ghost, perhaps, with its forty white, thin bones? Nothing like it had ever been seen in the village, so the headman decided to build a shrine just in case it was a god. One day, during a torrential rain, Yoshi ran to protect the god and carried it down the mountainside—but instead the god protected him, for no rain fell on Yoshi when he held it by its leg. And that was how, long ago, a small Japanese village discovered how to make umbrellas. Fresh and imaginative, the story is told in bland style with sly humor; the illustrations, chiefly black and white, combine strong lines and delicate shadings to charming effect. Ages 5-8.

From "The Pheasant on Route Seven."

The Sea Monkey. *By Geraldine Kaye. Illustrated by Gay Galsworthy. World.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. The theme of a child making a pet of a wild animal and then being forced to give it up is not new. Placed against an exotic background, and illustrated with vivid paintings, this variation is folded with affection. A small boy in a Malaysian fishing village finds and cossets a baby monkey; his family is loving and tolerant, but there comes a time when the destructive behavior of Kassim's pet brings an order from his father. Although the monkey goes back to the jungle, Kassim is secretly sure that the animal was a gift of the sea. Some of the illustrations are busy with stylized detail, but most of them combine a fine use of color and skillful drawing. The writing has the texture and cadence of folk material, and the story gives a good picture of family life and the village community without being obtrusively instructive. Ages 5-8.

The Basket Counts. *By Matt Christopher. Illustrated by George Guzzi. Little, Brown.* 125 *pp.* $2.95. Both Mel Jensen and his pal had joined the basketball team when they transferred to Hillcrest. Knowing that they might encounter prejudice there as well as in their new community, the boys were determined to combat it by being pleasant. "It isn't all the whites, Dad. It's just a few," Mel said, but when one of the few is a team member who won't pass the ball to you, it

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isn't easy to get a basket. The situation is handled with restrained realism, since the thaw is gradual and the easing of tension is due in large part to Mel's good sense and patience. Characterization is competent but not deep, the dialogue is natural, and the story has a good balance of home and school episodes, with plenty of action in the court sequences. Ages 9-11.

Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest. *By Ann McGovern. Illustrated by Arnold Spilka. Crowell.* 164 *pp.* $3.95. Young readers who have found the vocabulary of older versions of the Robin Hood story a barrier should welcome this simplified telling. Still sprinkled with a "huzzah" here and a "prithee" there, the tale has plenty of flavor but it is no longer heavy with a plethora of period words and phrases. The plot, too, has been simplified: Robin becomes an outlaw merely because he has shot the King's deer, not the deer and the forester. Ages 9-11.

C D B! *Written and illustrated by William Steig. Simon & Schuster.* 46 *pp.* $2.95. Add to the ingratiating quality of Steig's drawings the fun of playing with words made out of letters, and you have a book that is sheer chucklebait. For example, an ice skater pauses to ask, "R U O K ?" and the just-fallen companion politely replies, "S, N-Q." An embattled mother says to the small boy glaring with distaste at his breakfast, "M N X S L-T 4 U!" The book jacket says this is for ages six to ten, but it's wrong. Too difficult for the beginning reader, *C D B!* is for everybody older with a sense of humor. Ages 9-up.

Member of the Gang. *By Barbara Rinkoff. Illustrated by Harold James. Crown.* 127 *pp.* $3.50. Like every boy of thirteen, Woodie Jackson wanted to be somebody important, but he couldn't see much chance for a black boy who wasn't particularly good at anything. His parents were insistent on the value of an education and adamant about gangs; Woodie, however, felt he needed the prestige of being a member of the Scorpions even though he quailed at their plans to rumble and pilfer. Caught by the police when one of the Scorpions was knifed in a gang fight, Woodie was remanded to a Negro probation officer, whose sympathy and logic convinced the boy that being a gang member was not the best way to achieve status. Woodie's story seems all the more convincing because it's in such a low key: the boys aren't vicious criminals, the social worker is neither a hero nor a stereotype, the Jacksons are just an ordinary urban family. The story is economically constructed, smoothly written, and effective. Ages 10-12.

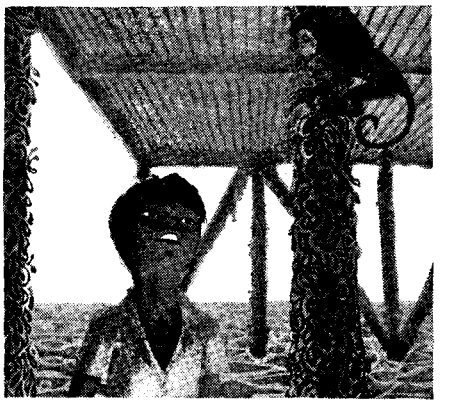
The Pheasant on Route Seven. *By Kaye Starbird. Illustrated by Victoria de Larrea. Lippincott.* 74 *pp.* $3.50. In this beguiling collection of poems about the people of Pleasantport and some of the animal life on its fringes, Kaye Starbird has carved a bit deeper her niche in the world of children's poetry. The tone is light, the verse sure-footed, the comments shrewd, and the subjects sophisticated enough for the young reader to feel that he is not being relegated to a child's world, but accepted as a member-observer of society. Many of the names pop up in several poems, giving continuity to the volume and the pleasure of recognition to the reader. Ages 10-12.

Seven Plays & How to Produce Them. *By Moyne Rice Smith. Illustrated by Donald Bognese. Walck.* 148 *pp.* $4.50. Each of the plays in this agreeable book has been adapted from a story by a children's author (Grimm, Andersen, Richards, etc.) and has been mounted by young people. The adaptations are fresh, imaginative, and humorous; the production notes give some clues as to mood and tempo as well as to technicalities; moreover, the plays can be further adapted for larger or smaller casts. Ages 10-13.

The Spring Rider. *By John Lawson. Crowell.* 147 *pp.* $3.95. Each spring, they say, the rider comes, thin and tall in his stovepipe hat, to watch over his people. In a delicate merging of present and past, two young people meet the young Union soldier who lived—and died—so long ago and in whose yearly return to the ghostly battlefield is epitomized man's ambivalent yearnings for peace and for victory. Hannibal, the soldier, falls in love with a tender, vibrant girl and knows that the only way he can keep her is to take her with him to death; he must choose between peace and fighting, between saving his beloved or sacrificing her. Effective as a fantasy, stirring as an adventure story, touching as a plea for love and peace, but most impressive for the beauty of its writing, *The Spring Rider* has the ineluctable stamp of distinction. Ages 11-13.

The Stolen Election: Hayes versus Tilden —1876. *By Lloyd Robinson. Doubleday.* 240 *pp.* $3.95. It did happen here. Samuel Tilden had become famous as the leader of the attack on the Tweed Ring, had served as Governor of New York, and was nominated as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. But, although he received a majority of the popular vote, he lost the office in the electoral college. He lost by one vote after a disputed set of duplicate returns came in from several states—a situation capitalized upon by the Republican leaders, who promised to withdraw federal troops from the South and give political power back to Southern Democrats. The Electoral Commission verdict was that Hayes won by one vote; the historical verdict has political and racial implications that obtain to this day. The lurid true story of bribery, chicanery, plot, and counterplot is related with a stoicism that occasionally verges on grimness. Ages 12-15.

The Soul Brothers and Sister Lou. *By Kristin Hunter. Scribners.* 248 *pp.* $3.95. Long-heralded, this is the prize-winning book for older children in a contest for Negro writers conducted by the Council on Interracial Books for Children. Louretta Hawkins, fourteen, has few friends until she persuades her brother to let a group meet and rehearse in his printing shop. The police harass the gang and one member is killed, which tempts Lou to join the most militant of the gang. But she is not a hater and she cannot accept an extremist position. Lou and the boys are tabbed for a successful career when they sing at the funeral of the slain gang member, a too-pat ending for a book that is honest, convincing, and incisive. Actually, the plot is of less importance than the depiction in the book of the maturing of a young girl who learns to appreciate her racial heritage during those difficult years when self-acceptance and self-identity are problems for all adolescents. This is indeed a book for our times. Ages 12-15.



—From "The Sea Monkey."

Ready to Riot. *By Nathan Wright, Jr. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 148 *pp.* $4.95. Using as an example the black community's role in Newark, New Jersey, an authority on urban affairs discusses the mounting peril of violence in our cities. Statistics on population changes, maps of population shifts, and analyses of income distribution are used to corroborate the too-familiar story of discrimination and inequality. To these the author adds the abrasive burdens of frustration and lack of identity, factors less tangible but no less important. Wright suggests the needs for new values and methods, for the assumption of leadership on the part of the black middle class, and for the constructive channeling of militant power. Logical and objective, this is an impressive book. For young adults.

Sorry I Kept You Waiting, Madam. *By Vidal Sassoon. Illustrated with photographs. Putnam.* 251 *pp.* $5.95. It is most unlikely that an autobiography has ever been more determinedly studded with dropped names, but the worlds of high fashion and theater are Sassoon's arenas, and there is considerable entertainment in the zeal and relish with which he describes them. Deserted by her husband, Sassoon's mother sent her two sons to the Orphanage for Sephardic Jews in Maida Vale; six years later she married again and the family was reunited. It was at his mother's insistence that Sassoon became a hairdresser, a career prospect that appalled a boy whose chief interest was football. His rise to fame was speedy, and Sassoon enjoyed every minute of it, with time out for a stint as a volunteer commando in the Israeli army. Much of his story consists of professional or social chitchat, but the author's high good humor and breezy style are quite engaging. For young adults.

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Of Nature and Nurture

Man and Aggression, *edited by M. F. Ashley Montagu (Oxford. 178 pp. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $2.50). gathers fifteen essays attacking the argument of Konrad Lorenz and Robert Ardrey that human violence can be understood only in terms of animal instincts. Roger D. Masters is associate professor of government at Dartmouth College.*

By ROGER D. MASTERS

THANKS TO THE WORKS of Konrad Lorenz (*King Solomon's Ring, On Aggression*) and Robert Ardrey (*African Genesis, The Territorial Imperative*) the reading public has become aware of the field of ethology—the scientific study of animal behavior. And because both Ardrey and Lorenz argue that human aggression can only be understood in terms of animal instincts, their best-sellers have given rise to much discussion and controversy.

Under the title *Man and Aggression* Ashley Montagu has collected fifteen vigorous attacks on Lorenz and Ardrey, most of which previously appeared as book reviews. Representing only one side of the issue, the volume is hardly dispassionate; lacking order, the reviews and articles are sometimes repetitive, sometimes contradictory, and of uneven value (the best, by British ethologist John Hurrell Crook, is unfortunately saved for last).

Man and Aggression must therefore be read as polemic, and confusing polemic at that, for the contributors are far from consistent. For some (S. A. Barnett, J. P. Scott, T. C. Schneirla), Lorenz's ethology is fundamentally wrong; for others (Geoffrey Gorer, Edmund Leach, Kenneth Boulding), Lorenz or Ardrey has correctly analyzed animal behavior but erred in applying ethology to humans. After Montagu asserts that "there is . . . *no record of any people, prehistoric, nonliterate, or anywhere in the annals of human history, who made a habit of killing their fellow men in order to dine off them,*" it is disconcerting to read Gorer's description of the cannibals of New Guinea who "seldom killed more than they could eat."

But while this collection of reviews has grave shortcomings as a book, it provides a welcome occasion to reconsider the widely conflicting judgments that greeted the thesis of Lorenz and Ardrey. Is human aggression in some sense instinctive, or solely the result of environmental and cultural factors that man is free to alter? Does the defense of territory by a human society rest on genetic predispositions, or is it a product of historical institutions like the nation-state?

As Kenneth Boulding points out, "the crux of the matter, of course, is the old argument about nature and nurture, heredity and environment, instinct and learning." But most of the reviewers, by treating this issue as one of *animal* instinct versus *human* learning, fail to realize that the old alternatives are now obsolete. Today, biologists agree that evolution rests on interaction between heredity and environment, and ethologists have shown that learning is a prerequisite for much apparently "natural" animal behavior. Only in Crook's concluding essay does one get a clear statement of the extent to which monkeys and apes, like humans, must learn how to behave towards each other.

SINCE nature and nurture are inextricably combined in the behavior of many animals, especially primates, it is dangerous to speak of instinct and learning as mutually exclusive alternatives. On the contrary, comparative neurologists view the vertebrate brain as a mechanism for integrating learned information with innate predispositions; while ethologists have been demonstrating the role of training and environment in the aggressive behavior of monkeys, geneticists have been exploring correlations between inheritance and human character traits.

Most of the polemics collected by Montagu therefore miss the point. Whatever the inaccuracies and overstatements of Lorenz and Ardrey, they have focused on a basic truth: there is a biological element in human aggressivity that has all too often been ignored by social scientists. Not that aggression among men is an innate reflex like the moth's flight into a flame. But animal behavior is rarely as simply determined as was once thought, and "instincts" are now known to be complex patterns composed of perceptions, motor movements, inner predispositions or moods, etc. Even when some of these components are learned by an animal, others involved in a given act, like fighting, may be partly or wholly inherited.

One example indicates well enough the importance of biological factors among the determinants of human behavior. Several contributors to *Man and Aggression* criticize Lorenz and Ardrey on the ground that their evidence of animal aggression comes largely from cases of relatively high population density. It is not "instincts," so it is argued, but the presence of abnormal numbers in restricted space that produces fighting within many species.

Far from disproving the Lorenz-Ardrey position, this argument confirms the utility of applying ethology to human societies. Dense populations behave differently because biological functions and

(*Continued on page* 52)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TO THE SOURCE

Many good old movies and great new musicals have been based, more or less directly, on plays, stories, and novels, we are reminded by Saul D. Feldman of Seattle. He would like you to see how many of the musicals and films at the left you can trace to their sources at the right. Get your free passes on page 55.

1. *All That Money Can Buy* ( )
2. *Cabaret* ( )
3. *Fiddler on the Roof* ( )
4. *Gaslight* ( )
5. *Greed* ( )
6. *Half a Sixpence* ( )
7. *The Heiress* ( )
8. *Holy Matrimony* ( )
9. *I Do! I Do!* ( )
10. *My Fair Lady* ( )
11. *The Pajama Game* ( )
12. *A Place in the Sun* ( )

A. *An American Tragedy*
B. *Angel Street*
C. *Buried Alive*
D. *The Devil and Daniel Webster*
E. *The Four-Poster*
F. *I Am a Camera*
G. *Kipps*
H. *McTeague*
I. *Pygmalion*
J. *7½ Cents*
K. *Tevye and His Daughters*
L. *Washington Square*

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Assorted Bonbons

ALTHOUGH TODAY'S SCREEN seems crowded with sociological problems and psychedelic trips, there are happily some film-makers still around who recall that lots of people go to the movies for good old-fashioned entertainment, and are not too abashed to provide it. One such is the rotund Peter Ustinov, who not only stars in *Hot Millions*, but co-authored its script with Ira Wallach. Essentially, it is the bank heist revisited, but managed this time with computers rather than guns. Ustinov plays an amiable, urbane crook whose mastery of the machines permits him to feather a number of little nests throughout Europe (to which he repairs primarily to pick up his checks) and eventually—such is the change in movie morality—to settle down and enjoy the dividends of his ill-gotten gains with delectable Maggie Smith. Back in the old days, when Alec Guinness used to pull similar capers, the law invariably, inexorably caught up with him. Today's scamps need fear no retribution, divine or otherwise.

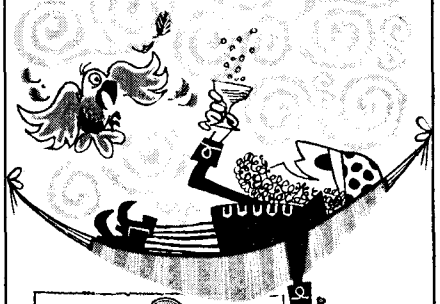
But neither need anyone worry that crime pays handsomely in this charming comedy; Mr. Ustinov has left far too many holes in his plot to encourage emulation, and keeps himself in such a swivet catching planes or getting to the office ahead of anybody else that honesty seems perhaps less rewarding, but infinitely less wearing. Curiously, what makes *Hot Millions* so utterly absorbing, however, is not so much the ever-fascinating details of how to get rich quick as the even more fascinating details of human behavior wryly observed and wittily set down. Karl Malden is marvelously blustery and assured as the American tycoon who misguidedly pins his faith on Ustinov's honesty; comedian Bob Newhart is properly acid and officious as Malden's fawning assistant; and Robert Morley makes the most of two all too brief appearances as the computer expert whose place—and expertise—Ustinov cannily usurps. And handsome Maggie Smith, an actress of infinite variety, proves a deft and delicious foil to Ustinov as his dim-witted Cockney secretary and practical-minded wife. Best of all, the script provides chucklingly funny lines for all of them, and Eric Till, directing his second film, keeps their action bright and fluid.

Entertainment is one of those slippery words that mean various things to various people. There are some who think of entertainment solely in terms of comedy, like *Hot Millions*; others prefer something a bit more solid, a bit more meaningful, a bit more moving—something perhaps like *The Subject Was Roses*. The long-running Pulitzer Prize play has been brought to the screen with rare fidelity—almost too much fidelity—to the original. Frank D. Gilroy, writing his own adaptation, has managed to move the action out of the lower-middle-class Bronx apartment that was his play's sole setting by adding three new sequences, but these prove little more than a token bow to the convention of "opening up the play" for the screen. His focal point remains the shabby flat and the loving, squabbling Clearys who inhabit it. Timmy, the son, has just returned from World War II to find himself once more caught in his parents' crossfire, each loving him, each jealous of the other's love. No one is to blame, as Timmy himself observes; yet the erosion of day-to-day living has estranged the parents, and ultimately forces the boy to leave home.

Gilroy's play was notably perceptive in baring the currents and countercurrents that motivated each of his characters, and while none of this has been blunted on the screen, the differences between the two media make this version seem a little too pat, the Clearys a little too aware of, a bit too verbal about what has gone wrong with their lives. But the perceptions remain, true and telling; and producer Edgar Lansbury has reassembled two-thirds of his original Broadway cast—Jack Albertson as the father, Martin Sheen as the boy—to re-create the roles they made so uniquely theirs. Moreover, for the complex, demanding mother role, he had the courage to bring back the glorious Patricia Neal. Her performance, womanly and warm, gives the film a radiance that somehow the play never seemed to have.

And, finally, for those whose idea of entertainment consists of plenty of action, some off-beat backgrounds, and even more off-beat characters, there is *Coogan's Bluff*. The story, supplied by Herman Miller, has a neat premise: A rough-hewn Western lawman (Clint Eastwood) comes to Manhattan to extradite an escaped killer from the reluctant clutches of a rough New York cop (Lee J. Cobb). It's no *Heat of the Night*, but their confrontations add a dimension to what might otherwise have been a fairly conventional chase through the city. Donald Siegel, whose *Madigan* proved a "sleeper," directed.

where all the pampered pirates stay and play...



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If you think there is and prefer Nixon, read something else.
If you think there is and prefer Wallace, you probably don't rede at all.
If you think there is and prefer Humphrey, please stop reading now, for the country's sake, and help those who agree with you.
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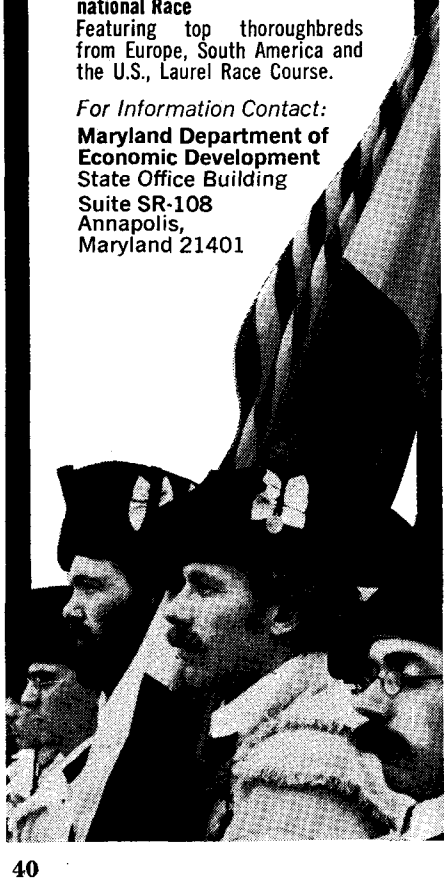

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Edited by Horace Sutton

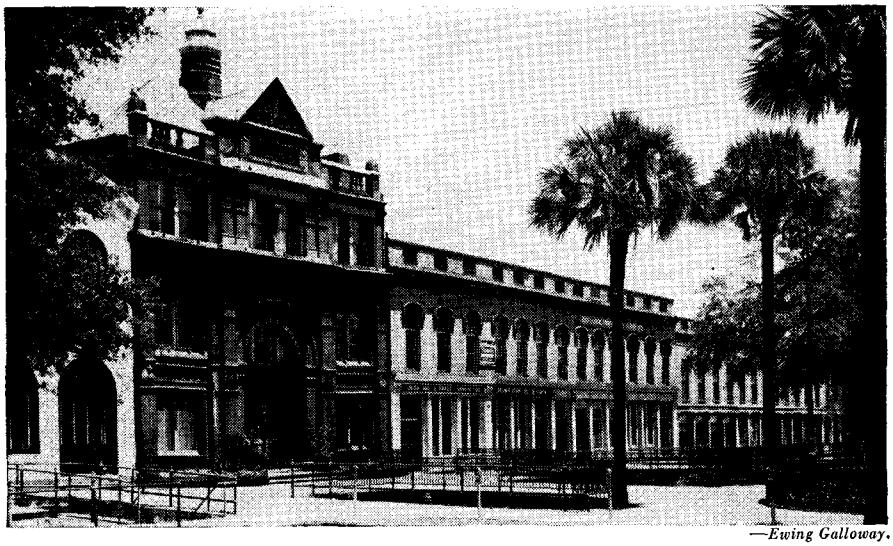
Revival in Savannah

SAVANNAH is a city that people like to live in, not flee from. The trouble with most cities I visit is that someone always wants to show me the suburbs. Minneapolitans lead you to Minnetonka, Pittsburghers to Sewickley, Syracusans to Cazenovia, until one day the brick sidewalks, trimmed forsythia, and updated Colonial estates begin to lose their oneness. I prefer cities, whatever their shame.

I was forty-eight hours in Savannah before it dawned on me that I hadn't been out of the city, hadn't even heard a suburb called by name. I was in a gift shop attached to the Juliette Gordon Low house, where the founder of the Girl Scouts of America grew up, and I asked a young saleswoman, herself in Girl Scout green, to name Savannah's proudest suburbs. Consulting her green-clad associate, drumming her fingers on the counter, she finally produced a list of four: Mayfair, Gordonston, Habersham Woods, and Windsor Forest. I was tempted to see none of them, nor have I bothered to verify their spellings in the Atlas. They *sound* enough like suburbs.

Perhaps one reason so many Savannahians stay put is that the core of the old city exudes the sort of tree-shaded serenity they would find in the suburbs. James Oglethorpe may have anticipated the menace of the horseless carriage in 1733 when he plotted Savannah in a checkerboard of parks and squares, leaving few roads unbroken by greenery. His plan survived the fires of 1796 and 1820 and endures today, in magnified form. Dragsters, then, can't get much of a head up before running into another of the twenty-odd squares garnishing Savannah. The loudest noise one hears is the blast of a ship on the Savannah River, whose ruddy waters flow past Yamacraw Bluff and out to the Atlantic, 15 miles east.

Oglethorpe, a British general who brought Georgia into the Colonies (No. 13) the same year he built Savannah, still watches over his city from a bronze pedestal in Chippewa Square. Sword drawn, he looks to the south in symbolic apprehension of oncoming Spanish forces. It was not until Spain quit Florida in 1763 that Savannah began to boom, its farming, lumbering, and Indian trade free to flourish. Cotton came later, after Eli Whitney, visiting the Mulberry Grove plantation near Savannah, dreamed up a device to separate the fiber of short-staple cotton from the seed in short order. Savannah, meanwhile, stayed with Oglethorpe's city plan, but the two fires and a yellow-fever epidemic in 1820 wiped out its eighteenth-century wood-frame character. Savannah's first revival—there is a second under way now—coincides with the appearance of an English architect named William Jay who stayed from 1817 to 1823, long enough to introduce a Regency style that survives today. His earliest commission, a salmon stucco now known as the Owens-Thomas House, shows a striking originality, in concert with a thorough



—*Ewing Galloway.*

Cotton mart in Savannah—Oglethorpe in symbolic apprehension, Thackeray in crowdless tranquility.

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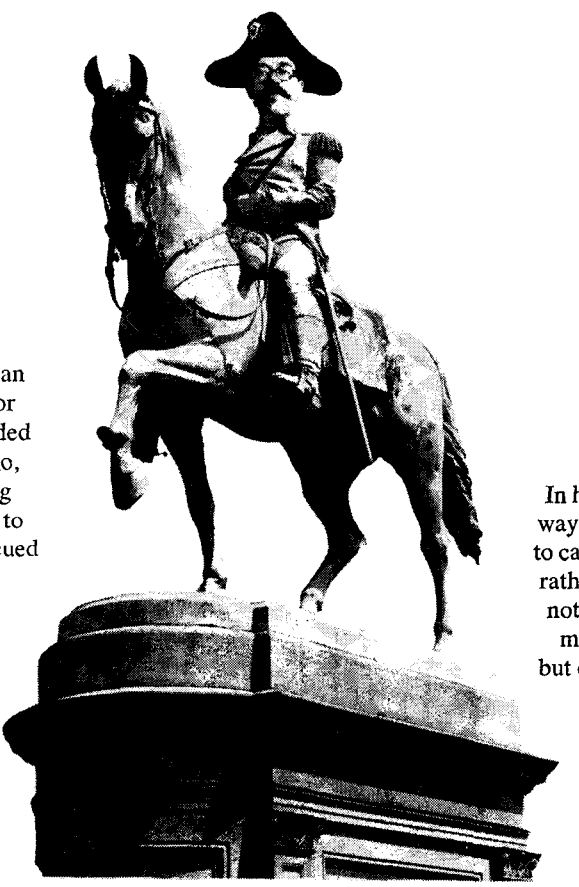

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knowledge of the classic Greek style.

Oglethorpe's station is sheltered, mercifully in midsummer, by live oaks, magnolias, and palmettos, towering old trees hung with beard-like Spanish moss. Live oaks, I learned in Savannah, never go bare. As their silvery green leaves fall, successors already are sprouting. Savannahians are brimming with such intelligence. In a nineteenth-century milieu where every cobblestone and heart-of-pine plank is jealously preserved, one comes to know and value the natural, the old, the unadulterated. Not that Savannah follows the script as closely as Williamsburg. There are glassy new buildings looking down on tawny stucco row houses, a sixteen-floor Hilton dominating the skyline (but pacifying the gentry with its brick façade), go-go music ringing from thick-walled riverfront warehouses once bursting with cotton bales, people *living* in, not merely displaying, revamped Regency mansions. Thackeray, who saw Savannah in 1855, might still recognize it. He described it as "a tranquil old city, wide-streeted, tree-planted, with a few cows and carriages toiling through the sandy road, a few happy Negroes sauntering here and there, a red river with a tranquil little fleet of merchantmen taking in cargo, and tranquil warehouses barricaded with packs of cotton, no tearing Northern hustle, no ceaseless hotel racket, no crowds."

Nine years later General Sherman spared Savannah the torch because, residents will tell you today, he was so moved by its beauty. He took up forty-day residence in the elegant Green-Meldrim House on Madison Square (now the St. John's Episcopal Parish House), and on December 22, 1864, wrote to President Lincoln: "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition and also about 25,000 bales of cotton."

Savannah led a quieter, if less distinguished, post-Civil War life, and as business and commerce began to slide, so did the city. By 1950, General Sherman could only have pawned off Savannah as an April fool. Once-handsome Savannah-gray town houses had degenerated into shabby tenements, weeds and silt choked the public squares, people who could afford it escaped to suburban refuges. Then a few proud citizens—Mrs. Hansell Hyllier, banker Mills B. Lane, Jr., among them—began pouring their money and energies into reviving Savannah, house by house. In 1955, the Historic Savannah Foundation took charge of the operation, using a $200,000 revolving budget to buy worthy old buildings, in turn selling them to those customers who agreed to restore the exteriors. The foundation tagged 1,100 buildings for restoration in the two-and-a-half-square-mile center (700 have been completed), and also moved to preserve the waterfront and beautify the parks and squares, saving them in many cases from parking-ramp fates. The foundation's director is J. Reid Williamson, Jr., thirty-two, a Connecticut Yankee (and Yalie) who married into Savannah after meeting his wife Kitty on a weekend pass from Parris Island.

Williamson has a restored Federal-style house on Pulaski Square, a short walk from the DeSoto Hilton he told me the Sunday morning I called. On my way out I asked directions of the doorman, an ancient Negro who no doubt had seen the heyday of the Hotel DeSoto on whose ashes the Hilton has risen. He said Pulaski was one square away and pointed north toward the river. In a block or two, I came upon General Oglethorpe, still standing watch in Chippewa Square. I asked a young couple the way to Pulaski Square, and while the boy meditated, the girl said sweetly, if uncertainly: "I think it's the next square over." Northward I strolled on Bull Street, taking in the drowsy calm of a warm Sunday morning. Men in dark suits and women in hats and gloves were standing by high-steepled churches, and bells were pealing everywhere. Next came Wright Square. Baffled by now, I sought the advice of a gray-haired couple, obviously old-guard Savannahians who would know their squares. They agreed I had one more square to go. When they moved on, I unfolded my "Walking Tour Guide" and ran my finger in a short radius around the DeSoto Hilton, until I found a green box marked Pulaski Square. It was west, not north of the Hilton. So I had been traveling 90 degrees the wrong way. I could hear DeSoto chuckling in his watery grave.

With the Williamsons and several of their friends, I passed an enjoyable, albeit faintly suburban, Sunday afternoon. We all lazed about a swimming pool in a back yard on Pulaski Square. There I met John Hopkins, a radio station executive, and Tony Cope, a high school teacher, both Savannahians in their early thirties. Neither aspires to membership among the city's so-called "400 Bluebloods," the socially elite who frequent the Savannah Golf Club, the Yacht Club, and the Oglethorpe Club. Hopkins and Cope seem embarrassed to represent the same state as Governor Lester Maddox, the same region as George Wallace; they regret that progress has been slow toward the attainment of human rights in Georgia, but appear resigned to it all.

Cope, who teaches and coaches baseball at integrated Savannah High School, recalled the death of a black basketball star named Larry Bartley. "The kids raised money for a scholarship in Bart-

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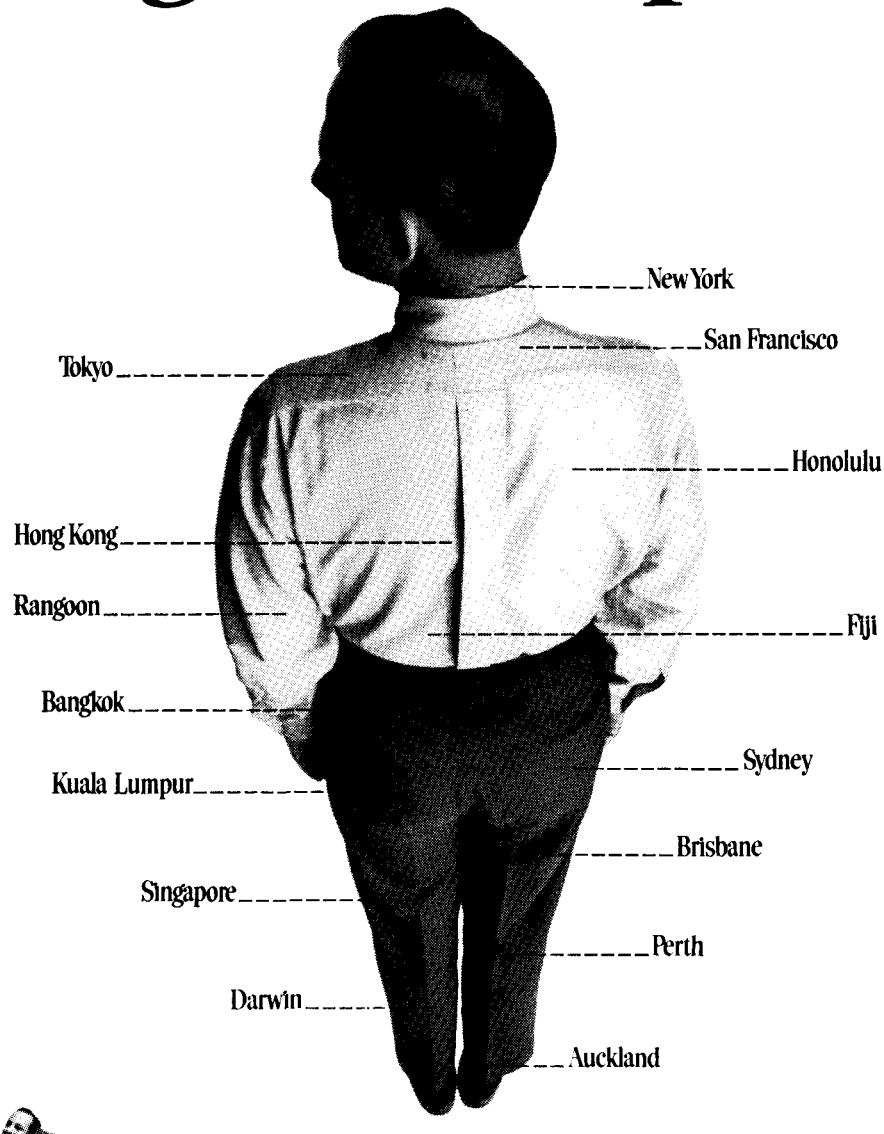

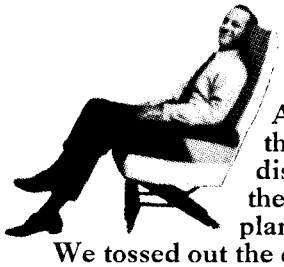

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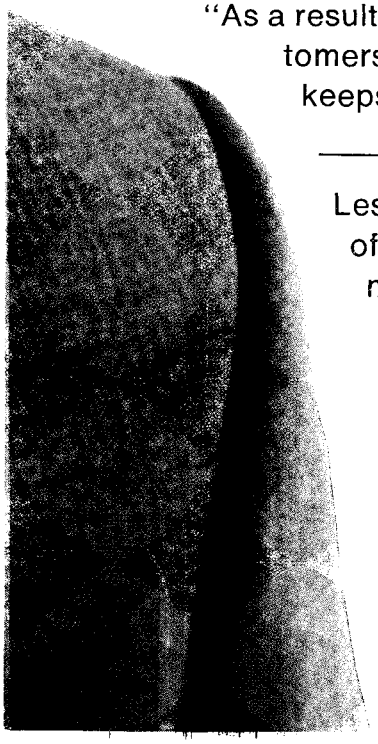

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ley's name," Cope said. "There were 1,500 kids at the funeral, black and white. The boys at our school took up a collection and sent flowers. This is unusual treatment for a colored boy in Savannah." He paused, smiling wanly. "It's a shame it has to be considered unusual, isn't it?"

(Supreme Court decisions and Attorney General's actions notwithstanding, the South I've read about hasn't changed. In the lobby of the Manger Hotel in downtown Savannah, I overheard a young white man asking the woman behind the desk if there were any jobs available—bellboy, busboy, anything. "Oh, all our busboys are colahed," she told him. "We don't have white busboys.")

Late that afternoon I further explored Savannah on foot, the only way to travel. This time I followed a street map, and my own whim. South of Madison Square I took notice of the Savannah Volunteer Guards armory, a red-brick Victorian oddity with upright black cannons on either side of the front door. A sign in the doorway said, THE SAVANNAH BALLET COMPANY. REHEARSAL HALL. Upstairs, I found a herd of young girls in black tights and a few courageous boys in bermudas and tennis shoes bounding around a worn basketball court, to the sound of *The Nutcracker Suite*. Savannah's two ballet companies recently have come together, and now await the naming of a director. Out on the floor the temporary director, down from Charleston, was winding imaginary keys in the backs of two plump little girls. When "Dance of the Dolls" began, they strutted off, from free-throw line to center court.

Walking maps and tour books tell little of the Colonial Park Cemetery, probably the most intriguing sight I saw in Savannah. The last burial plot was filled more than 100 years ago, and many of the inscriptions are too blurred to read. Behind the ironwork gates there is a tranquility that even the pleasant Forsyth Park can't equal. The cemetery has benches, crisscrossing sidewalks, drinking fountains, birds twittering in moss-draped oaks. Fortunately, the chamber of commerce has posted plaques beside noteworthy or unreadable stones. One tells of the death of a duelist. It was written by the victim's brother, a poet:

> This humble stone records the filial [illegible], fraternal affection and manly virtue of James Wilde Esq., late District Paymaster in the Army of the U.S. He fell in a duel on the 14th of January 1815 by the hand of a man who a short time before would have been friendless but for him: And expired instantly in his 22nd year dying as he had lived: With unshaken courage and unblemished reputation. By his untimely death the prop of a mother is broken, the hope and consolation of a sister is destroyed, the pride of brothers humbled in the dust and a whole family happy until then overwhelmed with affliction.

Sherman kept his horses in the cemetery during his forty-day tenancy of Savannah, and Union soldiers amused themselves altering dates and ages on the gravestones. My authority for this, and for the shedding habits of live oaks, and for other bits of Savannahiana, is Robertine K. McClendon, proprietress of the Juliette Gordon Low house. Miss McClendon, an impish, elderly Girl Scout, happens to be an outsider. She came up from Louisiana about ten years ago to tend the museum and gift shop, which commemorate the founder of the Girl Scouts, "Daisy" Gordon Low. Miss McClendon talks as though she knew them all—Daisy, Oglethorpe, Sherman.

She led me through the garden behind the 1820s Regency house where Daisy played as a girl. "All our Victorian ladies had sweet fingers," she said. "Look here, you can rub this rose geranium and then smell your hand. Delightful, isn't it?" It was. We had iced tea in her office, spiced with mint leaves plucked from the garden. "You have to bruise the leaf," she said, poking at it with a spoon. "But if you hit it too hard, you get it in the nose." I did.

Miss McClendon said her accent is distinctly Louisianan, that Savannahians lard their drawl with slightly English tones. Thus Habersham becomes "Habash'm" in Savannah, "Habashayam" elsewhere in the South. Abercorn goes from "Abac'n" to "Abacawn." People who still speak the gullah dialect say, "Ah ain't fo' know" instead of "I don't know."

When I brought up Savannah's past, Miss McClendon turned a little misty. She removed her eyeglasses and said, "I tell you, I'm gonna have me a love affair with General Oglethorpe. It was his dream; he got all his trustees to finance the colony. What a man!" Sherman she admires too. We were standing out front now, on the corner of Oglethorpe and Bull, in the shade of a splendid magnolia. "Well, Sherman burned his way from Atlanta to Savannah," she said, "but the people here convinced him Savannah was too pretty to burn. Some of his officers stayed at the Low house. Daisy met them all. She was four then. You see"—she talked behind her hand as though a Rebel spy might be listening—"Mrs. Gordon, Daisy's mother, was from Chicago. A Yankee! Some people never forgave it. Sherman used to give a concert every day for Mrs. Gordon, right here in front of the house."

She talked on, and I could almost hear the brass striking up, the drums rolling. I hope Sherman's musicians had the decency not to play "As We Go Marching Through Georgia." —DAVID BUTWIN.

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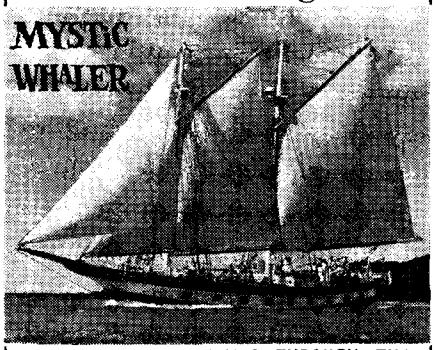

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Of Limits and Ordeals

AFTER watching *Cities Have No Limits*, the first program in "NBC White Paper: The Ordeal of The American City," a series sponsored by AT&T, this viewer was struck by the words, "ordeal" and "limits." The words are pertinent not only to the nature and extent of America's urban crisis but also, oddly enough, to the character of The Bell System's predicament in metropolitan areas, as well as to the boundaries of TV's effectiveness in advancing the communication utility's corporate goals.

The Bell System gave NBC a year's lead time, a generous budget, and editorial freedom to make "a definitive statement" on urban affairs. What more can one expect from a leading corporate citizen? But when we turn from responsible public relations to AT&T's corporate ordeal and the limits of its TV communications, the view clouds up. The Bell System's motivation in legitimizing, via prime-time TV, its critical concern with the urban crisis stems, in part, from the realization that it needs broad-based community support to solve its own metropolitan problems.

A few years ago, the telephone company re-examined its community-help programs, in the light of multiple demands made upon its money, time, and personnel by a variety of agencies. It decided to place its resources where they could be most helpful, in employment and education.

AT&T also grasped that its destiny, like that of other public utilities, is uniquely tied to the fate of our cities: that's where most of its technology is, most of its personnel, and most of its customers. The telephone company has played a great role in the communications speed-up that is at the root of the crisis in the cities: It has always been a message-switcher; it has never had a social message of its own. Naturally, it sought the expertise of a network news department when it wanted to make such a statement. It drew in three consultants: Daniel P. Moynihan, Charles V. Hamilton, and John W. Gardner.

The message that the experts fashioned was addressed chiefly to the white, middle-class suburbanite who works in, lives outside, and "passes through" the cities. This is your last chance, the program said. To save the cities you must ask hard questions of candidates for public offices; business must pressure Congress to provide full employment and good ghetto schools; and "our culture must be changed." The program sought to be an incisive expository primer on the causes and the meaning of city decay and violence. It laid bare the technological roots of the loss of a sense of community and a sense of authority. It provided an overview of the problem, presumably to be dealt with more specifically in future programs (Monday, December 30, is the next in the series). A montage of pictures, accompanied by a concentrated verbal essay, the first program reviewed but brought no sparks of new insight to a familiar diagnosis.

Students of the mass media applaud such communications, but usually doubt their effectiveness in producing social change (the record of thirty-five years of such programing has left too many unanswered questions). Viewers who are already concerned tend to select such programs to reinforce their beliefs. Lower-middle-class whites, the program suggested, need the message most (past research suggests that this type of viewer was probably among the majority of the audience that watched *Gomer Pyle* and an Elvis Presley movie in the same time-slot on the other networks).

One of the arguments often advanced in defense of "climate-setting programs" is that they create a mood for action against the time when social mechanisms available to the viewer will be brought into play. The directions given the audience were rather general and psychically too distant for an immediate discharge of the energy that might have been aroused. It was a "scatter" technique, well known to telephone people as an inefficient method of message transmission. Furthermore, the motivation aroused is usually swallowed up after the program by the network's return to an entertainment pattern.

When a sponsor sells a product or a service on the air, it is usually one that is available. When a corporate citizen analyzes a social problem and motivates viewers to do something about it, he must also provide the mechanism. This is the lesson of corporate communications that transcend public relations. It is a fair question whether prime-time TV can do the required job (the networks are not in the social-message business). Just as AT&T had to get into its own education business, so one day it will learn that this technique has its limits. The Bell System's ordeal is that it must face the necessity of finding and transmitting its own message.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

A Man of Dedication and Talent

"As I COME DOWN the street, the tough ones call out—and they started out being suspicious—'Hi professor, how are you?' Ghetto youngsters peek in the open doors and windows of our school and say, 'It's beautiful. Can I come in?' What does it mean? It means that Arthur Mitchell comes back to Harlem—yes, that's where I was born and raised—from glamorous Lincoln Center."

The projects of the Harlem School of the Arts, of which Dorothy Maynor, the famed soprano, is executive director and Mitchell the artistic director of the dance department, are closest to the heart of this remarkable young dancer, only in his mid-thirties. But his friends and dance colleagues wonder how "Mitch" manages all his enterprises and accomplishes his tasks with undiluted energy, inner dedication and outward smiles, imagination, and great talent.

For Arthur Mitchell has long been a leading dancer of the New York City Ballet, the resident dance troupe at the New York State Theater, Lincoln Center; he is currently one of the stars of the new Broadway revue, *Noël Coward's Sweet Potato*; he heads the Companhia Brasileira de Ballet in Rio de Janeiro, for which he has already choreographed eight ballets; he is on daily duty at the Harlem School of the Arts at 141st Street and St. Nicholas Avenue; and he has recently been asked if he would be one of several dancers invited to submit to tests aimed at relating the physical condition of dancers and astronauts.

The astronaut episode was instituted by the Life Systems Research project of Southern Illinois University and is concerned with manned space flights. The letter which Mr. Mitchell received said, in part, "Ballet dancers are, in the words of the research prospectus, the one occupational group exhibiting characteristic activities similar to the demands placed on astronauts performing zero or near-zero gravity tasks." The letter went on to say, "We'd come to your base of operations for tests."

All dance fans know that Arthur Mitchell, as he leaps through the space above a stage, gives the impression of being fully in command of a near-zero gravity task. The problem that the testing team is faced with is to find Mitchell's base of operations.

He will be dancing, mainly on Sundays, with the New York City Ballet during its November 19-February 16 season at the State Theater. Sundays are his only days off from *Sweet Potato* at the Ethel Barrymore Theater, not his first Broadway show (he danced in *House of Flowers*; *Kiss Me, Kate*; and *Carmen Jones*), but his first star billing for a musical and, as he puts it, "my first show on big Broadway where I opened my mouth." For in the Coward revue, he not only comes up with the skillful and stylish dancing for which he is renowned, he also turns up with a great big and attractive singing voice.

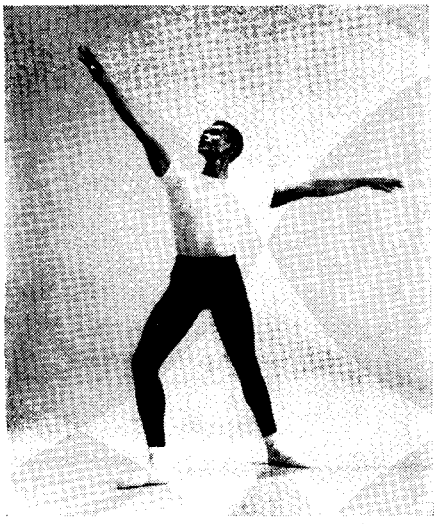
Why a Broadway show when he has so much to do? "Well, it's fun," he says, "and something to try. Besides, I love to perform and I have to plan ahead to my performing future. I won't always be able to dance like I do now, and I have to look ahead to the time when dance must be minimized. I want to be ready for that. But this I'll say now—ballet sets you up for anything. Such a discipline!"

In *Sweet Potato*, Arthur Mitchell sings, acts, and dances. His dance numbers—part balletic, part modern dance, part jazz, and all sheathed in a beautiful combination of sexiness and elegance—include "Word Weary," a sort of jazz *cante jondo*; the light and irresistible "Matelot"; the "Headless Dance," with a gay, gimmicky start and a continuation in terms of stunning movement; and the wild duet, "Teach Me to Dance Like Grandma," which he does with that incredibly versatile comedienne (I'll bet she could sing "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," while dancing the "Rose Adagio" from *The Sleeping Beauty* to her own accompaniment on a zither) Dorothy Loudon.

Mitchell is the undisputed dance star of this revue—which Lee Theodore has given dance pace and dance highlights throughout—but almost all the others dance also. Miss Loudon dances, of course, but so do handsome George Grizzard (no *entrechats* yet, but some pretty snappy hoofing), the perky Carole Shelley, and the really brilliant dancing boys, Ian Tucker (who comes from a dancing family—his mother being a Charisse, his father a dancer-choreographer), Stephen Reinhardt (recently seen as Baby John in the revival of *West Side Story*), and Robert LuPone (a Juilliard dancer and also the A-Rab of *West Side Story*). So if you are a dance buff as well as a Mitchell fan, this new revue is for you.

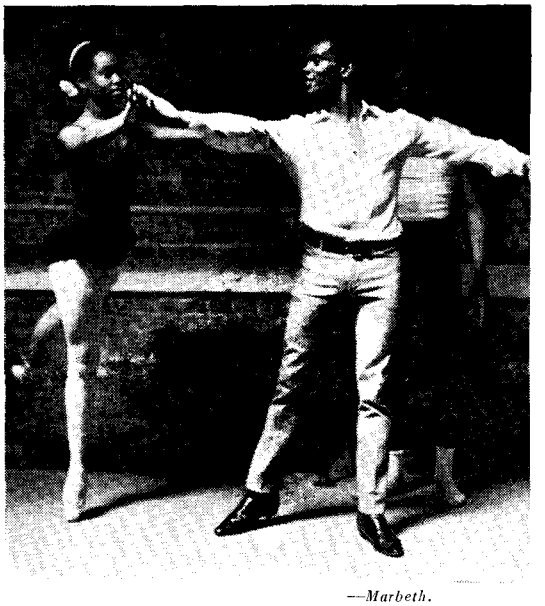
If the astronaut research team is looking for Arthur Mitchell, they could try the Barrymore first, the State Theater second, and, perhaps, the Teatro Nõvo in Rio. "Eventually," Mitchell says, "I'd like to go there for one month every three months. We already have thirty-one dancers, all classically trained; we alternate with the Repertory Acting Company at the theater; we have fall, winter, and spring seasons; we tour; and in our repertory we are going to have a Balanchine ballet which Mr. B. has given us, a John Cranko (he was very impressed with us when his ballet from Stuttgart visited Rio) work, and we'll be having new ballets by Brazilian choreographers. So I've got to get there on a regular basis."

What is absolutely regular in his life is the Harlem project. Miss Maynor ob-



—*Martha Swope.*

Arthur Mitchell—with "dedication . . . imagination . . . great talent," he places his dance skills at the service of Lincoln Center, Broadway, Rio de Janeiro, an astronaut research project, and Harlem.



—*Marbeth.*

Arthur Mitchell, Broadway star and New York City Ballet principal dancer, instructs his students at the Harlem School of the Arts. Here he shows Walter Rains (background) exactly how the ballet cavalier should support his partner (Rosemary Stevenson) in an *adagio* sequence.

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tained the use of St. James's Church property (parish house, garages, etc.) for her Harlem School of the Arts. A studio-theater, seating more than 200, is nearing completion in one of the garages. "But this is just the beginning," says Mitchell. "We plan to build a 'Harlem Lincoln Center' right over our studio-theater. It would be a huge complex involving the two theaters, the dance studios, the music studios, and other facilities. In the parish house, I already have a studio with mirrors, barre, and most everything we need right now.

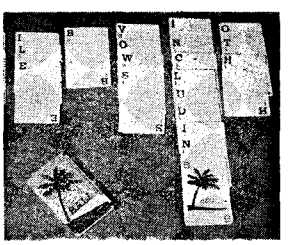
"But we must expand. I have 200 students already, and there is a huge waiting list. Thelma Hill and Mary Hinkson are my assistants. We give the kids—toddlers to teen-agers—ballet, modern, and primitive dance. In music, they study an instrument, they learn singing, they have classes in music theory, and so on. And the charge? You wouldn't believe it! The children pay 50 cents a week and they can take as many classes as they want. The teen-agers pay $2 a month. The girls are lovely, just lovely. You should see how beautifully they use their feet. And you know how hard it is sometimes to get boys to go to ballet class? Well, I've got boys like crazy!"

The headquarters will be at St. James's Church—"It was built by the Harkness family," says Mitchell, "so already there is a ballet association going; but we are also going to take our dance, our music, our programs to the ghettos—to all of them, Negro, Puerto Rican, and others—and we're planning to do it through neighborhood churches. We already have received a Ford Foundation grant, I've been able to raise quite a little money, and all kinds of people help by giving us things we need, like costumes."

The dance program at the Harlem Arts Center got under way with a workshop last June, but it opens officially this month. It is indeed proof of Mitchell's belief that "Within Harlem there is artistic growth. 'Harlem' was once a proud name. It can be again."

And as to where the astronaut researchers will find Arthur Mitchell? They just may have to go into orbit to track him down.

B A L I



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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A "Tosca" to the Roman Taste; Placido Domingo, Marion Lippert

THE OLD FAMILIAR staging of *Tosca*, which has served the Metropolitan well when it had a proper cast to dispose, has been replaced by a new scenic extravaganza which may be the most imposing it has ever offered for this work. A product of the imagination of Rudolf Heinrich, who has dressed this stage with its latest versions of Strauss's *Salome* and *Elektra*, it proceeds on the assumption that, be it ever so massive, there's no place like Rome. It recognizes the immutable premise that the church of Sant'Andrea della Valle, the Farnese Palace, and the Castel Sant'Angelo were historic locales long before Sardou wove them into the fabric of the play on which the opera is based, and does not presume to redesign them.

He may stretch truth a *mètre* or two in extending the height of Andrea della Valle to the limits of the Met stage, but its age is faithfully suggested. Likewise, Scarpia receives his unwilling visitors in a dark, forbidding rectangular chamber (its beamed ceilings are even more imperial than ministerial), fit enough for the dark deeds of its occupant. For the terrace of Castel Sant'Angelo, Heinrich has projected a vista over Rome in which the dome of St. Peter's catches the glint of a rising stage sun as it has the real one from time immemorial. How Tosca's leap "into" the Tiber accords with true direction, I leave to a better Romanologist. She fell far short, as have all since the work was conceived.

Given such a set of scenes, all should be rejoicing on the west end of the Lincoln Center Plaza. But, when the tumult and shouting of the premiere have settled, the hard facts are otherwise. There remains, to complete the upgrading of the Met's recent *Toscas*, the precondition stated above: a proper cast. This one came apart at the point where it can least be afforded, in the person of the name performer herself.

Birgit Nilsson's praises have resounded in these pages as regularly, almost, as she has performed in New York. It is a pleasant fantasy that she should be, as well as a reigning Isolde, Brünnhilde, Elektra, Salome, and Turandot, a first-flight Tosca. But that is, for all its appeal, little more than a fantasy. She may ring rafters, sell tickets, and engender the cheers of the faithful, but she has many more liabilities than assets to overcome in an ascent to the charmed circle of those who have left durable footsteps on the shifting sands of such a territory as Tosca's.

These include, to begin with, an inappropriate vocal sound, an unillusive physique, and a temperament with greater affinity for the imperious than the intimate. She has, for the most part, been thoughtfully costumed by Heinrich to suggest the taste in clothes traditionally Tosca's (the ball gown for Act II is an exception). And the stage direction of Otto Schenk, a Viennese *régisseur* not previously identified with a New York production, provides her with bits and pieces of business, action, and byplay to create a plausible pattern of procedure.

This carried her creditably through Act I, assisted by Miss Nilsson's conscientious effort to make a unity of text and music (a preconsideration for any successful interpretation of this carefully plotted episode). Act II however, puts the issue squarely to Tosca herself, and Miss Nilsson did not command the nuances of action and reaction to make creditable her emotional attachment to Cavaradossi and loathing for Scarpia as the zenith and nadir of the drives that culminate in homicide (or, if it should be so construed, violent self-defense). Singing a brilliantly effortless "Vissi d'arte" on her stomach asserted one kind of involvement; but the overplayed pantomime with the knife identified her as more concerned with means than ends. In other words, having picked it up and dropped it (Tosca, though desirable, is also pious), she snatched at it again, wheeled about with it in full view of the audience, and readied herself for the onslaught. By the time she delivered the lethal thrust, the only surprised one was Scarpia—a fine way of blunting a time-honored point.

Given the Nilsson order of tonal production, the effect on her collaborators was predictable. Franco Corelli does not ordinarily major in subtlety, and the circumstances encouraged him to compete for honors in loudness, for all that this was a futile course as well as an inartistic one. Taken together, his was a loose combination of effects denying many of the advantages available to a man of superb physique and abundant vocal endowment.

On the other hand, Gabriel Bacquier has, on past occasions, performed a Scarpia of greater subtlety and effect than he offered this time. Whether this related to preference or directorial influ-

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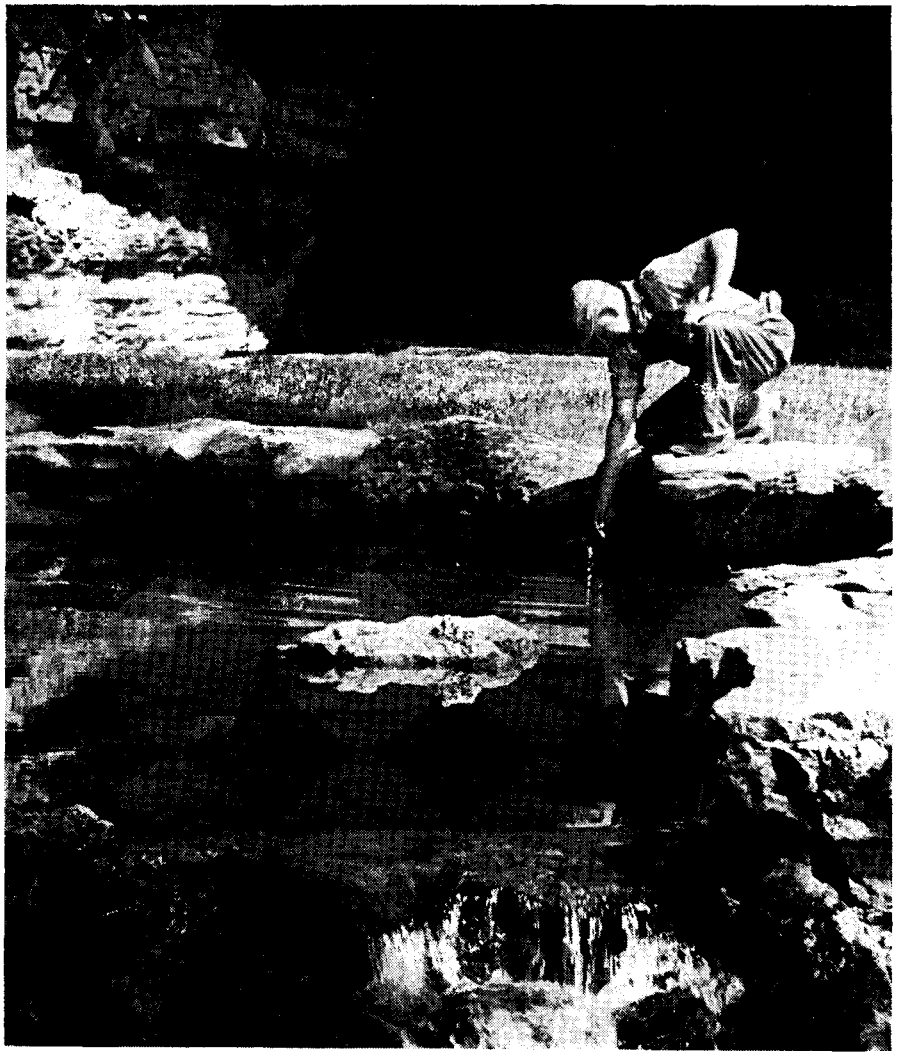
ence, it stressed menace and venom from Scarpia's entrance in Act I. As a consequence, the concentration of these qualities in the violent mauling of Tosca in Act II was all too predictable. Perhaps the most memorable detail occurred when his incipient assault was interrupted by a knock on the door. As he rose to his feet, he extended a hand of assistance to Tosca, who should, in the circumstances, have been the most surprised actress in Rome. (She did, nevertheless, take it.) Vocally, Bacquier was rather less successful than Corelli in striving to register high on this Nilsson rating.

The real clue to the kind of *Tosca* this was relates to the sequence of values in which the name and influence of the conductor can be left to last. Whatever Francesco Molinari-Pradelli was before he came to New York, he is, at the Met, resigned to respect for the status quo. High notes were held at the pleasure of the principals, the structure of the score distorted, and no meaningful directorial pressures exerted where they cut across the prerogatives of the name performers.

However, there was much credit as well as this debit to the Metropolitan balance sheet during the third week of its new season. The encouragements attached to the debuts of Placido Domingo, the Spanish-born, Mexican-educated tenor who made his debut as Maurizio in *Adriana Lecouvreur*, and Marion Lippert, a dramatic soprano of German background, whose privilege—if so it may be described—was to introduce herself as Turandot.

For Domingo, whose credentials have been amassed through quality work with the New York City Opera across the Lincoln Center Plaza in the New York State Theater, this was an opportunity long awaited and for which he was well prepared. Indeed, he has been so well prepared, mentally as well as musically, that he could undertake to substitute for Corelli a few days before his announced debut and still incite his listeners to cheers and bravos. The justification is amply audible in the pure, fresh, limber sound of the voice which, admirably equalized as it is, should serve him well for years to come. What is more to the point, this was an operatic effort neither by rote nor by rule, but infused with a warmth and ardor that made Maurizio something he has not previously been in this revival—a person of potential credibility. One can only hope that Domingo may wear his present laurels, in good vocal health, for years to come. Also of benefit to Cilea's score was the Principessa di Bouillon of Elena Cernei. The vocal quality was full and sonorous (save when she pushed it, quite

(*Continued on page* 56)



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Nature and Nurture

Continued from page 38

physiological processes are affected by animal numbers; in many species, including most primates, relatively high population density produces either increased aggressivity or a more rigid pecking order (or both). If there is violence in our cities, and especially in our ghettos, may it not be in part because urban population densities have become so great that the human animal reacts as aggressively as the caged rat?

The old-fashioned notion of instinct *vs.* environment is hardly relevant to this sort of biological factor. Nor does such an ethological explanation mean that we can do nothing about human violence, as Montagu and his fellow critics object. On the contrary, many social problems can only be effectively faced if we realize that in addition to cultural influences human behavior is subject to biological factors; although poverty is a cultural and political problem, population crowding—in the ghetto as elsewhere—is a biological threat which must also be met if our nation is to become healthy.

Land of the Free and Home of Genocide

Man's Rise to Civilization as Shown by the Indians of North America from Primeval Times to the Coming of the Industrial State, *by Peter Farb (Dutton, 332 pp. $8.95), concludes with an indictment of the United States for having committed genocide on its own continent. Robert F. Murphy, professor of anthropology at Columbia University, has written articles about North American Indians.*

By ROBERT F. MURPHY

ORDINARY LOGIC WOULD INDICATE that *Man's Rise to Civilization,* containing a bit of everything, is, therefore, nothing, but Peter Farb's lucidity and ease of style transform this inherent liability into an excellent book for the general reader.

Mr. Farb's two principal themes are native North American cultures and social evolution, with a leitmotif of introductory anthropological theory interwoven throughout the book's chapters. Most of its pages are taken up with short descriptions of ten American Indian societies presented in order of social complexity from Shoshonean hunters and collectors of the Great Basin to the highly evolved Aztec state. After thus outlining the enormous range of variation of Indian societies and placing them within evolutionary categories, the author considers their histories, as evidenced by archeology, physical anthropology, and linguistics. A final section covers the cultural and physical destruction of the American Indian by European settlers.

Mr. Farb has been completely smitten by the cultural evolutionary theories of Leslie White and Elman Service, an intellectual bond which he acknowledges freely and which is consecrated by Service's foreword. Most cultural evolutionists combine great enthusiasm with a certain insouciance at the intractability of their data, and Mr. Farb's style and approach confirm him as one of the breed. He does not hesitate to tell the reader that "the foremost influence in anthropology today is cultural evolution," a statement that may well represent his own evaluation of the school's worth but which has no basis in the realities of the discipline.

Rigid adherence to the scheme leads him, among other things, to misclassify the Nevada Shoshone as having "bands" and to follow a labored and fruitless line of speculation to explain away the appearance of the idea of reincarnation in societies of such different complexity as the Hindu and the Northern Athapaskan of Canada. Mr. Farb's asides on theoretical questions also show a gift for providing simple and unitary answers where none are possible. This is to say that, although it is ideally suited to be a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, *Man's Rise to Civilization* will annoy serious students of the subject. This should not, however, deter the reader who wants to learn something about the American Indian and anthropology, for the ethnography is accurate and interestingly presented.

The best part of the book is the final section on the subjugation of the American Indian [previewed in *SR* October 12]. In it Mr. Farb writes with sustained, but controlled, outrage, letting the simple historic facts indict the means by which the corrupting doctrine of Manifest Destiny was realized. America is indeed a land of contradictions. Impelled by the noblest of aspirations and founded upon democratic ideals, its history is rooted in slavery and in the genocide of the frontier. One need not look far for continuity in the present. Mr. Farb writes of the Cherokee Removal: "At the very moment that these people were dying in droves, President Van Buren reported to Congress that the government's handling of the Indian problem had been 'just and friendly throughout; its efforts for their civilization constant, and directed by the best feelings of humanity; its watchfulness in protecting them from individual frauds unremitting.' Such cynicism at the highest level of government has been approached in our own time by the solemn pronouncements by President Johnson about the Vietnam War."

To See Louisa Plain

Continued from page 35

dentalist philosopher Amos Bronson Alcott, had had a share in founding. At "Fruitlands" the Alcott family had nearly starved to death during the month of December 1840. From then on until Louisa produced the "golden egg" in 1868, the Alcotts, with the help of charity from relatives and friends, had struggled to exist. Louisa's pride in achieving the financial independence for herself and her family that they had so long awaited is reflected in a letter she wrote home while on a trip to Europe with her younger sister May, in April of 1870:

> No news except through Niles, who yesterday sent me a nice letter with the July account of $6,212, a neat little sum for "the Alcotts, who can't make money!" With $10,000 invested and more coming in all the time, I think we may venture to enjoy ourselves, after the hard times we've all had. The cream of the joke is that we made our own money ourselves, and no one gave us a blessed penny.

Louisa May Alcott, however, could not follow her own advice and enjoy herself as long as there remained members of her family to support. As she continued to write about anything and everything (including a satire on her family's experience at "Fruitlands," which she called "Transcendental Wild Oats"), she became, along with Harriet Beecher Stowe, one of the highest paid writers of her day. And in the end her writing wore her out. In the course of copying and revising an early unpublished manuscript called "Success" in 1872 for simultaneous publication in the United States and England, as well as for a magazine (a total of three copies), she developed thumb paralysis. Significantly, she changed the title of this, the most autobiographical of her novels, from "Success" to *Work.* But even the disability did not stop her, and Louisa went on, goaded by a sense of necessity, until her final illness. In so dong she lived and worked as a remarkably courageous and talented human being and not, as has sometimes been supposed, a fancied character of her own creation. Accordingly, in marking the centennial of the publication of *Little Women* (Little, Brown, $5.95), readers might do well to remember Louisa's own advice on writing. "Don't," she warned characteristically, "use too many adjectives. . . . Sentiment is apt to become sentimentality, and sense is always safer, as well as better drill for young fancies and feelings."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 33: squire, risqué, quires.

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UDI

Continued from page 33

phire, *Hold My Hand, I'm Dying* merits recommendation. Despite the author's maudlin Ruarkian style (some may say because of it), the slow, deadly ticking of Rhodesia's time bomb is audible and believable.

African resistance in Rhodesia might be making itself felt more effectively if the country's foremost black leaders were not in detention. Yet prison can have its uses, notably as a place for writing manifestoes, and such a work has come from the former head of the now banned but once influential Zimbabwe (Rhodesia) African National Union, the Reverend Ndabaningi Sithole, in the form of his revised *African Nationalism*. Originally published in 1959, this broad and intelligent survey of the entire movement is something of a classic among Rhodesian activists; many call it their bible.

THE new edition has been slow in making its appearance owing to obstruction by prison authorities, but one wonders why they took the trouble: by its very definition the book is on the Smith Index, and it's not likely that even smuggled copies will be easy to find in Rhodesia. As for the rest of Africa, the unfortunate question arises as to whether Sithole has anything really new to offer. *African Nationalism* is a relatively dispassionate, quasi-academic analysis of such things as colonialism, the politics of race, the role of the U.N., one- and two-party systems, the East-West conflict, and so forth—in short, the entire nationalist dialogue as learned by heart at least a decade ago. Despite substantial updating, the new edition might be likened to a production of *Awake and Sing* by a New Left theater group. Perhaps this judgment is unfair and even off-base, but with umpteen-million tracts on *uhuru* already available to Africa and the world, it's hard not to wince at the arrival of number umpteen-million and one.

Easily the most balanced of the three volumes here reviewed is *Rhodesia: Crisis of Color*, which among other things reflects credit on editor Theodore Bull for fair play. Bull is not only in the anti-Smith corner of the brawl but a casualty as well (his widely read progressive publication, the *Central African Examiner*, was killed by UDI censorship). Yet he gives both sides conspicuously honorable, if not detached, treatment. In fact, if the book has any heavy at all, it is not Smith but Britain's Harold Wilson, who, in Bull's opinion, could and should have taken a much firmer anti-UDI stand from the very beginning: "On the night of 11 November 1965, Mr. Wilson said, in one of his ponderously statesmanlike broadcasts, that he was going to throw the book at Mr. Smith. This he has done by tearing out and flicking a few pages at a time, and finally, with 'mandatory' sanctions, tearing off one of the covers and lobbing it at him."

ACTUALLY, though, Wilson doesn't come in for a great deal of attention; most of the book focuses on the historical, constitutional, and racial aspects of UDI as they relate to Rhodesia in particular and Africa in general. Noteworthy—and likely to open more than one eye—is Bull's breathtaking but educated guess about the future. If a black government ever comes to rule Rhodesia, one naturally assumes that it will do so over the dead body of South Africa; not so Bull. It's his opinion that should this transfer of power take place it might well be with South Africa's support. Indeed, he puts it even more strongly than that: "It is my personal belief that such an outcome is in the long run probable."

Preposterous? By no means. The position is based on South Africa's increasingly accommodating posture toward black African states—which is animated, of course, by economic self-interest. Bull suggests that such pragmatic considerations, in the crunch, are likely to prove an even more indispensable factor in the South African outlook than its precious racial exclusiveness, and he goes so far as to voice his confidence of this with the rather bold rhetorical question "Is there any reason to think that South Africa would feel bound to continue to support indefinitely an embattled white Rhodesia?"

This doesn't mean Bull thinks that Smith or any racist successor can't count on South Africa's backing as long as whites hold the reins of power. Moreover, for a variety of reasons (including the failure of economic sanctions and the relative impotence thus far of African opposition, not to mention South Africa's continuing aid), he believes there is "little doubt that the Rhodesian Front can make a go of UDI for a long time to come." Nonetheless, he is all but certain that when and if black pressure becomes too great, Pretoria will switch to the winning horse. Such a state of affairs, to be sure, has to presuppose many other contingencies, as Bull himself notes, and there is obviously room for argument with so unorthodox a theory. Yet if you study the proposition as Bull spells it out, you will find it anything but unrealistic. Besides, who wants to offer a clearer crystal ball?

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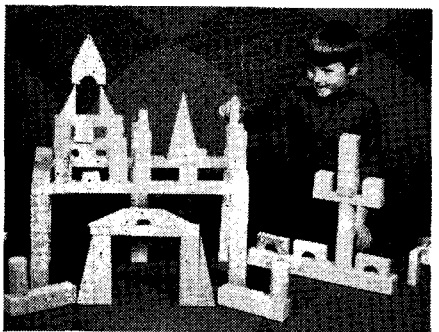

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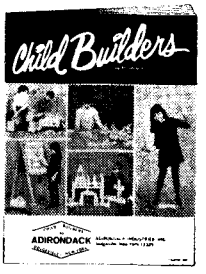

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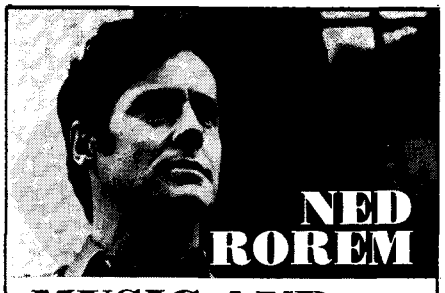

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Sir Harold

Continued from page 34

without hereditary income. His wife's reclusive nature made this more difficult, forcing his resignation from the Foreign Service in 1930. Afterward Nicolson, like his idol Churchill, supported himself by a combination of politics and journalism, without achieving a comparable ascendancy in either.

When he announced his switch to Labour in 1947, Nicolson shocked many of his social and political associates. Seeing him at a garden party at Buckingham Palace, the outspoken Nancy Astor exclaimed, "The man who sold his soul!" Fortunately, his family understood. His wife, the novelist V. Sackville-West, replied to his news that she was "not wholly hostile, especially if it leads eventually to Lord Cranfield." That last phrase was a private joke, denoting Nicolson's serious hope of re-entering politics via the House of Lords. To pay the implied price of a peerage, in 1948 he agreed to stand as Labour candidate from an industrial suburb which he privately thought "horrid" but dutifully canvassed. Although he was defeated, Nicolson did reduce the Conservative vote and so could expect his reward.

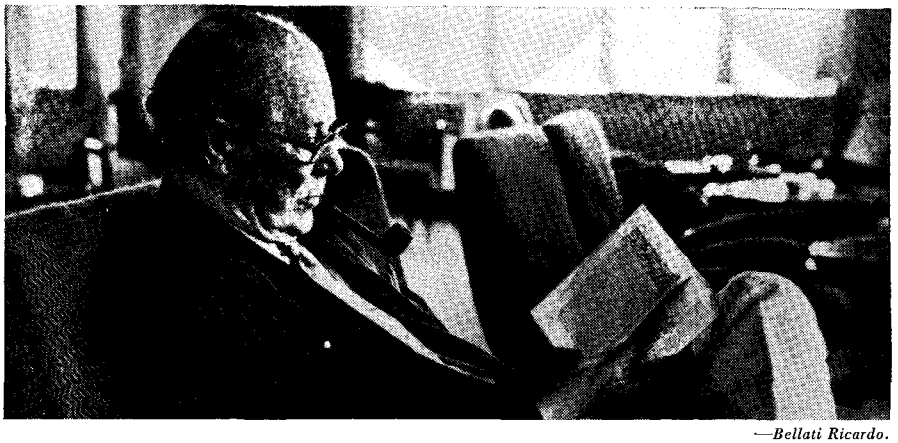
Then, unlike Prufrock, he dared to disturb the universe after all. With a single, inexplicable *coup de* typewriter, Harold Nicolson wrote himself out of politics on March 19, 1948, in an article for *The Spectator* ridiculing his own campaign as a "harlequinade" and any election as "odious to a person of sensibility." Did his outcry express courage or the "snobbishness" that his son retrospectively denies? In any case, the Labour leadership was not amused. The candidate who had been "deferential, glad to be of use,/ politic, cautious and meticulous" now indeed appeared "a bit obtuse," and by the end of that year it was apparent that his peerage would never materialize. Although the Crown compensated him by inviting him to write King George V's official biography, and rewarded that achievement in 1953 with a knighthood, Nicolson never recovered his position nor recovered from his disappointment.

Perhaps no American can fully understand the complexities of culture and character revealed by this episode. Nicolson's son justifies the initial opportunism as modified by "cerebral Socialism," a claim strengthened by one diary entry: "I do not pretend to enjoy a Socialist system but I think it right and am prepared to make personal sacrifices for it." Coming on the heels of that *noblesse oblige*, Nicolson's complaints during the campaign are rich in unconscious irony.

Where could he possibly eat in West Croydon? he wondered, for "fish and chips is not a diet to which I am accustomed." Similarly, his interviews with workers were "not my sort of thing at all." Between speeches to trade unions he sometimes sneaked off to dine at his club, and commanded a cake from the Castle. Despite his good intentions, working-class teas were clearly in the category of "sacrifice."

Passing years confirmed that Sir Harold felt "ill at ease, self-conscious, insincere" in the presence of the new men. "It would be absurd for me to put on a proletarian tone," he proclaimed as late as 1958. At the same time he resented a columnist's charge that he failed to understand "the dust and roar of life." The new literature baffled him as much as the new men. Yet he hated being dubbed "Right-wing" when he ran (unsuccessfully) against W. H. Auden for Oxford's elective chair of poetry.

Thus Nicolson resigned himself to an increasingly private life and to the elegiac mood that gives this volume its distinctive flavor. Chic dinners, gardening, and foreign travel alternated with periods of "slogging away" at the articles, books, and broadcasts that paid for them; but the work seemed "futile" compared to the "gigantic ordeals and menaces" of the larger world, and he



—*Bellati Ricardo.*

Harold Nicolson: "It would be absurd for me to put on a proletarian tone."

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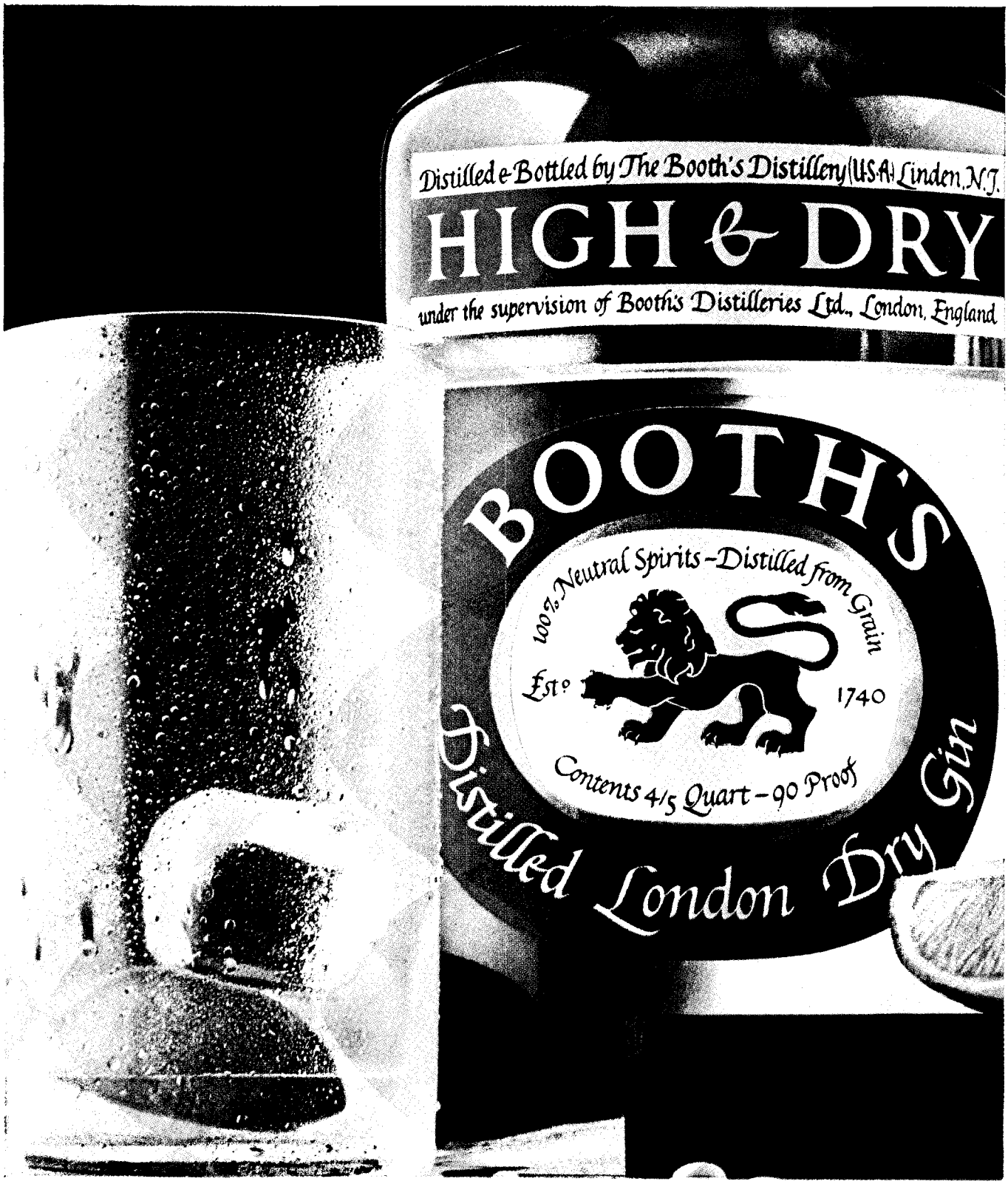
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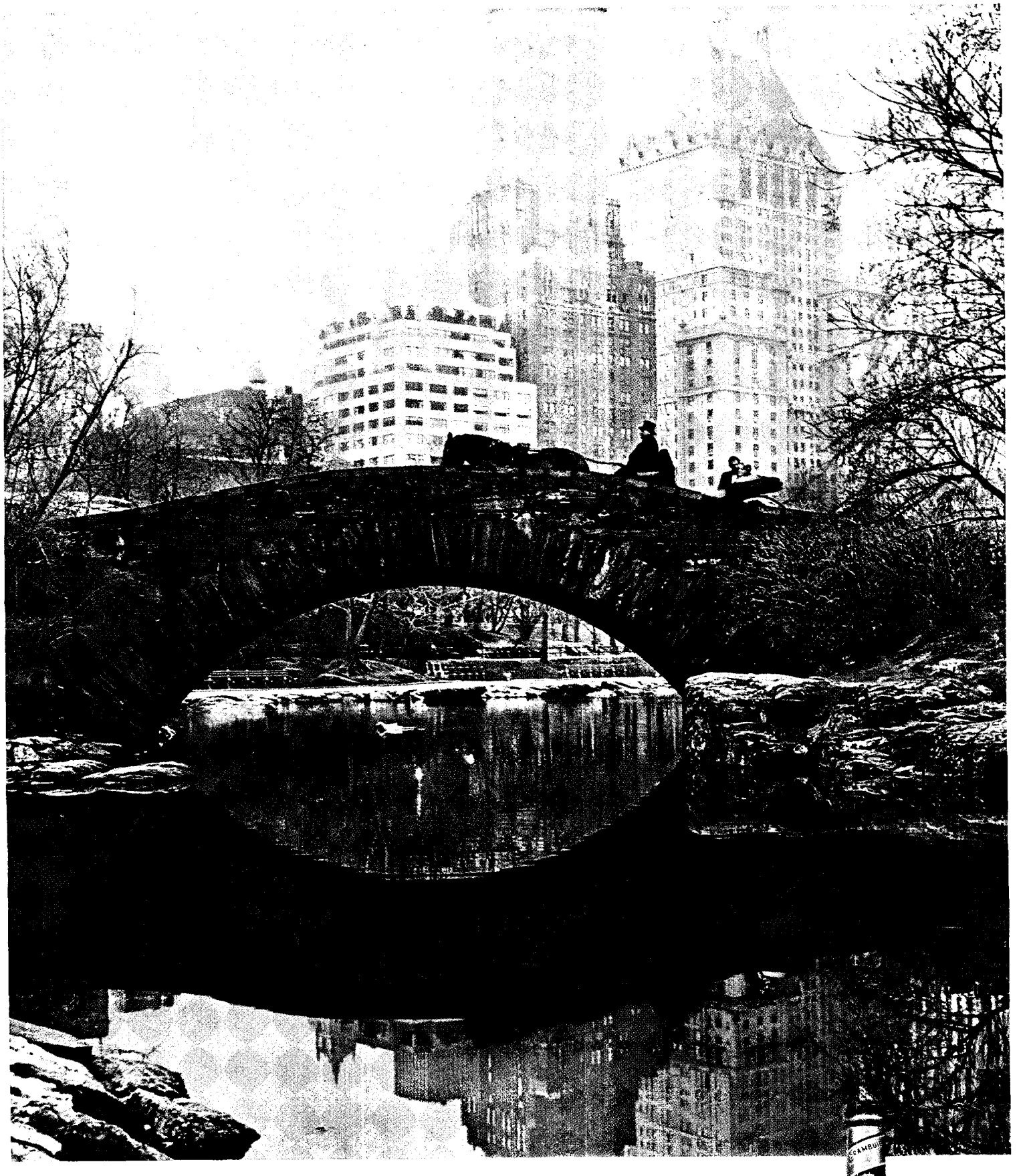

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was "oppressed by a terrible sense of weakness and foreboding." Personal relations assumed added importance: "More and more do I cling, in almost desperate affection, to Viti, Ben, Nigel . . ." Those intimacies yielded "sunshine" and, at age seventy, the mellow wisdom of "How one loves the odd corners of people whom one loves!"

Pepys assuredly could not have said that. Perhaps Nicolson was right to surmise that a memorable diarist must have a "sneaky" mind. In the case of both Pepys and Saint-Simon, however, part of that sneakiness was a determined secrecy that assured absolute candor. Saint-Simon tersely laid down the ground rule: "He who would write the story of his times truthfully and with no respect for persons should never show it to anybody. He should leave it to ripen under lock and key."

Nicolson's extreme facility, which led him to write too much too fast, was thus only one factor militating against the highest standard of the diarist. His genuine desire to be "good underneath" was another. But the fatal flaw was his half-admitted initial wish to publish in his own time. The result was too many side-glances into the mirror and a corresponding unwillingness to risk present popularity for ultimate truth.

Thus superb opportunities for the candid camera were muffed at such obsolescent ceremonies as his investiture, which he describes in ten lines, or at innumerable other rituals of the upper classes. Royalties appear, in a haze of clichés, as "sweet," "pleasant," or "radiant." Only once, very late in life, did Sir Harold permit himself the acerbic comment that "Rich vulgarity is worse than poor vulgarity" in an allusion to Windsor Castle.

While such prevailing blandness limits the force of Nicolson's account, it provides a certain historic value of its own. Like his wife's best-known novel, *The Edwardians*, his diary is the record of an attitude and a way of life that prevailed among a small group of people for a great many years, and are now rapidly succumbing to death and taxes. Sir Harold's admiration of their magnificence did not obscure his perception of their passing. When his neighbor's manor burned in 1948 it provided an apt symbol: "such a dignified, cultured house . . . and we see it all disintegrate before our eyes."

So was it with his era. As the grand manner disappears and even modest manners are in jeopardy, it is a rare experience to share the thoughts of a gentleman who could not believe that "God enjoys people being . . . inelegant."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Arts

ARCHITECTURE IN CHICAGO AND MID-AMERICA. By Wayne Andrews. Atheneum. $20.

BYZANTINE PAINTING: The Last Phase. By David Talbot Rice. Dial. $17.50.

MUSIC AND PEOPLE. By Ned Rorem. Braziller. $5.95.

PLAYS FROM BLACK AFRICA. Edited by Fredric M. Litto. Hill & Wang. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $1.95.

WHO WAS VAN GOGH? By Jean Leymarie. Skira/World. $10.

Crime, Suspense

THE BIG CLOCK. By Kenneth Fearing. Norton. $4.95.

BLACK ALICE. By Thom Demijohn. Doubleday. $4.95.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE. By Jimmy Sangster. Norton. $4.95.

THE LITTLE LIE. By Jean Potts. Scribners. $3.95.

THE MARACOT DEEP. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Norton. $4.95.

A MATTER OF OPPORTUNITY. By Catherine Arley. Putnam. $4.50.

THE RECTOR AND THE ROGUE. By W. A. Swanberg. Scribners. $4.95.

THE RED BARN MYSTERY: Some New Evidence on an Old Murder. By Donald McCormick. Barnes & Noble. $4.95.

RIFIFI IN NEW YORK. By Auguste le Breton. Stein & Day. $5.95.

Current Affairs

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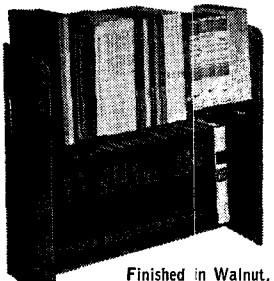

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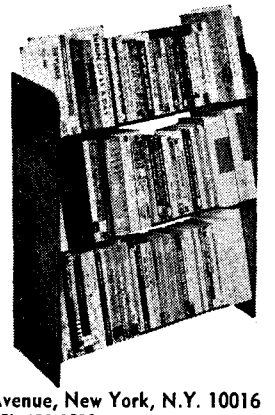

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THE SARDINIAN SMILE. By Petru Dumitriu. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

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—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 51

unnecessarily), her appearance and stage deportment excellent.

In Lippert, the Metropolitan has the best alternate Turandot to Nilsson it has had since Puccini's last opera began to be given regularly again in 1961. To judge from her forthright and assured performance of a role that can induce tremors in the most experienced singer, Miss Lippert is midstream in her career. Her strong, powerful sound is securely placed, and she has all the confidence required to put it squarely on the line (those lines including the super-staff ones that include a top C, *fortissimo*). It is not suffused in tenderness, nor haunted by resonant overtones, but it is a potent, thoroughly disciplined dramatic sound that Lippert possesses. In other circumstances, more attention might be devoted to the first Calaf of James McCracken. But the most that needs to be said of the latest good effort by this estimable artist is that he continues to work hard, and productively, to get the upper hand of his extraordinary endowment. Zubin Mehta had everything under sure control, including (most importantly) his own substantial talents.

The deaths of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy are a high price to pay for a piece of music, no matter how good. But the march of history being as relentless as it is, one can only commend William Schuman for the impulse that resulted in his sensitively artistic response to a double tragedy. This is the work titled "Evocation" written on commission from the New York Philharmonic (to celebrate its 125th anniversary) and introduced at the first concert of the new season.

It employs a solo oboe, in combination with brass, timpani, piano, and strings, in a continuous statement which recalls *The Song of Orpheus* as token of the composer's command of a flowing, uninterrupted sequence. Taking its point of departure from a harmonic agglomeration (with some faint echo of Scriabin) on which a melodic phrase for oboe is superimposed, it exploits, expands, and expounds this premise in an inexorable surge to a predestined conclusion. Throughout, one is aware of a majesty of means, an absolute certainty of purpose which distributes emphasis (and the absence of it) exactly to the advancement of the composer's esthetic intent. Leonard Bernstein shaped it masterfully to the sentiment contained in the quoted lines from Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* ("To Thee Old Cause"), as he did also the symphonies that followed: Schuman's No. 3 and the *Fantastique* of Berlioz.

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At 2:00 AM on May 17, 1967, Police Officer Louis R. Kuba was killed on the campus of Texas Southern University in Houston.

Student John Parker was in his dormitory room.
Student Charles Freeman was 5 feet from the Houston Chief of Police.
Student Floyd Nichols was 24 miles away.
Student Douglas Wayne Waller was in jail.
Student Trazawell Franklin was elsewhere on campus.

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An act of murder which the state of Texas readily admits they could not have committed.

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Yet, the indictment charges that these five students, together with others unknown "did, with malice aforethought, kill Louis Raymond Kuba, by shooting him with a gun."

What, then, is the basis for the indictment? The District Attorney of Harris County has stated that, in Texas, "anyone engaged in a riot can be held responsible for any offense committed, even if committed by another person."

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A successful prosecution in this case could mean that any person, regardless of color, creed or political persuasion, who speaks out against injustice prior to a civil disorder, could find himself in the same spot as these students.

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The Armed Services as Educator

IN August 1966, the Department of Defense announced that it would admit up to 100,000 men who, because of limited educational background or low academic achievement, failed to meet the induction standards of the armed services. Subsequently, 49,000 men from disadvantaged backgrounds were inducted. Their average age was twenty-one. They had completed an average of 10.5 grades in school, and a third of them had failed at least one year of school. More than half were unemployed or were earning less than $60 a week in unskilled jobs.

The success of the armed services in providing basic education for these men who had failed to learn in civilian schools is indicated by the fact that 96 per cent completed basic training (compared to about 98 per cent for all other inductees). Even more notable is the success enjoyed by those selected for advanced training—including such complex fields as communications and intelligence, medical and dental technology, electrical and mechanical equipment repair, and administration and clerical work. An average attrition rate for these men of 12.3 per cent compares quite favorably with an army average of 8 per cent for all men in advanced training. It should be noted, too, that this level of success was achieved not in special courses designed for the disadvantaged, but under the same requirements as those established for all other trainees.

In the current issue (October) of the *American Journal of Orthopsychiatry* (1790 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019), Roger W. Little, associate professor of sociology at the University of Illinois, offers a revealing analysis of the factors that have made for the success of the program. The training procedures, Professor Little says, operate on the assumption that every individual has the potential for success, and those who manage the training "develop the perspective that they can teach almost anyone." He also notes that a civilian institution that was assigned the task of training these men would probably segregate them, develop a special curriculum for them, "and engender in them the feeling that they were clearly inferior manpower resources." But the armed forces just treats them like everyone else.

Another dimension of the training that Professor Little explores is the "comprehensive institutional setting"—the twenty-four-hour-a-day, residential nature of the experience. He concludes that "the boarding school, which has always been an institution for the affluent, now emerges as an increasingly important supplementary agency for the lower classes."

Both Professor Little and an academic colleague in a companion article raise serious questions about the appropriations of providing training for the disadvantaged in a program that is geared primarily to teaching the use of weapons and is designed to prepare individuals for organized violence. We may well share these hesitations. But if the armed forces, in fact, succeed in their effort to provide a second chance for the nation's deprived youth when most civilian institutions fail, we need desperately to know more about how they do it, and why it works. —J.C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Turned-Off/On Adults

WILLIAM SIMON'S and John H. Gagnon's article, "Children of the Drug Age" [*SR*, Sept. 21], is an illuminating discourse on the crux of the social problem of marijuana—a problem which can be resolved neither by appeasement (i.e., hackneyed adult understanding) nor by adult guilt and over-identification, which has only obscured the line between youth and adulthood, left youth without a developmental goal and wallowing in permissiveness.

What adults should want if they are to give youth a realistic, sane model for living, is free expression instead of suppression or denial of reality, a type of expression that is responsible and yet full of life, autonomy, and discovery. Drugs are experimentation of the present, and if we are to prevent their misuse, abuse, and habituation in lieu of social participation, we must convince youth that, existentially, there is something worthwhile in the future. Above all, marijuana and drug use among youth is not an adult problem which should be solved for youths, but a gross problem which requires a youth-adult remedy if we are to be a viable society.

CAROL ROBIN BOUCHER,
Cambridge, Mass.

ON READING "Children of the Drug Age," I was disheartened to observe once again the cringing adulthood which is so prevalent these days, admonishing us that the young may have more to say and be more powerful in their views than we can by any means comprehend or follow.

I am sure that the "presently young" will wave this issue of *SR* triumphantly at all their pot sessions and political rallies. They may even nominate the authors for their highest offices.

SALLY KELLEY,
Perkin, Ark.

THIS ARTICLE contains the kind of information that contributes to the very problems the authors are talking about. No single guide can solve educational problems regarding drug abuse. Only motivated educators, well informed and adequately supported by school authorities, can do something effective to prevent the problem. For education is the key to prevention—and truth concerning misuse of drugs is the best way prevention can be accomplished. To be sure, drug abuse can be considered a moral issue—but the battle to prevent it can never be successfully joined on this level alone. Facts and positive motivation are what young people need to help make a sound decision should they one day face the pressure of "going along" with the drug-abuse crowd.

Many behavioral scientists say drug abuse is a form of escape. Why not complete this saying so that the youth of this country know it is an escape to nowhere?

PROFESSOR LEON E. JOHNSON,
East Carolina University,
Greenville, N.C.

SIMON'S and GAGNON'S perceptive article seemed unfalteringly accurate in its penetration into the really relevant aspects of drug abuse. The complexities of the problem are not simplified, but concisely blended into a well rounded whole. However, I believe that the same standards and problems that they attribute to adolescents are no less true for new users in the college community.

JOHN R. DAYTON,
Michigan State University,
East Lansing, Mich.

"CHILDREN OF THE DRUG AGE" causes me much concern. My familiarity with the subject is based on much work with the RENAISSANCE project, which is concerned mainly with the "pre-addict"—the youngster who has used marijuana or who is about to do so.

I recognize that your readers are essentially adults and can properly interpret the article, but I am most concerned about the erudite college student or the advanced high school student who can read sentences such as: "If marijuana is damaging to the young, it is clearly not damaging in the way that many of its hysterical critics allege that it is . . .," and assume from that reading that they will be able to enjoy the use of marijuana with no possible after-effects.

I am willing to accept as fact that marijuana is not physically addictive, but based on what I believe to be considerable experience and direct contact with those concerned, I refuse to accept the fact that it is not psychologically and progressively addictive. We find that the progression, in decreasing order of control and mental stability, and in increasing order of horror, is marijuana, pills, speed, LSD, and then heroin.

RENAISSANCE has been approached by a large group of concerned parents from Westport who are now receiving our help. RENAISSANCE has been approached by the Catholic diocese in Newark, which wishes us to train their nuns and priests in our techniques so they can deal with this great problem. RENAISSANCE has been approached by concerned parents (*not* hysterical critics) from both the lush north and south shores of Long Island seeking aid for 50, 60, 70 or even 80 per cent or more of their high school students!

ALVIN J. ORVILLE,
Great Neck, N.Y.

Clerical Inspiration

DONALD A. ERICKSON'S ARTICLE, "Public Funds for Private Schools" [*SR*, Sept. 21], demonstrates an ignorance of this subject that is refreshingly complete. Even the title is inaccurate and deceptive. Ninety per cent of the institutions involved are church schools. Accuracy would require the author to designate them as such. It is to be hoped that you will balance this distorted and inadequate discussion with an intelligent treatment of this matter.

Dr. Erickson's opening salvo to the effect that the Supreme Court's decision in the Allen case will open the gates to public subsidy for church schools is close to 100 per cent inaccurate. Actually, this case was little more than a rerun of the Cochran case of 1930 and took no new ground. The aid envisaged here is carefully limited by the court and in no sense opens the gate. Dr. Erickson conveniently forgets the court's decision in the Flast case, which will open the courts to Constitutional challenges to all forms of public subsidy currently flowing to church schools. There is nothing at all new in Dr. Erickson's formula for public assistance to church schools. In fact, this is practically the procedure which the Office of Education is now pursuing with dismal results.

The most salient omission of this article is a recognition of the forces, clerically inspired, which drive for public subsidy to church schools with the intent of upsetting the country's traditional church–state balance.

C. STANLEY LOWELL,
Associate Director,
Americans United for the Separation
of Church and State,
Washington, D.C.

Goose-stepping Pigeons

FRANK JENNINGS, in his review of B. F. Skinner's *The Technology of Teaching* [*SR*, Sept. 21], betrays by his gloved-hand approach that he is somehow vaguely aware that there is something distasteful about Skinner's approach. A certain amount of training is necessary for young children, for obvious reasons. But training is not to be confused with education. When a pigeon is trained to play ping-pong, it is not being educated to be a pigeon, but is being grotesquely perverted for the vulgar amusement of man.

A quarter of a century ago we were treated to the entertainment of a few million pigeons goose-stepping through the streets of Europe. Let us have no more of this nonsense.

FRED MORGAN,
Ithaca, N.Y.

Black, White, and Red

LARRY CUBAN, in his article, "Black History, Negro History, and White Folk" [*SR*, Sept. 21], raises some very fine points. The future will tell whether courses in black history properly belong in the private and parochial sector of education, or studies in Negro history belong in public education. What is important here is that efforts are being made by educational policymakers to incorporate a minority group into the mainstream of American life. But what of some of the other minority groups—the American Indian, for instance?

Idle, poor, losing his lands, aimless, the American Indian evokes sympathy and assistance from very few today. Most of us write him off as a tourist attraction of the Far West. The American Indian also needs great help from white America. Here lies the challenge to America's white leadership today.

PATRICK S. COLLINS, CFC,
New Rochelle, N.Y.

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— Sean Kernan (Bethel).

"It is intelligence as output that should be the central concern of the educator."

ARE CHILDREN BORN UNEQUAL?

By WILLIAM H. BOYER, *associate professor, and* PAUL WALSH, *assistant professor, College of Education, University of Hawaii.*

IN SOCIETIES where power and privilege are not equally distributed, it has always been consoling to those with favored positions to assume that nature has caused the disparity. When man himself creates unequal opportunity, he can be obliged or even forced to change his social system. But if nature creates inequality, man need only bow to supreme forces beyond his control, and the less fortunate must resign themselves to their inevitable disadvantage.

The metaphysics of natural inequality has served aristocracies well. The Greeks had wealth and leisure as a result of the labor of slaves. Plato expressed the wisdom of the established order with the claim that nature produces a hierarchy of superiority in which philosophers, such as himself, emerge at the top. Aristotle's belief that all men possess a rational faculty had more heretical potential, but it was not difficult to believe that some men are more rational than others.

In later periods, nations that possessed economic superiority explained their advantages on the basis of innate superiority. Sir Francis Galton was convinced that the English were superior and that the propertied classes were even more superior than the general population. They were the repository of what was the most biologically precious in mankind.

The democracies of the new world shattered many elements of the old order, and brought a new, radical, equalitarian outlook. In principle, if not always in practice, man became equal before the law, and the idea of "the worth of the individual" established a principle of moral equality. Yet legal and moral equalitarianism did not necessarily mean that men were intellectually equal. So the assumption upon which American schools and the American market place developed was that democracy should mean *equal opportunity for competition among people who are genetically unequal.* This creed has satisfied the requirements of modern wisdom even for the more liberal founding fathers such as Thomas Jefferson, and it equally fit into the social Darwinism of an emerging industrial society.

IN contemporary American education many of these assumptions remain. People are usually assumed to be not only different in appearance, but also innately unequal in intellectual capacity and therefore unequal in capacity to learn. The contemporary creed urges that schools do all they can to develop *individual* capacities, but it is usually assumed that such capacities vary among individuals. Ability grouping is standard practice and begins in the earliest grades. Intelligence tests and the burgeoning armory of psychometric techniques increasingly facilitate ability tracking, and therefore the potentially prosperous American can usually be identified at an early age. If it is true that people have inherently unequal capacities to learn, the American educational system is built on theoretical bedrock, and it helps construct a social order based on

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natural superiority. But if people actually have inherently equal capacities, the system is grounded in quicksand and reinforces a system of arbitrary privilege.

Four types of evidence are typically offered to prove that people are innately different in their capacity to learn. The first is self-evidential, the second is observational, the third is logical-theoretical, and the fourth is statistical.

The self-evidential position is based on high levels of certainty which include a strong belief in the obviousness of a conclusion. Many people are very certain that there is an innate difference between people in intellectual capacity. However, such tenacity of feeling is not itself a sufficient basis for evidence, for it offers no method of cross-verification. The mere certainty of a point of view regarding the nature of intelligence must be discounted as an adequate basis for verification.

The observation of individual differences in learning capacity cannot be dismissed as a basis for evidence; useful information for hypotheses requiring further verification can be obtained in this way. For instance, parents may notice different rates of learning among their children. People from different social classes learn and perform at different levels. The city child may learn particular skills more rapidly than the rural child. Observations require some care if they are to produce reliable evidence, but it is possible to observe carefully, and such observation can be cross-verified by other careful observers.

But if people learn particular tasks at different rates, does it follow that people must therefore be *innately* different in their learning capacity? It does *not* necessarily follow. Increasingly, as we know more about the role of environment, we see that there are not only differences between cultures, but also differences within cultures. Even within families, no child has the same environment as the others. Being born first, for instance, makes that child different; he is always the oldest sibling. A whole host of variables operates so that the environment as perceived by an individual child has elements of uniqueness (and similarity) with other children raised in proximity.

Observational evidence can be a useful part of the process of understanding when it raises questions that can be subjected to more conclusive evidence, but it is often used as a way of selectively verifying preconceived notions which are endemic in the culture. Western culture is strongly rooted in the belief in a natural intellectual hierarchy. Few observers have been taught to make observations based on assumptions of natural intellectual equality. Observational evidence must be carefully questioned, for it is often based on a metaphysic of differential capacity which encourages selective perception and a priori categories of explanation. Yet these preconceptions are rarely admitted as an interpretive bias of the observer.

THEORIES based on carefully obtained data provide a more adequate basis for reaching a defensible position on the nature-nurture controversy than either of the previous procedures. A general theory in the field of genetics of psychology which fits available information would be a relevant instrument for making a deduction about the nature of intelligence. If a logical deduction could be made from a more general theory about heredity and environment to the more specific question of innate intellectual capacity, the conclusion would be as strong as the theory. Such deduction is a commonly used procedure.

Both genetic and psychological theories have often been used to support the belief in inherited intelligence. Genetic connections between physical

Believing Is Seeing

SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECIES based on the assumption of innate intellectual inequality are not just rhetoric, according to the evidence presented in a new book, *Pygmalion in the Classroom* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 182 pp., $3.95 paper, $4.95 cloth) by a Harvard psychologist, Robert Rosenthal, and a school principal, Lenore F. Jacobsen. The book reports the statistical findings of an experiment which show that, in most cases, if a teacher expects a child to be intelligent, he will actually demonstrate greater intellectual capacity.

The authors conducted the experiment in a public elementary school in the South San Francisco Unified School District in a lower-class community. About one-sixth of the 650 children enrolled in the school's six grades were Mexican-Americans. In September 1964, the school's teachers were told that on the basis of intelligence tests conducted the previous spring, about 20 per cent of the students could be expected to show significant increases in intellectual ability during the year, and each teacher was given the names of the potential "spurters" in her class. In fact, the names had been chosen at random, so that, as the authors put it, "The difference between the special children and the ordinary children was only in the mind of the teacher."

Four months later and again the following May, the students were given the same intelligence test they had been given the previous spring. Children in both groups scored higher, but the first- and second-grade children in the experimental group—the ones the teachers were told were the potential "spurters"—scored significantly higher than the children in the control group. About 21 per cent of the children in the experimental group increased their IQ scores by thirty points, but only 5 per cent of the children in the control group had a gain that large. Almost half of the experimental group children gained at least twenty points, but only 19 per cent of the control group showed a similar gain. Finally, nearly 80 per cent of the experimental group had a gain of ten points, but only half of the control group showed a corresponding increase. Changes for children in other grades were not as dramatic but still tended to confirm the basic theory.

The possible explanations for these results are briefly explored by the authors and contain some serious implications for teachers and principals, as well as teacher-training programs. For instance, one aspect of the experiment compared the IQ gains of the Mexican-American children with teacher attitudes towards the "Mexican-ness" of the children's appearance. The result: Boys who looked "more Mexican" benefitted more from their teachers' positive prophecies. The apparent reason is that "teachers' pre-experimental expectancies for these boys' intellectual performance were probably lowest of all. Their turning up on a list of probable bloomers must have surprised their teachers. Interest may have followed surprise, and, in some way, watching for signs of increased brightness may have led to increased brightness."

"To summarize our speculations," the authors assert later on, "we may say that by what she said, by how and when she said it, by her facial expressions, postures and perhaps by her touch, the teacher may have communicated to the children of the experimental group that she expected improved intellectual performance. Such communications, together with possible changes in teaching techniques, may have helped the child learn by changing his self-concept, his expectations of his own behavior, and his motivations, as well as his cognitive style and skills." —W. R.

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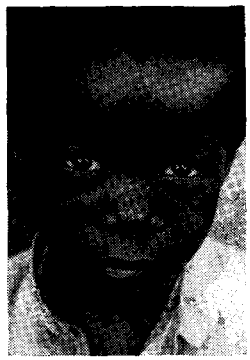
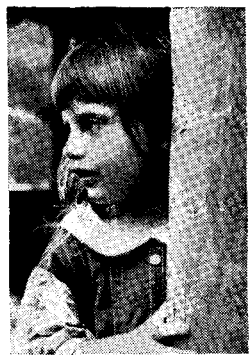
—Henri de Chatillon (Black Star).



—Jim Peppler (Black Star).

—Richard Swanson (Black Star).



—Michael D. Sullivan (Black Star).

—Monkmeyer.

"We should base our educational policy on the most generous and promising assumptions about human nature, rather than the most niggardly and pessimistic."

characteristics such as eye color, hair color, and bodily stature are now clearly established. Certain disease propensity has a genetic basis, yet the best established research is now between single genes and specific physical traits. It is commonplace to assume that if a hereditary basis for differential physical traits has been established, there is a similar connection between genes and intelligence. The conclusion, however, does *not* necessarily follow. Intelligence defined as the capacity to profit by experience or as the ability to solve problems is not a function of a single gene. Whatever the particular polygenetic basis for learning, it does not follow that intellectual capacity is variable because physical traits are variable. Current genetic theory does not provide an adequate basis for deducing a theory of abilities.

Similarly, the Darwinian theory of natural selection is often used to ascribe superiority to those in the upper strata of a hierarchical society. Yet a system of individual economic competition for survival is actually a very recent phenomenon in human history, characteristic of only a few societies, primarily in the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries. It is very likely that it is irrelevant to genetic natural selection because of its recent origin. American immigration came largely from the lower classes, a fact which could condemn America to national inferiority if the Darwinian theory were used. In the long span of human history, most societies have relied mainly on cooperative systems or autocratic systems for their survival, and individual competition is an untypical example drawn largely from the unique conditions of Western, particularly American experience.

Psychological theories which emphasize individual difference have often assumed that the descriptive differences in physical characteristics, personality, and demonstrated ability are all due largely to heredity. Psychology has had strong historical roots in physiology, but as social psychologists and students of culture have provided new understanding of the role of experience, hereditarian explanation has shifted toward environmentalism. Even the chemical and anatomical characteristics of the brain are now known to be modifiable by experience. Psychologists such as Ann Anastasi point out that, "In view of available genetic knowledge, it appears improbable that social differentiation in physical traits was accompanied by differentiation with regard to genes affecting intellectual or personality development."

Anthropologists, with their awareness of the effects of culture, are the least likely to place credence in the genetic hypothesis. Claude Levi-Strauss, a social anthropologist, claims that all men have equal intellectual potentiality, and have been equal for about a million years. Whether or not this is true, it is clear that the best-supported general genetic or psychological theory does not validate the conclusion that individual intellectual capacity is innately unequal.

Statistical studies under controlled conditions, on the other hand, can provide some of the most reliable information. For instance, when animals are genetically the same, there is the possibility of inferring genetic characteristics through experimental studies. Identical twins develop from the separation of a single egg and have identical genetic inheritance. If human twins could be raised under controlled experimental conditions, much could be learned about the respective role of heredity and environment. Many studies have been made of twins, but none under sufficiently controlled experimental conditions. The results, therefore, permit only speculative conclusions. Most twins are so similar that unless they are separated they are likely to be treated alike. When they are separated, in most cases, one twin is moved to a family of the same social class as the other twin. And people of similar appearance tend to be treated similarly—a large, handsome child is not usually treated the same as a short, unattractive child. The resultant similarity of IQ scores of separate twins has not been surprising.

EVEN if particular identical twins were to show marked differences in ability when they live in substantially different environments, as they occasionally do, the evidence does not prove the *environmentalist* thesis unless a significantly large number of random cases is compared with a similarly random selection of non-identical twins. In a small sample, difference could be due to the experience deprivation of one twin. It is possible to stultify any type of development, and so the variation between identical twins, identified in some studies up to forty points, by no means disproves the hereditarian position. Consequently, current studies do not provide conclusive statistical evidence to support either position over the other.

The second most commonly used statistical evidence to show the hereditary basis of intelligence is the constancy of IQ scores at different age periods. Usually, IQ scores do not change appreciably, but occasionally the changes are dramatic. It is now understood that a standard IQ test is culturally loaded toward middle-class values, and so the general constancy of most IQ scores can be explained as the expected result of limited mobility between social class and the resultant constancy of subcultural experiences. So even the statistical "evidence," so often used to support a belief in innate intelligence, is really not conclusive.

Studies of innate intelligence, then, have not produced conclusive evidence to justify the claim for an innate difference in individual intellectual capacity. Equally, there has not been conclusive evidence that the innate potential between people is equal. The research is heavily marked by the self-serving beliefs of the researchers. Psychologists have usually created "intelligence" tests

(*Continued on page 77*)

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POLITICS AND MORALITY IN ACADEME

—George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).

Professor and students in discussion—"There is only one really useful thing a teacher can communicate— . . . an intellectual method or style of apprehending the world."

By ELAYNE ANTLER RAPPING, *Mellon fellow in English literature, University of Pittsburgh, and* LEONARD A. RAPPING, *associate professor of economics, Carnegie-Mellon University.*

SURELY everyone is convinced by now that there is some kind of trouble afoot in the American university system. After Berkeley there was talk of disinterested professors, irrelevant courses, and dehumanized bureaucracies. After Columbia the political implications of these charges are clearer, and while there is still considerable faculty sympathy and support for the protesters, it appears that some backlash is building up. On the one hand, some professors who ignored or were bewildered by the issues involved—until the sight of blood on young middle-class faces hurled them into the radical camp—are as ignorant and bewildered as before, but are now staunchly committed to the wounded oppressed. On the other hand, less sympathetic statements by eminent intellectuals assert that the function of the university is to pursue and impart knowledge and that it cannot possibly get on with its business unless law and order is maintained. This is undoubtedly true, but it may well be beside the point. For at least one thing the protesters seem to be trying to tell us is that the university has been pursuing a lot of things besides knowledge lately, and as a result it has been making a hash of its traditional function.

Having spent many years around various universities, we tend to believe that what the students smell within the halls of ivy is an authentic rat. However, we are distressed by the response of the academic community itself to this "crisis in the university." The faculty seems to see itself as having only two options: to turn their classrooms into instruments of political agitation, or to defend the pristine purity of their disciplines against the corruption of political ideas in any form. But the moral and political aspects of the relationship between the university and the community, between politics and education in general, are more complicated than this. The university and its faculty have traditionally upheld certain standards of objectivity and noncommitment in their observations and judgments about the world. They have had a definite moral and political responsibility to do so. And it is this very commitment to objectivity which is now so bitterly attacked and so embarrassingly undefended on moral or political grounds.

PROFESSORS are apparently so anxious to be morally engaging, and to eliminate dry abstraction from their classes, that they are incorporating everything from group therapy to civil disobedience into the curriculum. But they miss the point. And they miss it because, like many of their students, most faculty members do not assume that "the academic life is the good life" at all. They themselves have lost sight of the true relationship between intellectual and social matters, and they themselves no longer see the relevance of the intellectual disciplines to life. This is a devastating loss, for it implies that the intellectual life is as spiritually dead as God himself, and that higher education is not merely apolitical or amoral—it is mad. For if academic economics is not about poverty, and academic criticism not about the substance of literature, what in the world are they about and why would anyone bother with them?

So the professors are madly trying to put as much "real life" as possible into their classes. But "real life" will not survive in a classroom environment; it will wither and die if not quickly transformed into abstract thought, which is the only "real" thing that can thrive and bear fruit in such a climate. The fate of "real life experience," once it gets trapped in a college bulletin, can be glimpsed in this excerpt from an innovative English course description:

> The course will confront the student with the literary work as an image. . . . The student should live with a literary image and in it for a time, and learn to talk about it meaningfully and without cant or pedantry. The course should provide a vital and dramatic experience of coming to terms with literature. In a sense it should be a course in learning to read, in the fullest sense of the term. The student should become free within the work of literature. . . .

The person who wrote this was clearly disenchanted with the academic approach to literature (which we know can be very disenchanting). But, no doubt having a family to support, he decided to say that there was some other, groovier way of teaching literature, without abstraction or rational analysis. But one cannot do away with abstraction or reason and still communicate meaningfully in a classroom, and the idealistic attempt to deny this leads to

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the garbled and muddleheaded jargon of statements like the one above, full of empty clichés and intellectualisms that betray the failure to think through one's problems clearly. The particular course described above might even be dangerous in operation. Its attempts to communicate the direct, visceral experience of art could lead to the frustration with the inadequacies of language that helped drive Billy Budd to murder.

But what is most disturbing about these proposals is not that they are doomed to fail, but that they subvert the truly exciting and morally relevant aspects of the scholarly tradition. Reason, abstraction, and moral detachment are not the sources of evil in our society. In fact, Victorian as it may sound, they are among the few useful tools we have devised for identifying and dealing with evil. Neither are they opposed to the warmer human instincts. John Stuart Mill (himself unfortunately misread and out of fashion these days) understood this when he advised the St. Andrews School boys to learn logic and political economy, as well as poetry, in spite of the general belief that the first two are "unfeeling." He said:

> For my part, the most unfeeling thing I know of is the law of gravitation: it breaks the neck of the best and most amiable person without scruples, if he forgets for a single moment to give heed to it. The winds and waves too are very unfeeling. Would you advise those who go to sea to deny . . . or make use of them?. . . My advice to you is to study [these subjects] and hold firmly by whatever in them you find true; and depend upon it that if you are not selfish or hardhearted already [they] will not make you so.

If we doubt the value of this advice for anyone whose "primary concerns are political and moral," we need only recall Mill's own character and the humane and liberal works to which he dedicated his own life.

THE point is that one need not deny or destroy the emotional or moral response to experience in the process of analyzing it. In fact, one can think of any number of cases in which a thorough analysis of a problem can lead to a fuller, more useful emotional response. Let us take an example from the dismal science. Most of us who support the idea of state-subsidized higher education do so in part because it is a way of redistributing income from rich to poor. Theoretically, we assume that those who can best afford it will be paying the most "tuition" in the form of taxes, while those who can least afford to pay will be able to send their children to college for a truly nominal fee.

We approve of this scheme because we believe in equality of opportunity regardless of family background and we want each child to be given the same educational and cultural training, insofar as this does not interfere in another democratic value, that of individual freedom. And yet in California, known for its liberal and progressive tuition-free university system, a 1964 survey reported that while 60 per cent of the system's undergraduates came from families with over $12,000 annual income, only 5 per cent were from families with less than $5,000 income. While tuition-free education seems to benefit high-income groups in disproportionately large numbers, the costs of the university system are widely shared because it is supported in most part by a state sales tax which, in percentage terms, affects all families equally.

The political rhetoric on this issue is quite simply meaningless—or should be to men of goodwill. The voter is presented with a false and simplistic choice between a reactionary anti-intellectual who simply cuts the education budget, and a "liberal," vaguely in favor of free education for all.

There is no reason why the facts of such issues should not be demanded by the public or why the public should not be educated to interpret them. But a quantitative approach to any social issue, even a financial one, is often viewed with the kind of hostility commonly expressed toward "computer analysis"; for intellectuals are often lulled to sleep with humanistic fairy tales in which the villian computer transforms the man of pure feeling to stone. Now there is no doubt that computer analysis can be an expensive and pointless academic game. But for those of us with serious social concerns, a more subtle view of computers, statistics, and numbers themselves might be more useful.

For example, the public animosity toward Robert McNamara was based on a naïve and inflated image of him as an omnipotent master of men and machines. But what was really frightening about Secretary McNamara's manipulation of facts and figures before Congress was not his transformation of human lives into bits of data, but the fact that the Congressmen were apparently unable to judge whether his conclusions were valid or invalid; or worse, whether the questions he answered should ever have been asked. Moral outrage has always been easy to incite. What is difficult, tedious, but increasingly important, is to teach people to make careful and accurate distinctions between the cops and the robbers, and then to know enough about thievery to be able to catch a thief.

We would not wish to be misinterpreted as making too strong a claim for human reason. We are well aware of the dark forces of irrationality affecting our lives from within and without, even as we are writing. But we *are* writing—all of us *do* read, write, think, and vote; and if we are not always wholly rational when we do these things, it is not for lack of trying. There are people of course who truly prefer what Keats called "a life of Sensation rather than of Thought." But it is the paradox of such discussions as this one (as Keats well knew) that these people will never tell us their side of the argument because they do not argue. All of us who do argue, however, are united on the side of reason, whether we like it or not, and no matter how embarrassing our teams' losses may become, we are always disingenuous when we pretend otherwise. For no matter how profound our anguish and compassion for the poor, there is no meaningful way of dealing with the problem of poverty which does not at some point become a method of manipulating symbols.

"Reason, abstraction, and moral detachment . . . are among the few useful tools we have devised for identifying and dealing with evil."

And this is as true of esthetic problems as of social ones. For, as a well known critic recently pointed out (after all these centuries of confusion), it is not "literature" that we teach, but a more or less conscious, more or less coherent, method of literary criticism, which is knowledge *about* literature in the same sense that physics is knowledge about nature. That is, the direct experience of literature is as inescapably real as the direct experience of sunlight, and as unteachable. For literature is not a direct imitation of or comment upon life. If it were, it would deserve the suspicion it arouses in pragmatic hearts; for it is clumsy and inaccurate as imitation and commonplace, when not hopelessly obscure, as philosophy.

The real reason we study literature is that we suspect that it is life that imitates art; that is, that literature may provide us with myths and metaphors which we learn to impose on the chaos of events to endow them with human significance. If it is so, then the study of literature should be an inquiry into workings of the poetic and myth-making faculties, as revealed in the structural and thematic elements, formal rules and strategies, that distinguish strictly imaginative literature from expository prose.

This question of what is teachable and what is worth teaching should be at the heart of all discussions of education, but instead we still have tiresome and mis-

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FAREWELL TO THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

—*Sinderbrand (Solebury School).*

At Solebury School's commencement, Class Speaker John W. Thornton (second from right) sits with classmates before delivering the senior address.

By STEPHEN DAVENPORT, *head of the English department, Kingswood School, West Hartford, Connecticut.*

IF, in one of those fantasy games that coaches dream up at night over beer, Weaver Public High School in Hartford, Connecticut, were to play football against little Solebury School, a private co-ed boarding school in elegant Bucks County, Pennsylvania, the score would probably be at least 100 to 0, in favor of Weaver. So when Robert, a Negro youth from the slums, who had starred in football and basketball at Weaver, first showed up at Solebury, he caused a lot of excitement.

True, to some of the students' parents and to some of the friends of this school which costs up to $3,000 a year to attend, hearing of Robert's arrival must have been like hearing that the Negro waiter at the yacht club had removed his white jacket and donned the commodore's hat. Not so with most of those associated with the school, certainly not the students and faculty. They had already made Robert into a hero, and they were already tasting victory. But Robert wasn't having any. "I came here to study," he said, "not to horse around with a football." Right away Robert had brought some poison into the ivy.

He proved that he meant what he said. Week after week, while the football team labored through a mediocre season and everybody grew more resentful, Robert holed himself up all afternoon in a classroom and studied. He would emerge occasionally to play a little touch football with the non-athletes—in the uncharitable parlance of the prep schooler, they are called "spastics" or "hotdogs"—and he would be seen casually throwing a football about twice as far as the starting quarterback could throw it.

"It drove me crazy," said William Berkeley, the then football coach. "I found myself in the weird position of wanting to persuade one of the few really hungry students I had known to study less and play more." And Robert wasn't even nice about it. He carried a chip on his shoulder that made it clear he was not in love with the white middle class and was too poor to have time for their foolish games. One expects students whose fathers pay the full freight to do a little rebelling, "but someone who gets a free ride," said Berkeley, "someone you've stuck your neck out for, he's supposed to be grateful." What the school was going to have to learn was that if it sincerely wished to open its doors to the black underprivileged, it could not expect that every one of them would choose to make himself over into a "nice" "white" Negro with the same ideas and the same button-down shirts as everybody else.

Eventually the school came through. Anger and resentment turned slowly to grudging respect for this bitter young man who refused to take the easy way of making the difficult adjustment by pretending to be something he wasn't. Gradually, Robert brought his grades up from the Cs and Ds he had earned in Weaver's vocational track to As and Bs in Solebury's college prep courses. He graduated second in his class and went on to a fine career at Hamilton College.

THERE is a private school image, in which the "Roberts" of the world are more and more visible, that is comprised of ivy-covered buildings, hoary traditions, and a kind of refined Anglo-Saxon rah-rah spirit that looks down its nose at high school students at the same time it envies them for not having to wear coats and ties to classes and not having to study so hard. At many schools the atmosphere is still British, in imitation of the famous boarding schools of England. Grade levels are still called "forms" as in a Dickens novel (the senior year of high school is the sixth form, the seventh grade is, for some arcane reason, the first.) Post-game get-togethers between opposing athletic teams are called teas, even though tea is virtually never served and no one would drink it if it were. Huge athletes' hands grip dainty, crustless sandwiches while faculty wives serving as hostesses insure decorum.

It used to be that one could very easily recognize a "preppy." At school he wore grey flannel trousers and a blue blazer with the school crest, complete with Latin motto emblazoned on the breast pocket—like the inscription on a medieval knight's shield. Every night during vacations at home, he would be in his tuxedo (which he would call a dinner jacket, just as he would refer to Yale as New Haven, Harvard as Cam-

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bridge) making up for lost time at a dance where the girls were invariably debutantes. Whatever he wore and wherever he spent his vacation, the preppy was almost invariably white, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant. And invariably rich. He went on to an Eastern college, preferably Yale, Harvard, or Princeton, where he tended to stick with his own kind who, until recently, outnumbered the public school graduates.

Now, however, pedigree cuts less ice than academic qualifications and the desire on the part of many independent schoolmen to serve where they are needed. To some persons—such as the dowager who complained to the new headmaster of a once very fancy school (where the faculty used to wear academic gowns) that there weren't enough "old New England names" on the school list anymore—the trend is a sign of a crumbling world. To most independent school people, however, it is a very good sign—and just the beginning.

Nevertheless, it would be fatuous to claim that the independent school is truly integrated. Some schools have yet to open their doors to blacks; others are gradually moving from serving a small number of wealthy middle-class Negroes to accepting a greater number, including the poverty-stricken.

There are a few schools—such as Exeter, Andover, and Mt. Hermon, among others—that take a quiet pride in having welcomed Negroes for years, but for most schools the decision to admit Negroes was a decisive change in policy, a wrench with the past and a desertion from everything the school had once stood for. For instance, at Pomfret School, a boys' boarding school in Pomfret, Connecticut, the transition was as difficult as anywhere. About twelve years ago I attended a Pomfret alumni meeting, held at an elegant New York City university club. There must have been about 200 alumni and their well-dressed wives present. The headmaster was making one of those state-of-the-union type speeches heads of institutions make, and in it he tried to range over the outlook for the next ten years. Somewhere buried in his remarks about the necessity of changing to keep up with the times was a statement (which he read very fast) about Pomfret's someday considering the acceptance of Negroes. His statement did not go unnoticed.

As soon as he was finished, one alumnus stood and made it clear that he did not like the idea of his old school "opening the gates." The crisis came when this man asked for a show of hands to determine the number who favored the proposal. Somehow this incredibly gauche idea was accepted and the count was made. The tension was awesome. The faces of the trustees, sitting like patriarchs around the head table in their blue suits, were of stone. The vote turned out to be a draw, an amazing occurrence given the large number of people. What fascinated me was observing my classmates, six years out of Pomfret, while they voted. No one had changed. I sat there remembering a certain history course we had shared in which the very able instructor had often proposed the concept that it was absurd that schools like Pomfret did not admit Negroes. There had been some violent argument. Now six years later, the same people who had been horrified by the idea were registering their unchanged views by raising their hands in this macabre vote. I was glad that the instructor wasn't there to discover how little his humane ideas had "taken." He would have been disappointed but not surprised.

But if the instructor were to return to Pomfret today, he would see many black faces along the walks, in the pews of the gothic chapel, in the classrooms, and under the football helmets. As for the alumni, the vote would no longer be a draw. The major portion of Pomfret's alumni support the school's present programs in the only way that really counts—by contributing their money.

IF it was tough to break down the racial barriers in independent schools, it was just as tough to find Negro candidates for the schools once the barriers were down. Any schoolman that tells you that his school would accept Negroes if only they would apply is either naïve or hypocritical. Few parents of any race are going to take the chance of exposing their children to unnecessary rejection. And since poverty and race are so closely related in this country, schools must more often than not find a means for compensatory education as well as scholarship funds for Negro candidates.

But it often develops that a tougher problem is the adjustment the Negro student must make once he is in. Very roughly speaking, the Negro students attending independent schools fall into three categories. There is the middle-class Negro for whom there is not a great adjustment problem because he shares essentially the same goals and attitudes as his white classmates. There is the underprivileged Negro from the rural slum or city ghetto whose adjustment problem is often intense because his attitude, speech, dress—his entire life style—tends to be strikingly different from that of the traditional prep schooler. And there is the Negro who participates in special summer programs designed to make up for the cultural deprivation of poverty, and his adjustment, though still tough, is eased by the fact that he is in a program designed exclusively for his needs.

All of these youngsters, if they are not as strong as Robert was, can be forced into a role that is not naturally their own. The number of Negro students in a given school has a lot to do with this problem. When there are only one or two, there is a tendency for them to feel pressure to become "white" like the rest of the school. When there are six or seven, there is sometimes a tendency to stick together as the black group. When there is a greater number, there usually is no pressure either to fit in or to relate exclusively with one another. They can play whatever role comes naturally—from middle-class to somewhere in-between, to black militant, even to revolutionary.

Sometimes an equally difficult problem, however, as in Robert's case at Solebury, is the adjustment the rest of the school must make to the Negro student. Even though a school might conclude that it must initiate the sub-culture Negro into *its* tribal rituals in order to give him the means of success in the white-dominated world, it must learn not to look down its nose; it must do at least as much of the adjusting as it expects from the boy or girl it has admitted from the ghetto. Failure to do this can cause much grief.

Not long ago at one of New England's most prestigious boarding schools, there was a co-ed ice-skating party to which were invited some of the Negro girls, for whom ice-skating held no charms at all. The situation obviously called for some understanding and tact on the part of the chaperone, who happened to be a very unpopular teacher. Predictably, the girls soon left the rink and retired to a

"There is virtually no social problem *within* the student body."

—Clemens Kalischer

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"I Am the New Black"

—*The Pean (Phillips Exeter Academy).*

Thee Smith speaking at a meeting of the student body at Exeter.

FIRST OF ALL, you should realize that you are white, and that I am black. . . . By and large, when I say that I am black, you picture one of two types of black men. But I refuse to be either; and if you listen as if I were one of them, you will never realize who and what I actually represent, and you will leave this place just as your fathers left it.

I am the New Black. I will neither babble about how much I love Jesus, nor entertain you with sparkling racial comedy. I will not eat with my fingers nor go out of my way to sit down at a dining hall table with you. I will not flunk out of this place, but neither will I participate in the childish fanaticism of raving with you about your math test, or your Phy Sci lab, or your grade in English. I want neither to be your enemy, nor your friend. I don't want your love, or your pity, or your guilt, or your fear. I demand only that you respect me. . . .

I, the New Black, am not exactly sure why I am here. . . . Last year I *did* know, without being told. Last year I was to eventually become a responsible American citizen. I felt that an investment had been made in me—not merely by this school but by your whole society—to provide a "safe," well-balanced, and responsible leadership for the black revolution. . . .

The fact that I once accepted your definition of my role as a black nauseates me. I see in your definition, and in my agreement, a continuation of what blacks in this country have been trying to do since the Civil War; a continuation of the efforts to teach blacks how to act "white," and at the same time teach them to deny the legitimacy of their own culture.

As the New Black, I shall not tolerate the teaching of other blacks to be industrious, puritanical, and relatively unemotional—as you are; for I feel that we, as human beings, have much more to lose by becoming white than by remaining true to ourselves, true to our culture, and true to our blackness. . . .

The problem, again, is you people. Our minority black middle class *is* willing and ready to prostitute itself before you, and you still cannot see *your* sickness inside them. The problem *is* racial. All men are *not* born equal. White *is* right. In a riot, *all* blacks are suspected of theft, and rape, and murder. . . .

I, the New Black, acknowledge my blackness, and the improbability of my ever becoming respected in your society by getting white. I, the New Black, not only accept but agree with your classification of all of us, regardless of class, as blacks. We have our blackness in common and we are united by your definition of what blacks in America are. . . . I am a black first, and an American when I can afford to be.

I am at Exeter, not to be like you, nor to prepare myself to enter your society as a Roy Wilkins or a James Meredith. This school's efforts to prepare me for that type of role in tomorrow's world are futile. That role no longer offers effective leadership for change, because it is based on the theory that a black leader should strive for assimilation of the black masses. Assimilation is no longer the solution, though. Civil rights, as a movement, is dying. My most effective role in tomorrow's society will be to lead the advancement of Black Power; and I, the New Black, dedicate my life to that role. . . .

We are at Exeter to obtain knowledge of ourselves, and when we become leaders, we will derive our strength not from your friendship, or your brains, or your money, but from ourselves. —THEE SMITH.

This article is excerpted from a speech made by the author last spring when he was a junior at Phillips Exeter Academy. This fall, by-passing his senior year, he entered the freshman class at Columbia University.

nearby building where the party was to continue after the skating. They put some soul music on the phonograph and started to dance with each other. It doesn't take much imagination to figure out how a rigidly old-fashioned New England teacher steeped in boarding school tradition would react to 1) soul music, 2) the particular kind of dancing that was going on, 3) the fact that the girls were dancing with one another. The teacher strongly suggested that some other kind of records be played. One of the girls countered with very specific directions as to where the records could be put, and the situation was now out of hand.

The cliché that the only racial barrier is skin color was dissolved, and if the school learned anything from the experience, it was that not only was it silly to expect that these girls would choose to turn "white" on the spot, but that also they were contemptuous of the kind of hypocrisy most white students find necessary in the face of authority. For the only thing this girl said in her own defense when the outraged chaperone took her to the dean was that she had told the chaperone to her face what all the white girls had been saying behind her back.

The problem runs deeper than superficial social relationships. There is the philosophic clash between the white schoolman who believes in integration and his black student who believes in the separation, or at least the hostility, inherent in the concept of black power. The only thing such a teacher can do is stick rigidly to his own code of academic freedom and allow the student to speak his opinion. But it is hard for the teacher who is dedicated to proving that there is no difference between black and white not to feel let down when the Negro student he has "befriended" tries to prove that there is a difference.

I confess to experiencing the same feeling when I went to Pomfret and talked to five Negro boys who expressed distrust and contempt for some of their white schoolmates. I knew full well that when the white man finally gets around to allowing the Negro a good education, he wins the Negro's contempt as often as he wins his gratitude for the simple reason that in that good education is included the full history of white injustice to black. Nevertheless, I approached the interview with the naïve expectation that these boys would be grateful and trusting, an expectation that was soon destroyed when I realized how unforgiving their logical accusation of the white man caused them to be, and how absurd it must have seemed to them that their presence at a private school was noteworthy enough to rate an article. But I could not get over my memory of the Pomfret *I* had attended—a school

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that would not even have considered including anyone remotely like them—and so it took me a little while to get over the shock of their "ingratitude," and, more important, to realize how difficult a thing Pomfret had accomplished in reaching the point where a Negro did not have to be subservient in order to operate as a member of the student body.

The Negro student whose attitudes and goals are similar to those of his white colleagues is, generally speaking, comfortable in the independent school. At Westminster School, a boarding school in Simsbury, Connecticut, which has been a leader in the acceptance of Negroes, **the headmaster, Francis** Keyes, has found that secondary school students quite naturally accept black students on face value. At Kingswood School, a day school in West Hartford, Connecticut, the situation is the same. Boys who are good athletes are respected for that ability; good scholars are respected for their brains and achievements. A bum is a bum, whatever color. In short, there is virtually no social problem *within* the student body.

Outside of the same schools, however, it is different. In day schools, Negroes whose close friends are white are seen in segregated groups as they arrive and depart from school. Whatever they achieve in integrated school-going is canceled as they go home to de facto segregation, and the same contrast exists less often but more strikingly on vacations from boarding school. The contrast can be seen in the experience of a Westminster Negro student who, after a successful and happy career at Westminster, turned down acceptances at good Northern colleges to go to an all-Negro college in the South because he wanted to make contacts with successful people of his own race. What he was demonstrating, in spite of his successful biracial experience with teen-agers, was a distrust of the concept of a biracial career out in the "real" and adult world.

To Keyes, who had been very close to this student, this decision was a real disappointment, a sign of defeat, and it is ironic that the student very likely had based his distrust on what he had learned in his history and literature classes at Westminster. But Keyes discovered that no simple conclusions can be drawn after he received a $50 alumni contribution from the former student. It must have been one of the largest single gifts from that class. For a college freshman, $50 is a tremendous sacrifice, a real sign of loyalty.

Keyes, like many others, has discovered that independent schoolmen have a lot to learn about providing guidance to Negroes, especially helping a student choose an appropriate college. Keyes advised one of his Negro students to go to Lawrence College in Appleton, Wisconsin. Here the boy was accepted fairly well by the predominantly white student body, but he got a really bad time from the townspeople. It was a bit too much to take, and though he was doing well both as scholar and athlete, he returned home and entered City College in New York. The whole thing was a mistake on Westminster's part, made simply because Westminster did not know enough about racial relations in Appleton, Wisconsin. But this story also has an unexpected ending. The former student is now working for an organization that encourages ghetto youths to continue their education. Recently, in connection with this volunteer work, he made a speech from the same platform as the late Martin Luther King. Shortly afterward, in a letter to Keyes, this youth mentioned that speech as one of the two biggest moments in his life, the other being "the day you handed me my diploma from Westminster."

The presence of a Negro of whatever attitude or persuasion in the classroom, as opposed to the gym, dormitory, or outside world, has its own special results. It is one thing for a teacher of liberal persuasions that have never really been tested to expound righteously on race relations to an all-white class. It is another thing to do so when there are one or more Negroes eyeing you to see what you are going to say. Suddenly the discussion becomes something more than a mere academic exercise on a very vague and unrelated topic.

A literature class studying an author like Faulkner whose works deal with such subjects as miscegenation, and in whose diction the word "nigger" appears on almost every page, can be a real test of everybody's cool. Some teachers, simply because they are embarrassed, or because they do not want to embarrass their Negro students, avoid the issue altogether, and thus serve up a watered-down view which intelligent students greet with contempt. But more and more teachers are taking the issues head on and calling on their Negro students to provide their classes with their own first-hand experiences. The result is very often a better understanding of the complexity of our racial problems, and frequently among the white students a keener dissatisfaction with the way things are.

THE independent school teacher has a lot to learn about meeting the needs of the underprivileged. Usually a liberal, often worried by a kind of generalized white man's guilt, and desperate to demonstrate his good will toward Negroes, he frequently rests his whole teaching stance on an uneasy base, in a situation where firmness of approach is needed for disciplinary reasons alone. Moreover it is often very difficult for him to conceive of the kind of life that has been led by the students he is suddenly supposed to communicate with. He cannot assume, for instance, that his students have any conception of a long-range goal, of success as a possibility—both key assumptions in all the teaching he has done in his regular prep school work. Though all his liberal philosophy and good will shrink from it, he is nevertheless confronted with the fact that he is teaching foreigners, in a sense—a sense that becomes particularly clear when he realizes how different his language is

(*Continued on page* 80)

—*Richard D. Garber (Phillips Academy, Andover).*

"It is one thing for a teacher to expound righteously on race relations to an all-white class. It is another thing to do so when there are one or more Negroes eyeing you to see what you are going to say."

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Schools Make News

The Year of the Student Begins

STUDENTS AT COLLEGES and universities across the country gained a new role in institutional governance this fall. Partly in efforts to head off threatened crises, and partly in recognition that today's student is more demanding and more sophisticated than even the generation of four years ago, administrators have sought various ways of expanding student participation in decision-making at different levels. Many colleges, such as Sarah Lawrence, are still in the talking stages, but the discussions are concrete and in earnest.

At the University of Kansas a student-faculty committee, working all summer, drew up a plan for a new University Senate and Senate Council committee that would give students a "new voice in Academic Procedures and Policies, Organization and Administration, and Fiscal Affairs."

Stanford University students are now eligible to serve as voting members on Academic Council committees and can attend meetings of the Academic Senate when their committees' reports are discussed. Student members who disagree with committee recommendations can circulate written statements explaining their dissent and discuss these statements on the Senate floor.

At Stanford, too, a committee of the American Association of University Professors recommended that students, faculty, and staff have "direct, formal means" for communicating with the Stanford Board of Trustees, and that students, faculty, and alumni should have a role in selecting future university presidents.

These steps helped to relax the high tension created last month when the trustees announced, without consultation with faculty or students, the appointment of Kenneth S. Pitzer as Stanford's new president. Student body president Denis Hayes, while offering reluctant support for Pitzer, warned that Stanford has "a potential for a serious occurrence which would dwarf . . . Columbia."

Meanwhile at Columbia, numerous gestures and proposals seem to have de-fused the situation for the moment. President Grayson Kirk's resignation is still the most striking change. Acting president Andrew Cordier, through his frequent attempts to communicate with the students, has created a wait-and-see atmosphere on campus. The new dean of Columbia College, Carl F. Hovde, is the first dean selected by the faculty, and he is popular among the students.

Suspensions were lifted from a majority of last spring's demonstrators and the university has moved, so far unsuccessfully, to drop court charges against students charged with simply trespassing. Both "radicals" and "moderates" among the students denounced these efforts as "half-measures" intended "to divide the movement."

More important, perhaps, was an interim report by a trustee committee recommending a greater decision-making role for students and faculty, but not offering specific proposals. The faculty Executive Committee proposed creating a University Senate comprised of junior and senior faculty members and students, plus a few administrators and alumni. The plan is expected to receive public hearings in the next few weeks. More concretely, the Joint Committee on Disciplinary Affairs (consisting of seven students, seven faculty members, and three administrators) presented a new set of rules governing campus protests. The rules abolish the controversial bans on indoor demonstrations and amplifying equipment, lay down strict disciplinary action for those who disrupt university procedures, and clearly provide for due process for students accused of violations.

The tally is not all in; the Students for a Restructured University have not submitted their report, and tension and distrust still run high. But professors on campus say that real progress has been achieved within the separate departments, which they claim form the heart of the university.

Student-Initiated Seminar System

A SMALL GROUP of students at Princeton University, discontented with the regular curriculum, launched a new system of student-initiated seminars—courses conceived and designed by students, and offered for full credit. Begun tentatively a year ago, with one course, the seminar system offers five courses this fall, including Black American Writers and The University Ideal.

Although a faculty member must act as titular head of the seminar, the students decide what books to read, what topics to discuss, when to meet, and how to grade. Classes are open to the public—friends of participants and interested students are welcome to join class discussions. Professors from various departments may be invited to contribute. One course, Psychology and Society, brought in a law professor, a physician, a NASA behavioral science advisor, an expert on rhetoric, and a student of Buddhism. —LEWIS ANDREWS AND MARVIN KARLINS.

Mr. Andrews was responsible for creating, during his senior year at Princeton, the Student-Initiated Seminar System. Mr. Karlins was the faculty member for the first two of these seminars.

Cities Sue for Aid

THE CURRENT SCHEME of financing the public schools of California violates the equal-protection guarantees of federal and state constitutions, charges a suit against the state and local school and tax officials. The suit declares that the present financing system reinforces the differences among school districts and makes the quality of a child's education dependent on the accident of the school district where he happens to reside.

Filed by the Western Center on Law and Property (a consortium of legal service programs and university law schools in Southern California) on behalf of more than two dozen plaintiffs in several Los Angeles county school districts, the suit attacks the state financing system for strengthening racial imbalance among school districts as well as for failing to eliminate financial differences.

The suit is similar to cases brought by Detroit and Chicago against Michigan and Illinois, where state grants also fail to ease the imbalance between wealthy suburbs and needy cities.

Newark—Case Study

THE SCHOOLS of Newark, New Jersey, are "in an advanced state of decay," according to the Governor's Select Commission on Civil Disorders. A few of the statistics: Most schools are more than 50 years old, many more than a century. There are 10,000 more pupils than there are places. Ninety-one out of every 100 Newark children in the sixth grade cannot read adequately. The situation is so bad that the Commission recommended last February that the state take over the school system. The state declined the honor.

Furthermore, a report this summer by a team of educators from Rutgers Uni-

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versity charges that the teachers are often inept and anti-intellectual and the administrators irresponsible. The teachers, who have referred to the schools as "hell-holes," are almost invariably unprepared for work in inner-city classrooms. Indeed, none of the state colleges, which train most Newark teachers, offers a single course in urban education. Montclair and Newark state colleges, however, have each drawn up programs, awaiting federal funds, to reorient their curricula toward urban education and to train community residents for teaching positions.

This fall, Newark finally got state money to launch a major construction program of twenty-five new schools or additions to present buildings. But a scant week later, the state legislature, overriding the Governor's veto, passed a school and local-aid bill deliberately favoring the wealthy suburbs over the cities.

New Media for an Old Mission

IN A MULTI-MEDIA WORLD, "print-oriented" places like libraries are gradually losing a constitutency. Most major city library systems show a decline in circulation over the last four years. According to a recent study of libraries in seven Maryland counties, if students forced to use libraries for required assignments and well educated adults ever stopped using libraries, the buildings would be all but empty.

Are libraries simply storehouses of the world's knowledge, or are they also community agencies—"a university for the people," as Andrew Carnegie long ago suggested? One library, at least, has opted for the latter mission. High John Library in Fairmont Heights in Maryland offers not only books, but television, films, drama groups, crazy buttons, and psychedelic posters. Operated as an experiment by the University of Maryland's School of Library and Information Services, and financed mainly by the U.S. Office of Education, High John aims to attract teen-agers, dropouts, and people of all ages from disadvantaged areas. It is not only a library but a recreational and social center.

In one room, a group of youngsters can film themselves with a television camera and play back the videotape on a TV monitor. In another room a young woman sings and tells stories to a group of small children. A wire bookrack holds paperbacks popular among teen-agers.

"We think the purpose of a library is first of all to communicate," declares Professor Richard B. Moses, director of the experiment. "Why shouldn't libraries be teeming with people, like the people here who we hope are beginning to realize there is a whole marvelous world beyond Fairmont Heights?"

Federal City Gets a College

BILLED AS THE FIRST public college in Washington, D.C., and the first new land-grant institution in fifty years, Federal City College opened its unfinished classrooms at temporary quarters in the heart of Washington to its first class of freshman.

Even the curriculum is unfinished, with only the first quarter clearly designed. This, however, is deliberate, according to college officials, since the courses are to be built largely on feedback from the students. Inevitably the emphasis will be urban and, in downtown Washington, black.

The students, selected by lottery (since the open admissions policy makes eligible all D.C. residents with high school diplomas), were older than most freshmen—the median age was 20. Many have worked a couple of years after high school; about a quarter are married. Most would never have attended college if this one hadn't opened in the district.

Although the school is a four-year college, it will offer courses which can be completed in two years, ending in an Associate of Arts degree.

New Image for Ghetto Teachers

TEACHERS IN GHETTO SCHOOLS are, on the whole, well educated and experienced, enjoy their work, believe in the quality of their schools and colleagues, and are on good terms with both parents and students.

This surprising portrait—so contrary to the unhappy, inexperienced image commonly portrayed—was drawn from a supplementary report done for the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. The Commission was responsible for the Kerner report attacking "white racism" in American society.

The study also found that most ghetto teachers believe parents are a positive influence supporting the teachers and the schools. Pupils are another matter, however. While "85 per cent said it was not true that pupils in their school were uneducable," the report stated, "on the other hand the teachers . . . could not agree that their students were as educable as they should be," and they blamed the children's learning difficulties on the community, not the schools.

Notes

THE NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE has elected three students to its board of directors, to help primarily with projects organizing slum residents for political and social activity. . . .

The Carnegie Commission on Higher Education called for the federal government to double its annual contribution to higher education. The Commission suggested that a million needy students be sent to college at Uncle Sam's expense, on a kind of non-military G.I. bill. . . . A group of Cleveland executives is urging corporations to pledge 1 per cent of their net income, before taxes, to colleges of their choice. The group, called the Corporate 1% Program, has been successful for a number of years in Cleveland and now plans a nationwide campaign. . . .

The House voted a national commission on Negro history and culture to determine "how best Negro heritage and Negro contributions to American society can be integrated into American life." . . . The Ford Foundation launched a program of Doctoral Fellowships for Black Students, designed to help more young Negro men and women become college teachers. Present college-teacher fellowship programs that operate on a "color-blind" basis do not assist enough black students, the Foundation said. . . .

The Washington, D.C., school board committed itself to the principle of community control of the schools and granted substantial new powers to the Morgan Community School Board and to the residents of Anacostia, promising that "other community units will be emerging shortly." —B. B. S.

Talmadge Kenley, a junior at Benedict College (left), and Barbara Burton, a junior at Northwestern University, are student leaders elected to the Urban League's board of directors. Charles Hamilton, a senior at Harvard, is the third student.

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Voices in the Classroom

Wallace Roberts

The Community as Teacher

UNDER THE SHADOW of the Brooklyn Bridge on Manhattan's Lower East Side is a tiny storefront office of The Teachers, Inc., a private, non-profit organization that is using the community to train teachers. Early last summer, Teachers, Inc., recruited forty-one alumni of the Peace Corps, VISTA, the National Teacher Corps, and similar unorthodox programs. It brought them together for ten-week sessions during the summer to train them to teach in ghetto schools in the Two Bridges Model School District on the Lower East Side, the IS 201 Demonstration District in Harlem, and in the Westbury, Long Island, schools.

During the summer training sessions, Teachers, Inc., recruits lived with families in the community in which they were to work in the fall. The trainees also participated regularly in community affairs and worked with local anti-poverty agencies and similar groups. They met twice weekly in seminars of ten to twelve with community consultants and discussion leaders, read books on community problems, discussed living experiences, and, in general, attempted as a group to understand the inner city's style of life.

Workshops were set up and aimed at providing the means for improving the academic achievement levels of the children in the community. One type of workshop was organized by subject areas to explore the community as a teaching resource and learning environment for children, and to study the most effective curricula. Another type of workshop brought the children into Teachers, Inc., offices and used them in "mini-schools" in which the trainees taught trial lessons they had developed, and picked up the techniques of classroom organization and control.

The trainees are now teaching in the public schools (the two Manhattan groups taught while the city's teacher strike was in effect), but their training, unlike that usually given for first-year teachers, will continue throughout the year as they meet with consultants to work out problems of curriculum and methods for finding and using effective and creative teaching methods.

Obviously, it is no accident that The Teachers, Inc., projects are operating in two of New York's decentralized demonstration districts—in ghettos where failure has always been the child's, not the schools'. The governing boards of these districts, therefore, want teachers with different attitudes who will be responsive to the needs of the community. By the same token, Teachers, Inc., recruits are highly motivated people—the kind who have always been turned off by the thought of teaching in a public school with its stifling atmosphere—who want the freedom from state and city regulations and bureaucratic procedures to respond to the needs of the community with effective creativity.

The Teachers, Inc., is a somewhat hesitant and certainly small-scale attempt to deal with the responsibility of teacher attitudes for the failures of the inner-city schools. William H. Boyer's and Paul Walsh's article, "Are Children Born Unequal?" (see p. 61), describes the lack of evidence for the assumption on which our public schools rest, that children are born with unequal intellectual capacities. One of the dangers to which this unsupported assumption leads is the self-fulfilling prophecy that poor children are intellectually inferior. In their book, *Pygmalion in the Classroom* (see p. 62), Robert Rosenthal and Lenore F. Jacobsen contend that Title I and similar programs aimed at changing the "disadvantaged" child directly may be a less effective way of dealing with the failure of the ghetto schools than efforts to change teacher attitudes.

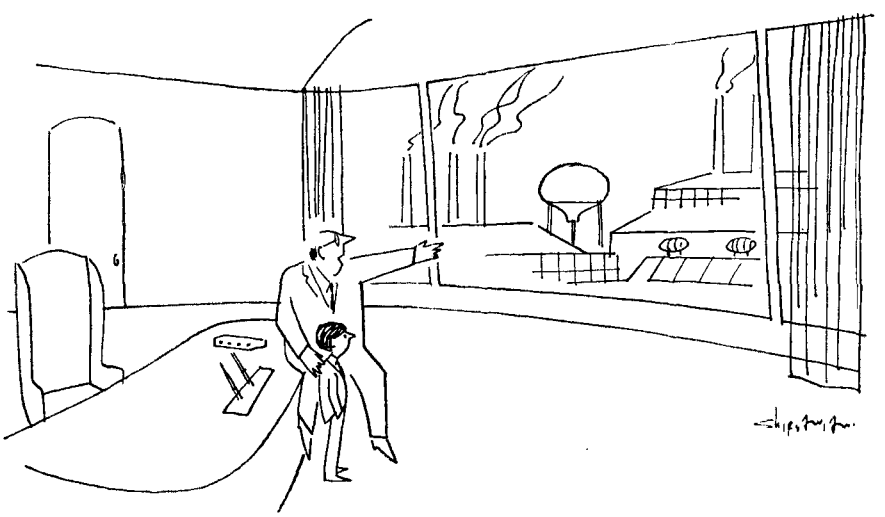
In their experiment, Rosenthal and Jacobsen produced startling improvements in IQ scores without doing anything directly for the children, such as giving them tutoring or remedial programs. All that was done was to tell the teachers that they could expect certain children to "bloom" during the school year. The teachers did the rest. Without formal changes in their teaching methods, they somehow actually produced the changes in learning that they had been told to expect.

The importance of teacher attitudes to the education of poor children was also stressed several weeks ago by Dr. John H. Fischer, president of Teachers College at Columbia, who, in a statement favoring "radical" decentralization of schools, emphasized the section of the Coleman Report which gives strong evidence to show that students who have a sense of control over their own destiny do better in school than those who are convinced that their own actions have little to do with what happens to them.

As Dr. Fischer put it, "Coleman has only documented what good teachers everywhere know—that a good school is one where children know they are welcome and respected, where every day they experience some measure of success, and where they are constantly reminded that what they do really makes a difference. We must make up our minds, not after another investigation and ten more pilot projects with acronymic titles, but now, to create more schools like them in every city."

The Teachers, Inc., is a way of bringing into the public schools teachers who, because of their nature, are empathic, and who, because of their unique training, can respond to the special needs of a community. But there is the other problem of dealing with the teachers who are already in the system who do not possess these advantages.

If, as a former Senator from Arizona once noted, you can't legislate love, then neither can you regulate it in teacher-certification requirements. But it seems that if the mounting evidence on teacher attitudes is correct, the solution to the problem of the education of poor children may be both simpler and more difficult than we thought.



"Some day, son, you'll probably reject all this."

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The Editor's Bookshelf

Paul Woodring

Where the Power Lies

"Power" is the big word today. If people are frightened by it, it may be because the demands for Black Power, student power, and many other varieties often seem to be for power in the absolute sense rather than for influence, or participation in policymaking through democratic procedures. There can never be enough absolute power to satisfy all those who hunger for it—what one group gains, another loses.

The essence of democracy is a sharing of power among the governed, or the groups that represent them. The American educational system provides an excellent example of shared power with a continuous shifting of relative influence as inequalities become apparent. The most notable feature of the recent "academic revolution" has been a transfer of power in the universities from administrators and governing boards to faculties, but now faculty power is being challenged by students who—because they have less to lose—are more willing than professors to resort to revolutionary tactics to get what they want.

In the public schools, teachers, after a long period of docility, have begun to make their influence felt. Those in the National Education Association want more power at the expense of administrators who have threatened to withdraw from that organization if their own power is too severely circumscribed. But the American Federation of Teachers wants more power at the expense of the NEA, as well as at the expense of administrators and school boards. Meanwhile, the school boards are fighting vigorously to retain what little authority they still have. As these battles continue, the rights and interests of children and their parents are often overlooked.

The power structure of the American educational establishment is the subject of a new book by James Koerner, *Who Controls American Education?* (Beacon Press, Boston, 224 pp., $4.95), in which he examines the role of federal, state, and local governments, national and statewide organizations of various kinds, and teachers' organizations.

Koerner challenges the popular view that the U.S. Constitution effectively restrains the federal government from exerting power over the public schools of the nation. He says:

> Congress has never really worried much about what is alleged to be the constitutional prohibition against a federal role in education. Opponents of federal aid point out that the word "education" does not even occur in the Constitution and that all matters educational are therefore "reserved to the states," as provided in the Tenth Amendment. But Congress waves off this objection, as it does many others, merely by citing the "general welfare" clause of the Constitution, which has always allowed it to legislate on questions for which specific constitutional authority does not exist.

The influence of the federal government has grown rapidly in recent years. And Koerner concludes:

> The central government has apparently decided that formal education is to be one of the chief instruments for solving all sorts of social and economic problems—poverty, hate, discrimination, unemployment, maladjustment, inequality. It has also decided that the states and local communities will have to be led, or if necessary coerced, by higher authority until they are willing and able to tackle these problems themselves.

But Koerner refuses either to endorse or to deprecate this redistribution of power.

On the subject of teachers' organizations, he is more willing to take a stand. Though the NEA enrolls half of all American teachers, no one knows what its membership might be if administrators did not exert pressure on their teachers to join. "Ask any school principal or superintendent if he forces his teachers to join the NEA and he will deny it, probably with indignation," says Koerner, but, "Ask teachers and you will often get a different response." But he adds that the AFT is not wholly innocent of coercion.

In noting differences between the two organizations, Koerner observes, "The NEA is housed in shiny new headquarters within sight of the White House," while the AFT headquarters in Chicago is "in a cramped run-down edifice . . . in sight of assorted girlie shows and tourist traps." But, "in both places one encounters a certain uneasiness at having writers and journalists around and a marked lack of candor on such subjects as memberships, budgets, lobbying activities, and internal operations."

As for the relative power of the two organizations, Koerner notes that the NEA no longer controls appointments to the U.S. Office of Education, as it once did, and that the power of the AFT is growing, particularly in the big cities. And he notes that, in its efforts to compete, the NEA is increasingly resorting to union tactics.

For such uniformity of program and standards as exists in the United States, Koerner gives much of the credit to the testing agencies—notably the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, which administers the College Boards, and the accrediting agencies. Although he expresses disapproval of machine-scored, multiple-choice tests, he sees "nothing but disaster in removing the pressures exerted on the schools by national testing organizations." As for the accrediting agencies, "collectively and often individually they can dictate educational policy." Although this power can, and often is, used to maintain quality, Koerner is convinced that the National Council for Accreditation in Teacher Education does more harm than good because of the narrowness of its policies and because it is an organization "of, by, and for the professional establishment."

Koerner gives attention to the wide differences in state support and control of the schools among the various states with particular attention to California, New York, Florida, Oregon, and Illinois. He comments on the "local board's customary failure to distinguish between fundamental policy and housekeeping details . . ." and says, "school boards typically get bogged down in trivia and leave the most important decisions to somebody else, most often the superintendent of schools."

In his concluding chapter, Koerner says, "If I could leave the reader with only one impression of this book, I would like him to take away the conviction that all of us have badly overestimated the quality and the extent of expert knowledge in education . . . the expert's knowledge is not good enough for the rest of us to leave the policy decisions to him, not nearly good enough."

Who Controls American Education? will not win many new friends for its author among professional educators and particularly not within the NEA, a fact that he probably discounted at the beginning, knowing that he has always been considered a troublesome gadfly to the establishment. But the laymen for whom the book is intended, and particularly school board members and legislators, will find it a useful guide to a complex subject. Not many of Koerner's facts are open to challenge and his opinions and judgments, though they inevitably reflect the author's convictions and biases, are more objective than many of those expressed in the official publications of the various educational organizations which have their own vested interests to defend.

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BOOK REVIEW

The Decloistered Academy

The Closed Corporation, *by James Ridgeway (Random House, 257 pp., $5.95), examines the relations (sometimes covert) of the major universities and their professors with other powerful institutions of the society, including industry, government, and the military.*

By PETER SCHRAG

THERE may still be a hermit here and there who believes that the great American universities are cloistered, philanthropic institutions in which dedicated pipe-puffing professors impart wisdom to intense, idealistic students, and in which students and professors work together in the classroom and laboratory pursuing Truth. There may even be some major universities that believe this themselves. Yet surely no one who's read a newspaper or talked to an undergraduate in the last decade still believes that the modern university has remained outside the mainstream of corporate and governmental activities, or that professors are more virtuous, when it comes to lucrative contracts and consultantships, than other men, or that the academy has been exempt from espionage, military research, and the other activities that are now considered a normal part of the business of defense.

Considering James Ridgeway's tone of shock and dismay in chronicling these activities, one is almost led to believe that he is one of the last of the innocents. In page after page he recites—with names and numbers—the complicity of universities in classified weapons research, the involvement of professors in covert lobbying activities and CIA-sponsored espionage, the interlocking relationships between corporations, universities, and government, the manipulation of stock transactions through the leverage provided by large institutional portfolios, and the imperious attitudes of universities in pushing around their urban neighbors in the pursuit of real estate advantages. Indeed, one might say that what Ridgeway describes resembles nothing so much as it does the Roman Catholic Church on the eve of the Reformation. And the way he describes it resembles nothing so much as the muckraking journalism of Lincoln Steffens and Ida Tarbell.

Ridgeway is a good reporter. If some of his material is familiar, it is because he first exposed it himself in the pages of *The New Republic*; and if he sometimes sounds like a puritan, it is nonetheless true that his chronicle of institutional iniquities includes about every vice known to man, including lust. Here is Columbia University, publicly endorsing a cigarette filter on which it hopes to make a pile; here is Cornell, making available its research data on automobile accidents to the lobbyists and lawyers of the auto industry, but not to the general public; here is the University of Chicago, jockeying the neighboring black residents out of their homes to create space for university expansion and a buffer zone for the academic inhabitants; here are individual professors concealing their industry retainers as they lobby for their employers in Washington, and other professors establishing lucrative private businesses to sell devices and ideas that they developed with public funds in university laboratories.

Ridgeway was plagued by the difficulty of getting complete and accurate information on what the university boards were doing with their money and power: Their business, though affected with public consequences, is conducted in secret. He therefore wants all university trustee meetings to be open; he proposes that the government require the publication of detailed financial reports, and he urges that university trustees be prohibited from doing business with their own institutions. University boards, he feels, should not be closed, self-perpetuating organizations: Alumni, faculty, and students should be represented. (In many institutions, the alumni already elect some members of the board.) The university, he argues, is a public institution, a beneficiary of public funds (or at least of tax exemptions), and its activities should therefore be subject to public scrutiny.

Nonetheless, even these remedies don't fully establish the theme or satisfy certain fundamental questions. Even if one assumes that some of the chronicled vices would be eliminated by full disclosure, there is no indication of what sort of behavior the scrutinizing public should expect of its institutions of higher learning. If we all know that a certain university is developing a more efficient type of napalm or that another is a faithful agent of an industry, does that make these things proper university activities? Ridgeway's proposals would probably keep trustees from engaging in outright thievery, but they would also expose institutions to demagogic temptations and pressures far more dangerous than covert stock manipulation. A great many professors of the McCarthy era owed their careers to the fact that the universities were, in some measure, closed corporations. The more public disclosure, the greater the temptation to "serve" society by pandering to its most immediate passions. The fact is simply that, for better or worse, institutions of higher learning are often required to stand against social pressure, against what is considered the immediate public interest.

The real issue is not secrecy, but power. What is the proper function of the university? To what extent is its prime service—at any time, in any situation—not to do what society asks, but to stand against the conventional wisdom? If relevance is an obligation of higher education, are there applicable standards to distinguish experiments on new hybrids of corn or on new methods of teaching from research in biochemical warfare? And if concern with urban problems is a proper university function, who will make distinctions between academic imperialism in the ghetto and legitimate professional and technical assistance to urban communities? The issue of relevance here is paramount. Not all universities are doing military research, and most professors, I assume, are not consultants to anyone. Yet this is where the prestige and emoluments generally go.

WHERE is the prestige for a man or an institution choosing to shun that version of the mainstream? Some universities have tried to make isolation or disengagement into a virtue, but most simply will not be able to survive as vital institutions if they do not engage in the life of the society. There may be outstanding scientists in America who have never taken a cent of government money, have never been industrial consultants, and have never wandered beyond the study or laboratory, but there aren't many. The problem, then, becomes one of choice—indeed of subtle choice.

At the University of Michigan, several faculty bodies have adopted a statement rejecting all secret research which aims "to destroy human life or incapacitate human beings." But what of the subtler problems of warfare: studies of defense strategy, game theory speculations about diplomacy and nuclear deterrence, or the development of techniques of psychological warfare? And if these things are not undertaken by universities, will they be done—perhaps far more callously and stupidly—by non-academic agencies and by the military itself. One of the criticisms of the Eisenhower years was that university scholarship might have averted certain domestic difficulties and foreign policy disasters (the U-2 episode, for example). We have learned since that even academics can have their Bay of Pigs, and that when it comes to engineering error, professors are as pro-

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lific as generals or politicians. Nonetheless, the question remains: what is the proper function of the academy, and who can hold it responsibly accountable?

More important – and this issue is never raised by Ridgeway—is the extent to which even the universally accepted activities of the university have become corrupted by the demands of industry and the standards of the market place. How many of the people who study or teach government, economics, mathematics, or even history are disinterested scholars concerned with fundamental questions, and how many are mere technicians serving the immediate demands of the market? To what extent have all fields become technical disciplines rather than humanistic concerns? Somewhere in his book, Ridgeway refers to the university as a service station, a phrase that Robert Hutchins first applied thirty years ago. American institutions of higher education have always played such a role, but as the market for technical skills grows, so does the social importance and power of the institutions that control them. American institutions of higher education have become the gatekeepers to what most people consider success and the good life. The more they control that gate, the more ominous they get, and the more they may be expected to throw their weight around.

WHAT Ridgeway's book touches is the problem of disestablishing American higher education. There is no effective political way of doing that from the *outside*, for any controls merely drag the universities that much deeper into some establishment or some political arena. The only method of doing it is to persuade the academic professionals to do it themselves, to have them enforce standards and ethics and restraint on their own members and institutions. If they do not, then the university will either breed its own revolt, its own reformation, its own schismatics (as in free universities, and perhaps in other arrangements), or the new world of doublethink and newspeak will settle on academia as it will on everything else.

The current student revolts—despite their excesses—are benign, and perhaps somewhat romantic, against the polite power that they are trying to challenge. Considering the outraged response to the rebels of Columbia (or Berkeley, or whatever), one can't help but conclude that most Americans either like their universities as they are, or that many of them are still hermits living in ignorance. Before anyone tries to understand "what the students want," he might inform himself about the institutions they attend. Ridgeway should have written a more thoughtful book, but for the late arrival it is not a bad place to start.

Politics and Morality

Continued from page 65

leading polemics about teaching and research, scientific detachment and moral engagement. And this, in spite of the fact that we know almost nothing about the real qualities that make for effective teaching. Even terms such as "irresponsibility" are ambiguous at best. There are, after all, all kinds of irresponsible teachers, and those who do not prepare or even show up for class are not necessarily the worst. What is really wrong with most undergraduate education is that it is boring, and even the most conscientious teacher is likely to bore his students to death with a lot of dry facts which they rightly judge useless and immediately forget.

And the popular idea of good teaching is often as smugly simplistic as that of bad. For example, good teaching is often associated with the Socratic method which draws the student into active participation in the learning process rather than making him a passive receiver of the lecturer's own conclusions. But this dichotomy is as false as the others, for what most of his modern followers tend to forget is that Socrates believed in innate ideas, and he never asked a question to which he himself did not know the objective, unique answer. He believed that there was something real beyond the chaos of subjective impressions, and he demonstrated to his students a rational method of discovering it.

Few of us worry much about innate ideas any longer. In fact, we tend to view our various methodological models as hypothetical and metaphoric, so intellectually jaded have we become. To put the matter simply, what we call truth, knowledge, or meaning is not some essential reality we discover in the external world; it is something we create ourselves, because it is contained within, and emerges out of our own process of investigation.

Once we see this, we also see the importance of the rigorous methodology Socrates employed in his dialogues. For if we know now that serendipity will not send us stumbling upon what he thought was an innate idea, then we also know that we can only understand what he was getting at by adopting his method of thinking about things. From this point of view, knowledge becomes a way of thinking rather than a thought, and it becomes clear that there is only one really useful thing a teacher can communicate—not a set of facts, or formulae, or the "true meaning" of a poem, but an intellectual method or style of apprehending the world. (We could even say, if we wanted to be cute about it, that in education the method is the message.)

If that is so, and we think for the most part it is, then it seems obvious that research is an essential part of a teacher's responsibility. He need not ever publish anything of course, but anyone who does not use the methods of his discipline regularly, or find them relevant to his own deepest interests, is not likely to maintain his ability to teach them for long.

It should be clear by now that we believe the teacher has a strong moral

responsibility to his students. On the simplest level, he must show them that what he does is meaningful and useful to them as citizens and human beings. And unless he is shamefully hypocritical and exploitative, he will be exposing his own view of the world and his own life style to their judgment in every class presentation.

We do not mean to imply that every discipline is informed by a world view or an attitude toward life which has broad moral implications. The important point is that the scholarly activity is itself informed by a clear moral attitude, that of scientific detachment and objectivity, and it is as rigorous and demanding as any other moral discipline which has proved socially valuable. It insists that one stand back from his own interests, prejudices, and desires in order to free himself from the stock responses his personality, society, and culture impose upon him. It demands that he be skeptical of received opinions and accepted values, and alert to the processes which gradually transform truth and honesty into cliché and sham.

This kind of morality does not incorporate such Christian virtues as love, tolerance, and forgiveness. But it does have one great virtue: it is not as easily perverted as the more tender-hearted varieties, and it therefore has its own place of importance in the conscience of a citizen. It may seem a bit cold-blooded, but it is not inhumane, and it is much too straightforward to produce the institutionalized evil and exploitation that smile up at us from posters and

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magazines all the time. For there is surely a subtle but grotesque inhumanity in a photograph of a Congressman smiling at a bleeding Vietnamese child, and a healthy antidote to such deepseated disingenuousness might be a public trained to see beyond rhetoric and sentimentality to a clear analysis of social problems. We might begin with defense spending in general, and then perhaps dig beneath the slogans that obscure the human aspects of such issues as urban renewal, manpower retraining, the organization of the welfare system, and the waste and oppressiveness of compulsory conscription.

Not everyone will have a stomach for this kind of morality, with its emphasis on detachment, and its eagerness to reduce the agony of Dostoevsky to matters of literary convention, and the sufferings of the unemployed to binary digits. But before one rejects it, he should be very clear about how much of human endeavor he is rejecting. Dostoevsky himself could not communicate his suffering except through the abstractions of language and the gross lies of fiction. For the immediate effect of intense suffering is to destroy all other thoughts and perceptions, and ultimately to destroy human dignity itself, as we in the twentieth century have ample reason to know. It is only those of us who survive our moments of suffering, then, who can indulge in the luxury of reading, writing, or even thinking about them. Once we admit this, we must see that moral detachment is not required only of the scientists; it is equally essential to the humanistic scholar and to the artist himself, because it is a necessary prerequisite to any intellectual activity. For one must stand back a bit from life itself in order to find meaning in it, and anyone who does not understand or appreciate the moral value of such a position would be well advised to give up not only statistics, but art itself, which is, of course, what Jean-Paul Sartre has recently done.

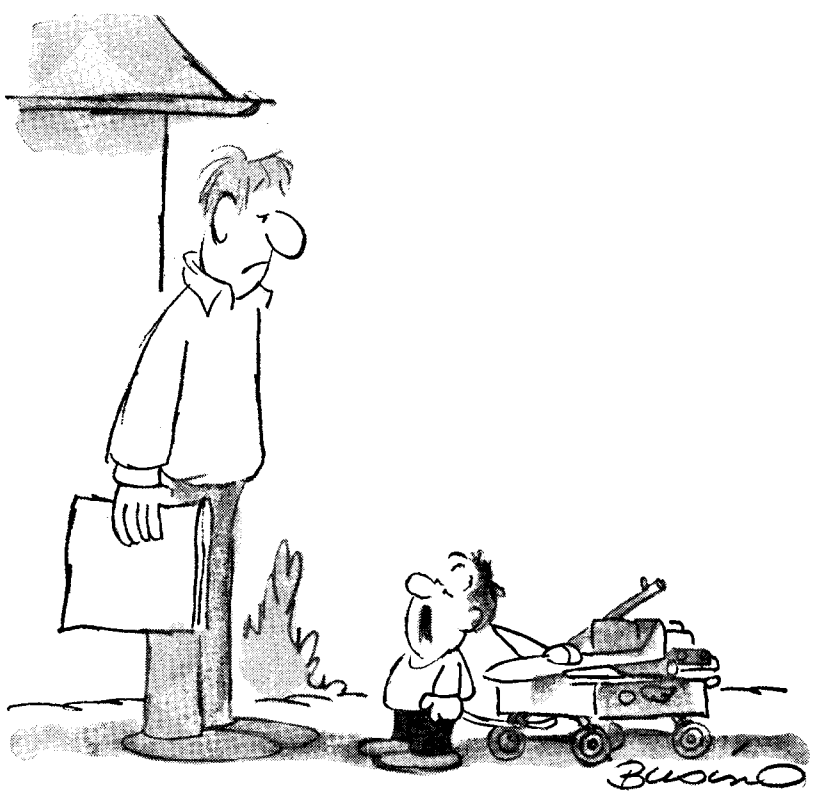
The general failure to recognize the political and moral importance of scientific detachment has, by the way, led to great confusion over the role of the social sciences. We have all seen scholarly journals full of formalistic exercises in methodology, and we would all probably agree with critics who say that the authors have carried their detachment to the point of disinterest, and are dabbling in useless trivia. But there is another, more serious criticism of American social science which says that it is not detached at all; that it is morally committed not to the truth, but to the status quo. It says that government agencies and large industries exercise great financial control over the universities and thereby influence faculty and students to learn those skills and engage in those research projects which serve the political and financial ends of the powers that be.

This is a very serious charge indeed, and it should alert every university professor to the dangers of committing himself to any set of goals or values except the truth. It is no small thing to teach students to make objective judgments about what the world is like. And if large numbers of professors are spending large amounts of time helping various agencies achieve their own desired ends, then it is surely more important than ever to maintain a hard core of truly objective scholars, to make public what their colleagues are up to, if nothing else.

WE have recently had a gratifying example of just such an activity in Noam Chomsky's article about "The Responsibility of Intellectuals." In it Chomsky upheld the highest academic standards of truth and objectivity in exposing certain false and biased statements about our foreign policy by various intellectuals associated with the government. Since then Chomsky has written other pieces which are not objective but politically committed, as is his right. But we must be careful to see the great distinction between these two positions. A political decision to picket, withhold taxes, or resist the law does not require academic competence; any citizen is capable of making it. What was truly courageous and significant about the academic role in the Vietnam war controversy was not that professors marched, but that some of them first stood back from the goals and interests of their government in order to analyze the world situation objectively and fairly. It was professional historians and political scientists, for the most part, who had the skill and knowledge to make such analyses, and therefore gave themselves and others a clear, rational basis for political action.

And isn't this, at bottom, the function of education in a democracy? What intellectuals know how to do best is to discover what the world is like, and the reason we send our children through years of school is that we believe it is meaningless to talk of changing things for the better if we don't know how to tell what they are like in the first place.

It is itself a cliché to say that we live in a world of clichés, managed news, and self-perpetuating bureaucracies, in which even politicans have taken to persuading us that what they and the world are really like is best expressed in a Madison Avenue commercial. But it is this very situation which makes it more important than ever that the moral and political values of science and scholarship be properly understood and appreciated by every citizen. We can no longer afford the myths of the ivory tower and the absent-minded professor. It is too important that we, as intellectuals, are reminded of how our traditional activities do affect the world, and how our way of life does set a moral example.



"But, if I share my toys with all the other kids . . . isn't that Communism?"

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Are Children Unequal?

Continued from page 63

which reflect their own values, predetermining that their own scores will be high. When they have discovered they are high, they have often proclaimed such tests to be indicators of innate superiority.

Many studies are built on simple-minded assumptions about the nature of environment. Physiological environment is related to the subject. A researcher who says that two children live in the "same" environment is quite wrong, for the environment that each child perceives may be quite different from that perceived by the researcher.

Also, it is often assumed that environment is only postnatal, but evidence is now available on the role of prenatal environment, both psychologically and nutritionally. Malnutrition of a pregnant mother can, and often does, have permanent debilitating psychological and physiological effects on her child. Certain diseases contracted by the mother (measles, for example) and certain drugs (thalidomide, for instance) can produce destructive "environmental" effects which limit intellectual capacities. Clearly, people do demonstrate varying capacities to learn, but they have had varying prenatal and postnatal opportunities. If they are female, they are generally treated differently than if they are male. Negroes are treated different from whites—one social class is treated different from another. The *kind* of employment people engage in has a profound effect on what they become. They probably become different through different treatment and different experience, yet our institutions, reflecting our culture, usually operate on the assumption that such differences in ability are innate.

There are at least three ability models which can be supported by current evidence. Each is based on different assumptions about human nature and therefore provides a basis for different social philosophies and different conceptions of government and education.

The first model assumes a great variety of innate ability and a high level of intellectual demand on the average person. In this model, there are hereditary geniuses and idiots, while most people have an intellectual capacity about equal to the demands of their society.

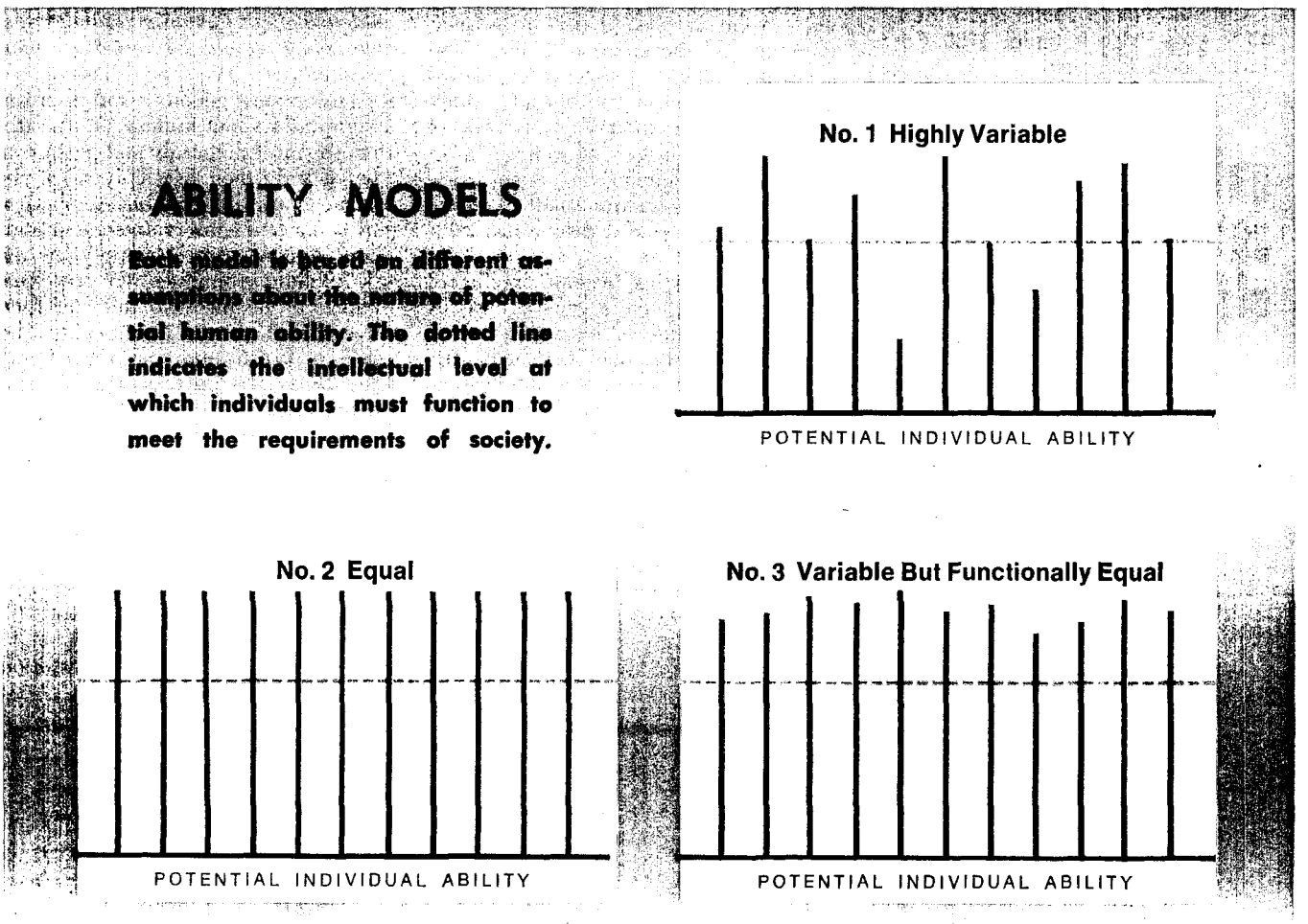
The second model assumes that the innate ability potential of everyone (who has not been injured pre-or postnatally) is equal and far exceeds the normal demand level. (The actual opportunities a person has may produce differential *performance* similar to model No. 1.)

The third model assumes the possibility of some variation, but since all of the ability potential is well beyond the normal demand level, the variation makes virtually no operational difference.

IN an economic or educational system, model No. 1 would justify the usual culling, sorting, and excluding through screening devices to create a "natural" hierarchy of ability. It would also justify the common belief in "equal opportunity for competition between unequals," where sorting is achieved through competition.

Both models two and three would justify maximum social effort to develop the abilities of all people, and the failure to achieve high levels of ability in all people would constitute social failure rather than individual failure. American society, with its considerable disparity of wealth and power, is largely a success based on the inequality assumed in the first of the three models. It is largely a failure based on the equality assumed in the second and third models.

Schools make little effort to develop the kind of equal ability assumed in models two and three. IQ tests are


ABILITY MODELS
Each model is based on different assumptions about the nature of potential human ability. The dotted line indicates the intellectual level at which individuals must function to meet the requirements of society.
No. 1 Highly Variable
POTENTIAL INDIVIDUAL ABILITY
No. 2 Equal
POTENTIAL INDIVIDUAL ABILITY
No. 3 Variable But Functionally Equal
POTENTIAL INDIVIDUAL ABILITY

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widely used to identify presumed differences in innate ability so that culling and grouping can make the management of the school easier and more efficient. The disastrous effects of the schools on lower-class children are now finally becoming known. The "compensatory" concept has gained some headway, but most educators are so overloaded with work and so traditional in outlook that the schools have become partners with the economic system in reinforcing a system of privilege that usually panders to the children of those in power and finds metaphysical excuses to make only minor gestures toward the less fortunate. The "special programs for the gifted" would be more accurately labeled "special programs for the privileged," for the gifted are primarily the children from socio-economic classes which provide the most opportunities. The less fortunate (usually lower class children) are ordinarily neglected or convinced that they are innately inferior. Once they become convinced, the prophesy is soon realized.

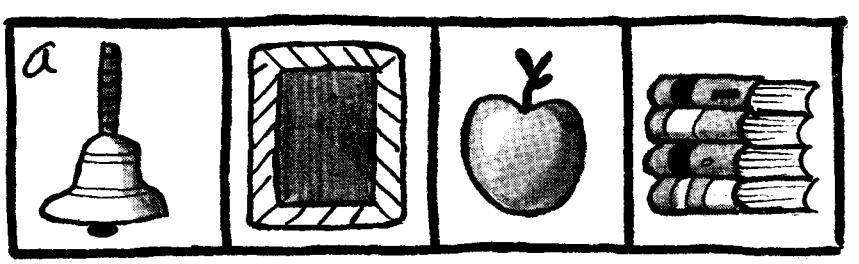
Part of the problem is the way "intelligence" is defined. It can be defined in many different ways, each leading to a somewhat different educational direction. We can view it as environmental adaptation, as ability to solve problems, as ability to use logical convergent thinking, or it can emphasize divergent thinking and the creation of ideas and problems. When intelligence is defined as abstract verbal-conceptual ability drawing on the modal experiences of middle class environment, as it is in most IQ tests, a selection has been made which excludes many other plausible and often more useful definitions.

THE capacity to become intelligent does, of course, have a genetic basis. A cat is not capable of becoming a psychologist. But this does not mean that demonstrated differences in intelligence among psychologists are innate. What is particularly important is whether intelligence is defined primarily as the input or the output. The input is not subject to control, but the output depends on experience; so it is intelligence as output that should be the central concern of the educator.

Until the particular beliefs, which are endemic in many cultures, including American culture, are seen to be part of the heritage of an ancient, anachronistic, elitist tradition, there is little likelihood that the official liberal and equalitarian goals of many modern nations are likely to be realized, even though the wealth of modern technology gives every promise that they are capable of being achieved. Government, industry, education, and virtually all other institutions are now part of the problem, hobbled by a metaphysics of innate inequality. Elitist assumptions about the meaning of ability permeate all fields of education. When teachers of music, mathematics, art, or physical education find that a student doesn't demonstrate the requisite ability, they often reject him (low grades can be a form of rejection). Then counselors shuttle the student to courses where he shows "ability." All this assumes that the school should not develop abilities, but only grant them opportunity to be expressed. The Rousseauian belief in the pre-existing self is widespread.

The environmental hypothesis may be wrong, but if it is, it should be shown to be wrong only after a society has done everything possible to develop the abilities of people. We should begin with prenatal care, and should eliminate the experience of economic deprivation, ghettoized living, and elitist schools and businesses. *Lacking definitive scientific evidence about human potentialities, social policy should be based on moral considerations.* We should base our policy on the most generous and promising assumptions about human nature rather than the most niggardly and pessimistic. Men will do their best only when they assume they are capable. Liberal assumptions and conservative assumptions about human nature create their own self-fulfilling prophesies. We now create millions of people who think of themselves as failures—as social rejects. Their sense of frustration and despair is a travesty on the potentialities of an affluent nation.

Poor teaching is protected in the American educational system through the assumption that the child doesn't have the ability. An American environmentalist commitment (toward liberal rather than totalitarian goals) would aim at *creating* ability, at *increasing* intelligence, at *developing* interests. The meaning of "education" would need to be broader than merely institutional



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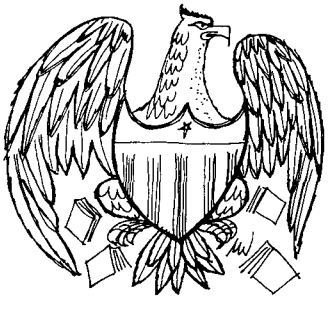
schooling. It should also include community responsibility, especially for business and the mass media, which must supplement the work of the school if Americans are to receive more equal educational opportunity. This requires more social planning and more public responsibility than Americans have previously been willing to undertake.

Most American institutions, including the schools, still base their policy largely on the old conservative ideology. This outlook resists change and condemns many to inferiority. Ideological rigidity is not exclusive to the United States; in fact, many other nations are even more rigid. Yet the expanding wealth produced by modern technology is beginning to encourage the have-nots within the United States and throughout the world to demand their share by force and violence if necessary. Violence is likely to be an increasingly common road to social change unless a new public morality based on new assumptions about human potentiality is translated into both foreign and domestic policy. It is not merely racism which bogs down American progress, but also the more pervasive belief in intellectual inequality. The failure to develop the abilities of people was useful to the early American aristocracy and to the power elite of an industrial-scarcity economy. But modern economies of abundance flourish through the maximum development of the abilities of people. There is potentially plenty for all. More widespread development of the capabilities of people would not only add greatly to the wealth of nations, but it can also permit people to participate in a social and cultural renaissance.

Aside from the compelling moral obligation to create equal opportunities within nations and even between nations, the excluded millions in the world are starting to force the changes which should have occurred long ago. Some of them don't believe they are inferior, and they are understandably impatient about changing the old processes of exclusion. All institutions, including the schools, will either need to re-examine their self-consoling elitist beliefs and create real and equal opportunity, or else risk that violence and revolution will increasingly become the dominant instruments of social change.



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Old School Tie

Continued from page 69

from that of his students. He has the subtle job of convincing his students that there is nothing wrong with their urban ghetto language—which is, in fact, colorful, accurate, adaptable—at the same time that he must teach them the middle-class language that is used in the "white" world—where all the jobs are.

On the other hand, his inexperience allows him to bring to his teaching of ghetto youth a freedom from rigid methods and a desire to experiment which, generally speaking, has created a free-wheeling, exciting atmosphere that the underprivileged student has enjoyed.

In spite of all the good work that is going on in many independent schools, it will be a long time before the independent school as an institution is fully integrated. The percentage of Negro population in very few independent schools equals the percentage of Negro population in the country as a whole. There is also the indication that too many independent schools are interested in serving only that kind of Negro who needs help the least. (There is an old cliché going around some prep schools that says: "You get the wrong kind in here and it'll set you back fifty years.") Even if all this were not true, it is a simple arithmetic fact that the independent school represents too small a portion of American society to be able to make any kind of massive attack on the problem of providing good education for Negroes.

BUT there are other factors. Precisely because the independent school is independent of bureaucratic public school systems, it is free to make daring social experiments, to make mistakes and advances that both public and private educators can put to use. And however small the independent school population is, that population tends to be successful and influential when it reaches adulthood. There is a very good chance that the part of the independent school population that has had a successful biracial experience during the most intense and impressionable years of their lives will not only be more free of prejudice, but will also have an idea of how complex the racial problem is, and how much it needs solution.

However far it still has to go, the independent school has come a long way in the last fifteen years from the time when only a few schools took Negroes, and those who were just starting to take them were hesitant, afraid and unsophisticated. In the beginning, Jay Milnor, Pomfret's headmaster, used to send out a questionnaire to incoming students and their families, asking if they would object to rooming with a Negro. One evening at Pomfret, a Negro boy and his white roommate got into an argument which developed into a pretty hostile thing. In the heat of the moment the white boy blurted out, "You know, I didn't have to room with you!" There was a tremendous moment of silence in which it is safe to guess that anger was replaced by a kind of grief, certainly regret, and then the Negro boy stated with amazement, "They didn't ask *me*!"

Now at Pomfret the school decides who will room with whom, and the decision is impersonal, classless, color blind, and final.

—Clemens Kalischer.

"The school must do at least as much of the adjusting as it expects of the boy or girl it has admitted."

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World of Fiction

Continued from page 25

dered or amused that Oblonsky can at the same time be wretched about his faithlessness to Dolly and tickled by some wisp of recollection of the "bewitching" governness.

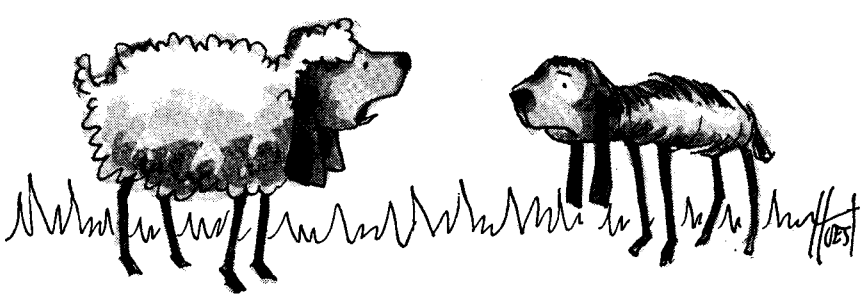
I don't simply take this response or conduct in a forgiving spirit, or regard it as a determined event, inescapable. I come at its inevitability from within. I feel the regrettable yet, for him, oddly pleasing limitlessness of what we cannot control. I understand that the conscience that pains Oblonsky also delights him by reminding him of his personal attractiveness. I am unremittingly aware of the reciprocities of what is called virtue and what is called vice, conscious of the hollowness of appeals to Integrity as a separable entity in itself, alert to the complex process by which new vanities and new moral aspirations wake to life simultaneously within human beings. *And yet none of this knowledge paralyzes me.* I assess the relative significance of the character's conscience in my inward experience as I read; I understand that Oblonsky is a small man, less than a man can be, and in the act of understanding, I rise for a while above the naïf or gull within me.

A voice says: *It sounds mysterious. Reading and writing fiction equals judging yourself from outside, judging another from within. . . . Can you tell it simpler, please?*

IT is not, finally, a simple matter, I suppose. And for that reason people who talk about fiction in terms of volume of news—competition with Huntley-Brinkley, etc.—seem to me (I confess) dim. A story is an orchestration or score of sympathy and judgment, penetration and objectification: now the one predominates, now the other, but both are always at hand, stimulating each other, letting us out of ourselves, calling us back to judge our trip. I need such scores for several reasons. Partly because through them it is possible to touch a life of feeling, or an idea of personhood, superior to the one in current fashion, yet not so far beyond me as that still proposed by the religious establishments. Partly because the possession of a means of motion forth from the self spins me out of simplicities of self-laceration and doom-mongering. Partly because, through the novel—again, either by writing or reading it—I touch my borders, such as they are, become an expanded constructive sympathy, an expanded self. No more rewinding myself perpetually onto the spindle of a passive shame: I spring with the word toward its target and take the force of the impact from within.

Fine, oh fine, says a harsher voice: *I get it. Writing fiction is an ego rub. It builds self-satisfaction. It lets you like yourself. You think that's proper? In a time like this we should go about savoring our beauties and excellences?*

Well, it hurts to say so, this is true. And it is no use pointing out, defensively, that there are complacencies in stylized guilt (the news of my whole life), as well as in proud-hearted self-acceptance. Once you do that, you're back again in abstract argument, speaking up solemnly for some famous, elusive "balanced attitude toward life." Who can know what balance is? The best *I* know is that I like truth of the sort implicit in Thoreau's crazy grinning defensive sentence: "When I am condemned and condemn myself utterly, I think straightway, 'But I rely on love for some things.'" I like, that is to say, a truth of resiliency, a truth about how we spring out, spring back, aren't by any means "indomitable," yet seldom are put down by sorrow or guilt. Such truth doesn't belong to the new journalism; the mode is too uniformly blackish and self-accusatory. Things are otherwise in the bright book of life, the novel. Writing one is an act of self-improvement, a way to break jail, a road by which you really can get there from here. And that's why even in a bad moment you don't hesitate—you even feel happy, if the word can be borne—about bringing another one out.



"I told you to wash only in luke warm water."

American History

Continued from page 23

be noted that the networks and the stations do *not* own the airwaves; the nation does; and, if the industry cannot restrain itself, the Communications Act offers means, as yet unused, of democratic control.

We have a bad inheritance as far as violence is concerned; and in recent years war and television have given new vitality to the darkest strains in our national psyche. How can we master this horror in our souls before it rushes us on to ultimate disintegration?

THERE is not a problem of collective guilt, but there is a problem of collective responsibility. Certainly two hundred million Americans did not strike down John Kennedy or Martin Luther King or Robert Kennedy. But two hundred million Americans are plainly responsible for the character of a society that works on deranged men and incites them to depraved acts. There were Lee Harvey Oswalds and James Earl Rays and Sirhan Bishara Sirhans in America in the Thirties—angry, frustrated, alienated, resentful, marginal men in rootless, unstable cities like Dallas and Memphis and Los Angeles. But our society in the Thirties did not stimulate such men to compensate for their own failure by killing leaders the people loved.

Some of the young in their despair have come to feel that the answer to reason is unreason, the answer to violence, more violence; but these only hasten the plunge toward the abyss. The more intelligent disagree. They do not want America to beat its breast and go back to the golf course. *They do want America to recognize its responsibility.* They want us to tell it like it is—to confront the darkness in our past and the darkness in our present. They want us to realize that life is not solid and predictable but infinitely chancy, that violence is not the deviation but the ever-present possibility, that we can therefore never rest in the effort to prevent unreason from rending the skin of civility. They want our leaders to *talk* less about law and order and *do* more about justice.

Perhaps the old in American society might now learn that sanctimony is not a persuasive answer to anguish, and that we never cure ourselves if we deny the existence of a disease. If they learn this, if they face up to the schism in our national tradition, we all will have a better chance of subduing the impulse of destruction and of fulfilling the vision of Lincoln—that noble vision of a serene and decent society, united by bonds of affection and mystic chords of memory, dedicated at last to our highest ideals.

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(Continued from page 83)

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CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . For two weeks or a year enjoy hobbyist, professional painting, crafts, Spanish; writing, history; MFA program. Theatre, field trips, fiestas, sunshine. Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

LONDON—KENSINGTON W.8.—ENGLAND. Housekeeping Suites with private bathrooms, showers, TV, telephone, central heating; restaurant, childminding. Family Suite for 3-6, $13; Double $10; Single $6. Best location—quiet, central, elegant. Glearlake Aparthotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8.

JOURNEY THROUGH TIME. 25 days through Baja California. Tag-A-Long Tours, Dept. H, 156 North First West, Moab, Utah 84532.

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TEHUACAN, MEXICO, Hacienda Spa Penafiel. A former president of Mexico built this magnificent Spanish Colonial resort on the site of the famous Penafiel Mineral Springs. 200 large, beautifully decorated rooms. Swimming, golf, bowling, tennis, horseback riding, billiards, ping pong, gymnasiums, Turkish baths, Swedish massages, beauty salons, convention and meeting facilities. One month $164 per person in double room with private bath. Located only 149 miles from Mexico City. Write: Hoteles Mexicanos Dubin, Genova 30, Mexico City, D.F., Mexico.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1802

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Necklace material among some primitive peoples (2 wds.)	12 34 3 9 75 58 26 31 14 70 51
B. Trifling.	7 38 65 18 16 30
C. Snake mackerel highly prized for food.	15 92 6 41 27 35 25
D. Barmy in the crumpet; crackers.	23 8 33 63 37
E. Helicopters' specialty.	10 47 68 20 29 52 43 97
F. Dilated.	59 45 108 74 32 17 49 72
G. No, sirree (2 wds.)	21 56 73 54 87 78 135 112 67 95 151 170
H. A public building containing tombs or memorials of a nation's illustrious dead.	80 117 96 98 100 62 142 111
I. Concern of landlords.	79 123 53 39 182 93 137 66 114
J. At full gallop.	84 124 138 107 1 176 55
K. Type of candy.	88 150 91 158 154 120
L. Ingredient of the witches' brew (3 wds., *Macbeth*).	69 89 106 174 2 140 148 153 121
M. *Giant of the West.*	159 132 152 50 82 179 46
N. Attribute of the chatterbox.	64 171 103 85 166 149 183 118 173
O. Mass of cast metal.	122 86 178 157 144
P. "I fear, / Thou play'dst most——— for 't," says Banquo. (*Macbeth*)	143 99 175 167 125 169
Q. Home of Wisconsin State University (2 wds.)	162 128 57 60 126 5 105 83 134
R. Leading man of the silent screen (*The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Male and Female*).	115 155 101 141 131 163 36
S. Embodiment of a deity, principle, philosophy, or tradition.	110 19 44 129 11 164
T. Weakly sentimental; insipid (comp.)	4 22 102 133 109 116 77 168 13 94
U. "The little dogs and all,/ Tray, Blanch, and ———, see, they bark at me," says King Lear. (comp.)	165 42 146 177 130 119 76 181 40 180
V. How many a torch-singer croons.	161 104 147 156 139 184 127
W. Part of a shoe.	136 48 113 90 185 160
X. Hippolytus' stepmother.	81 145 24 71 172 61 28

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

			1 J	2 L		3 A	4 T		5 Q	6 C	7 B	8 D	9 A		10 E	11 S	12 A
	13 T	14 A	15 C	16 B		17 F	18 B	19 S	20 E	21 G		22 T		23 D	24 X	25 C	26 A
	27 C	28 X	29 E	30 B	31 A	32 F		33 D	34 A	35 C	36 R		37 D	38 B	39 I	40 U	
41 C	42 U	43 E		44 S	45 F	46 M		47 E	48 W	49 F		50 M	51 A	52 E	53 I	54 G	
55 J	56 G	57 Q		58 A	59 F	60 Q	61 X	62 H	63 D	64 N	65 B		66 I	67 G	68 E	69 L	70 A
71 X	72 F		73 G	74 F	75 A	76 U		77 T	78 G		79 I	80 H	81 X	82 M	83 Q	84 J	85 N
86 O	87 G	88 K	89 L		90 W	91 K		92 C	93 I	94 T	95 G	96 H	97 E		98 H	99 P	
100 H	101 R	102 T		103 N	104 V	105 Q	106 L	107 J	108 F	109 T		110 S	111 H	112 G		113 W	114 I
115 R	116 T	117 H	118 N	119 U	120 K	121 L	122 O	123 I	124 J	125 P	126 Q	127 V		128 Q	129 S		130 U
131 R	132 M		133 T	134 Q	135 G	136 W	137 I	138 J	139 V	140 L	141 R		142 H	143 P		144 O	145 X
146 U		147 V	148 L	149 N	150 K	151 G	152 M		153 L	154 K	155 R	156 V		157 O	158 K		159 M
160 W	161 V	162 Q	163 R	164 S	165 U	166 N	167 P		168 T	169 P		170 Q	171 N	172 X		173 N	174 L
175 P	176 J	177 U		178 O	179 M	180 U		181 U		182 I	183 N	184 V	185 W				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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Alcoa helped develop light poles that die for people.

It's no accident.

At 60 mph you careen off the road and see the massive light pole—dead ahead. At impact it breaks from its base, then vaults up and out of sight. Your car slows. You get a chance to regain control.

What happened to the Alcoa® Aluminum pole wasn't an accident. It was designed to break away—*not* to stop you dead. And it's also no accident that most of these aluminum poles can be brought back to life in the repair shop. They can be repaired, polished and returned to service—for a fraction of their original cost.

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Change for the better with Alcoa Aluminum

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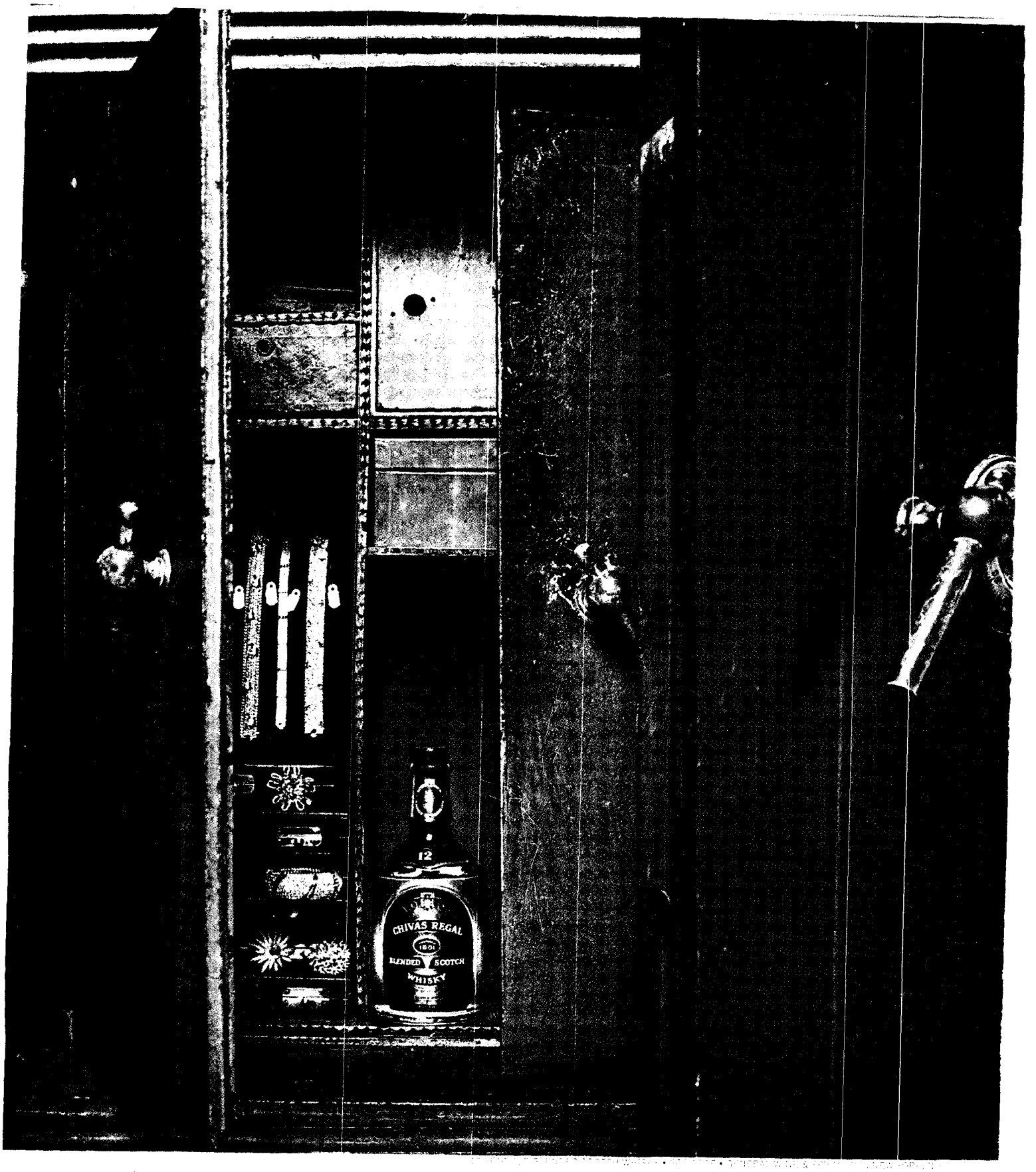

A true story.

A friend of ours, looking to buy a gold bracelet, went to a jeweler called M. A. Graham & Co. in the Rockefeller Center area of New York City.

After seeing nothing he liked in the showroom, our friend was taken into the back room by Mr. Graham and shown some additional bracelets he had tucked away in the safe.

Well, as you've probably already gathered from the picture, he discovered that Mr. Graham used his 1600-lb. safe to protect more than just his jewelry.

In fact, Mr. Graham had been having a problem with people in the office nipping his 12-year-old Chivas Regal when he wasn't around.

And this was his way of solving it. Or almost solving it, anyway.

You see, his partner knows the combination.

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